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ALL STAR ISSUE:

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Novelette of Love
and Mystery
by

Louis Joseph Vance



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Summer Reading For Mc Call Street

AND now June comes, with its early roses along the garden wall and the flash of the bluebird's wing among the leaves, and, with it, the premonition of long mid-summer days when, in easy hammocks swung to catch the lightest breezes stirring the still, cool woods, we strive to escape the heavy languor of harvest time in reliving the thrilling life of some great hero or heroine as told by a master story-teller. To find such tales, tales that will make the reader forget the world about him, will not be difficult for dwellers on McCall Street. For the master-craftsmen of the art of novel writing in America have been summoned to create great stories for the readers of McCall's this summer. There is scarcely a famous author in the country whose work will not be found in our pages during the coming months, and in this time we will print some of the finest and most gripping fiction that any magazine has published, we are sure. There will be stories to please all sorts of persons, for the thousands and thousands who dwell on McCall Street have many and varied tastes—that is why every type of story will be presented by McCall's this summer. First of all we are proud to announce that there will be a number of short stories and complete novelettes by that master American novelist, called "the dean of American writers,"

Booth Tarkington

whose fascinating characters have become real people to his ardent admirers all over the world. The stories Mr. Tarkington has written for McCall's will linger long in your memory. They are the kind you will save to read and reread.

Robert W. Chambers

has responded to the demand of his enthusiastic readers with an enthralling novel of adventure. This powerful story of a young girl whom fate sweeps into the strangest tangle of romance and danger that life can offer, will begin in an early issue. And when the last instalment of her "Charles Rex" has appeared

Louis Joseph Vance

has concocted a mystery novel of New York life that keeps the reader in breathless suspense to the very last word. No one will want to miss this extraordinary tale of twin brother and sister whose destinies are inexplicably fraught with strange doom.

Ethel M. Dell

whose novel has proved to be the most popular serial McCall's has ever published, will give you several splendid short stories—each as full of the glamour of love and youth as any she has ever written.

Margot Asquith

whose autobiography not only created an immense sensation in England but also in America, has just completed two articles for McCall's in which she freely sets forth her impressions of both American women and American men. These articles, in our opinion, constitute the high-water mark which Mrs. Asquith has reached in her writing. In them her observations seem keener, more deliberate and more brilliantly expressed than in anything else she has done. "To see ourselves" as this remarkable wife of England's ex-Premier sees us is an experience none of us ought to be denied. Mrs. Asquith's first article will be published in July and the second in August.

Arthur Somers Roche

The seven ages of man have been immortalized by Shakespeare. Mr. Roche has written a series of six stories dealing with the six love-ages of man, in which the depths of a man's heart are analyzed with understanding humor and tenderness.

Zane Grey

whose revealing stories of our marvelous western country have conferred upon him the title of "The High-Priest of the Open" will contribute to McCall's during the next months several short stories which will create, we believe, a real sensation among our readers. These stories bid fair to mark a new step in the progress of Mr. Grey as a chronicler whose clairvoyant sense of nature reaches the height of genius. For they embody a message for every American man or woman who loves his country and his countrymen.

—The Editor.

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GERALD LEAKE
1922



No Lazy Man Can Make a Garden

By Gene Stratton-Porter

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

EVERYONE agrees that a frame is essential to a picture. In the same degree, a garden is one of the component parts, one of the chief essentials, the frame enhancing the beauty, of a real home. It is very lovely if this frame can comprise a lawn having trees, flowering shrubs, vines and bushes, with a combination flower and vegetable garden at the back. Of course, there is no limit to the amount of pains and expense that may be used in the making of a garden. Those who can afford it seem to derive great joy from calling in landscape gardeners and nurserymen, and surrounding their homes with small parks.

But the real garden, which is a vital part of a real home, is planned by the master and the mistress of the house. Every inch of space is utilized. The most loving care should be given to the trees, vines and bushes that are set, in order that a continuity of flowers, colorful leaves or berries may be had throughout the season. People having the space greatly appreciate a few fruit-trees. Those who have not must content themselves with shrubs and bushes, and one good forest tree for shade.

The essential thing is that, working and planning together, a man and a woman shall take a piece of barren soil and so cover it with a thick mat of grass set with tree and bush as to be an expression of their individuality, their artistic taste, their eye for color. No lazy man can or will make a garden.

People must be willing to work for the treasures of color and beauty and fragrance they wish to evolve. They must dig the soil deep and fertilize it well. When a man plants, if he wants his growing things really to thrive, he must dig big holes, loosen the soil at the bottom, straighten out the thread roots of the trees and bushes he is setting, turn the tips downward, work fine soil around them, moisten it to exclude air, and cut back the tops and rub off buds until his heart rebels, so that the root system may become well established before it is asked to spend strength on leaf and flower.

The chief joy of a garden lies in making things live, making them grow abundantly and flower beautifully, because you have planted them right and given them loving attention. The more beautiful a garden can be made, the greater the testimonial to the kind and quality of heart a man possesses, to his artistic ability, and to his skill. There

are few joys in the world to equal the joy of a garden in a flourishing condition, a garden that allows the mistress of the house to take her basket and her shears and fare forth in the cool of the evening to cut the flowers she wishes to use to decorate her home for the coming day.

Flowers so gathered, allowed to stand deeply in water in a cool place overnight, and arranged in the morning, will retain their color and hold up their heads much longer than those gathered during the heat of the day. Nothing can be added to the decoration of a home so appealingly beautiful as vases, bowls and dishes of cut flowers. So many exquisite receptacles are made for holding flowers in these days, such beautifully designed pieces of pottery and glass may be had so cheaply, that there is no excuse for any home having a few square yards of earth around it not being filled with home-grown flowers.

THERE is a healthy spirit of competition in the growing of a city garden where each man looks over his back fence and tries to outdo his neighbor in the selection of beautiful specimens, the attractive setting of them, and the ability to get the finest blooms a trifle earlier than anyone else.

I think that there is no way in which to get a correct estimate on the influence upon children of a garden and of growing things around a home. It is a refining and an uplifting influence if they be taught early in life to admire the beauty of flower form and flower color, the wonder of root, bulb, and seed, the miracle of reproduction in its various forms; if they be shown how and why some plants must have a sunny location, some must be in the shade, some must have their heads in the sun and their feet in a damp place. It is important that each child should be given at least a small space where he may dig in the dirt to his heart's content and test his skill in setting growing things for which he cares.

It is not necessary to expend large sums of money on a garden. Anyone who loves flowers, and wishes to have them, may make a beginning in a modest way, and, by offering of what he has in excess, he may awaken a spirit of like generosity in his neighbors, so that he soon accumulates as large a collection as is desirable. I think it is deplorable that many people in the country feel that they cannot have an attractive door yard and flowers in the

garden, because they cannot afford nursery specimens. Personally, I do not love the great, overgrown, gorgeous, nursery productions as I do the delicately leaved and daintily flowered wildlings lifting up their heads beside the road, through the woods, around the swamps.

During the past eight years I have set, by actual count, very close to fifteen thousand trees, shrubs, vines, bushes and flowers in the grounds immediately surrounding Limberlost Cabin, every one of which (with the aid of my car and a corps of men) I brought in from the surrounding swamps, forests and highways. I have knelt personally to tuck in the toes of practically every one of them.

I do not see any trees advertised by the florists that I find more beautiful than oak, elm, beech, maple, linden, dogwood, tulip poplar, mountain ash, redbud, many of the cornels, haws, and osiers. Witch-hazel in full bloom is an exquisite sight at an unusual time. The old wild sweet briar is of unsurpassed loveliness. The alders are a mist of lace, and those having the red berries are especially beautiful from a decorative standpoint. The northern holly is a flaming wonder in the fall.

There are dozens of dainty, delicate vines having beautiful leaves and appealing flower and fruit clusters. When it comes to the flowers and ferns of deep wood that may be utilized in a cool and shaded location, the list is long and surpassingly lovely. And there is the joy of planning work so that time may be had to take a lunch and spend a day lifting and bringing in specimens.

I HAVE had many country women say to me that they could not afford to buy flowers and shrubs with which to ornament their door yards; and I have pointed out the fact that I was spending my time, employing men, and using large sums of money to remove to my premises and encourage to grow there the things that they were digging up and throwing away.

I recall one farmer to whom I spoke beside a road one morning. I asked him if he thought the owner of a piece of land would care if I took up the roots of bittersweet growing where a rail fence had been removed. I shall never forget the shout of laughter with which he greeted the question, and when his mirth had subsided he said to me: "Well now, since Henry's paying three dollars a day to have that 'tarnal stuff grubbed out, I don't reckon he would object much if you took it out for nothin'."

So I took out "the 'tarnal stuff for nothin'"—roots of bittersweet which I set beside a fence running between my orchard and the meadow back of it. Those roots were matured and were set five years ago. Today that fence is a green hedge in spring, in the fall a golden wonder. All winter its gorgeous, bloody berry clusters lift above the snow and lighten the dark days; while I cut great boxes of it to send to my friends in the city, where for months it hangs in wreaths and festoons of brilliancy.

It seems to me that the logical thing, the happy thing to do is to take the common things that we find around us, and demand of them that they yield us pleasure. Personally, I have had from life no greater joy than walking through the woods surrounding Limberlost Cabin in May, when it is impossible to step off beaten paths without setting foot on white or blue violets, snow boys, spring beauties, blue-eyed Marys, adder tongue lilies, and all the little, earthy, delicate flowers of spring; later the trillium lilies, starry campion and the bluebells, dogwoods and the redbuds, the golden orchid slippers and the white, pink-toed ones. All these wonderful things, that have cost me only the labor of bringing them to my grounds, have paid me with the exquisite joy I find in loving them and living among them.

If any city dweller who has a car will consent to drive slowly and keep his eyes well open, he will sooner or later find the wood where these things are growing, and if he has a space in which to put them that approximates in moisture, light, air and fertility the place from which he takes them, he may have a wonderful reward merely for the joy of finding what he would like to have and loving it into consenting to his environment.

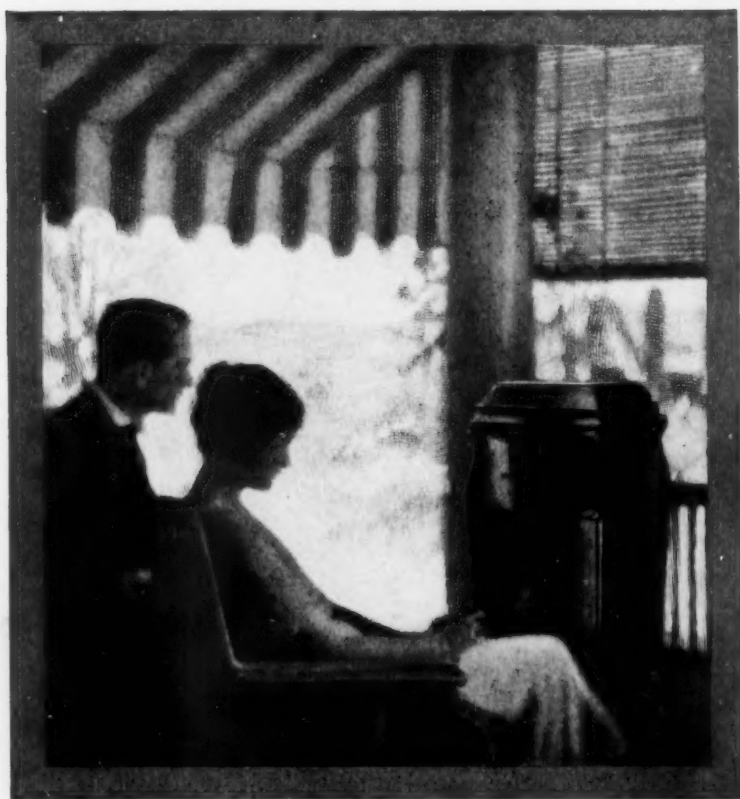
I cannot visualize any kind of building, no matter how stately nor how humble, as a real home unless the father and mother and the least chick of the children are all interested in making things grow and bloom and vine around it.

It is difficult to set down in print an exact summary of what the growing of a garden does to anyone—the lessons it teaches in care, in patience, in persistence; and there are no words in which to express adequately the spiritual purging and refining, the mental and moral uplift that result from just loving beautiful things into living for and with you.



Gene Stratton-Porter, ready for a day's search for wild flowers and shrubs

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A Complete Novelette In Which An Amateur Detective From New York's "400" Tries To Solve a Famous Jewel Mystery



Mrs. MacShane continued to cling to him and yelp for help. Mrs. Claridge sat frozen in disdain

First Person Plural

By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

WE are looking for a young friend," the not-old man in the wing-collar confided to Mrs. Hollingshead, when his precisely right bow had formally acknowledged her blinking start of surprise and uncertain recognition. "But somehow we don't seem to see the animal anywhere about . . ."

Maintaining his attitude of agreeable deference, he permitted his attention to stray back to the far from crowded floor of the Club de Danse, as if he still hoped to discover the defaulter in the broken chain of couples which was drifting past on tides of melody ever and again flawed by playful squalls of jazz.

And Mrs. Hollingshead—"hostess" of the club—took advantage of this preoccupation to cast glances of mild bewilderment first to his right, then to his left, and finally behind the young man in the wing-collar; thus confirming a suspicion that there wasn't at that moment a soul other than their two selves in the small foyer, and arriving at the conclusion that the, presumably, fair excuse for the first personal pronoun plural must be waiting outside for its user, very likely in a taxi. Unless, of course, she had slipped in and taken cover in the ladies' dressing-room as mysteriously as her escort had effected his own entrance. For—it was truly puzzling—Mrs. Hollingshead hadn't seen the tenant of the wing-collar come in; one minute the foyer had been bare of patrons, and the next this engaging presence had, in a manner of speaking, materialized at her very elbow.

Mrs. Hollingshead could account for this phenomenon only on the assumption that she had been nodding; which was quite likely. She had been feeling drowsy all afternoon, thanks both to its inclement heat and to premonitory symptoms of the nervous let-down that was with her an annual event. For this very night the Club de Danse would close its doors for the season, and leave its hostess at liberty to lay away in lavender the really charming vocational smile which she was accustomed to wear daily, from three in the afternoon till seven and from ten again on until three in the morning, nine months out of every year, and of which today her facial muscles were no more weary than her soul. The gracious smile flashed again, however, and with good show of spontaneity, as the young man in the wing-collar looked back to her.

"We are wondering," he resumed in the same confidential vein, "if it's possible the little beast has taken low advantage of our trustfulness and gone elsewhere to indulge his weird addiction to tea-dancing."

Mrs. Hollingshead opined that this was, of course, possible; but her manner remained a shade unsure. Not only did this young man in a wing-collar persist in implying the company of some unseen familiar, but his tone likewise alleged an acquaintance with Mrs. Hollingshead sufficiently well-established to warrant his claiming her sympathy.

And Mrs. Hollingshead was by no means sure that it wasn't. Only, memory stubbornly declined to place him. He looked like somebody she ought to know, whose business it was to know everybody who was anybody in New York as well as most bodies who were nobodies. Did not all New York rendezvous at the Club de Danse in the season, and pay tribute to her smile according to the tariff ordained? It would be strange if one so distinctively *mondain* had been missing from those multitudes—stranger still if, having met him once, one should have forgotten him. In neither habit nor habiliments was he to be classed with those who are readily forgotten.

DECIDEDLY personable and mannerly, he had an air which caste-marked him as one with whom the floor privilege of the club would be safe, even though he were lacking the insulation, ordinarily held indispensable, of feminine companionship. And lacking such companionship he appeared to be in spite of his use of the first person plural. "We are really at a loss, you know," he mused. "Our young friend unquestionably told us to meet him at the Club de Danse and no other where, at four o'clock and no later hour."

"It's only a few minutes past four now," Mrs. Hollingshead submitted. "No doubt your friend will be along presently, if you care to wait."

"Thank you," the wearer of the wing-collar said gratefully. "There's an admission charge, we believe?"

"Not unless you take tea, or wish to dance."

"But we will take tea, if you don't mind. As for dancing, there's nothing we so dote upon . . . Unhappily, as you see, we are all alone."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hollingshead—"I was wondering." Then she laughed, she didn't quite know why, and added: "If you would like to dance, I might find you somebody."

Mrs. Hollingshead meant, of course, a young woman of that class of good dancers, by no means exclusively feminine, which frequented the club and plied its best steps for hire, holding itself ever ready amiably to dance with the dance-mad, the dance-shy, and the wholly dance-hopeless; always provided that decorous introductions had duly been effected. A class known to other habitués as "professionals," and which Mrs. Hollingshead was known to cull from with uncommon care.

"Emil," she said: "Be good enough to find a table for Mr. . . ."

The young man in the wing-collar rose to the hint, and with a small bow pronounced clearly: "Mr. Smith." And Mrs. Hollingshead, watching him move away, somewhat blankly said to herself. "Oh! yes . . ."

II

FOR several minutes Mr. Smith quite beautifully behaved all by himself, sitting at his little table, contentedly munching his nice cinnamon toast, sipping his tea without spilling it, and with wide eyes watching the fluent traffic of the waltz.

Most of the dancers were young professionals. Aware though he was that his fate of the hour was numbered among these, according to the whim of Mrs. Hollingshead, Mr. Smith deliberately refrained from choosing; a circumstance which argued maturity of mind inconsistent with his apparent tale of years.

The non-professional element was easier to take account of, anyway, being so poorly represented. For unless one's livelihood depends upon it, one needs to be in love to dance on an afternoon when the thermometer in the airy eyrie of the Weather Bureau teases ninety in the shade; in love with dancing or in love with reducing, one or the other.

Notwithstanding, there were enough plain citizens present to keep Mr. Smith's attention constant till the music stopped. And when that happened he looked, and in fact felt, somewhat aggrieved, seeing that it removed from his field of vision a lady upon whose opulence of charm his raptest wonder had just fastened. A spirited lady, this, well on her way through the roaring Forties, acutely self-conscious in a costume designed for the flapping Teens, and so liberally bediamonded that the innocent onlooker could only think of one of Tiffany's showcases on the loose.

This rewarding spectacle had been perspiring profusely in the unimpassioned embrace of a partner patently conscripted from professional ranks. (Or what right had he to

wear that smile of patient anguish which goes as a rule with swollen feet?) But now she shaped a course for a distant corner, with her cavalier in tow; and was at the same time blotted out to Mr. Smith's bereaved eyes by a growing effulgence—the smile of Mrs. Hollingshead forerunning her approach as the headlight of a motor-car foreruns it in the dark.

Mrs. Hollingshead led him to a nearby table, at which two people had just resumed their seats. A Miss Hewlett and a Mr. Mortimore. The latter, a long, low, rakish craftsman with a modish mustache, glittering teeth, and curly-lashed eyes both bold and languishing, by every sign a professional privateer and doing well, was quick to excuse himself. If Miss Hewlett was not quite the prettiest girl in the room, she was pleasantly piquant in type and deportment; rather a smallish person but neatly fashioned, nicely poised. She had a pretty complexion almost all her own, an amusing nose, amused brown eyes, and hair-colored hair that wasn't for a wonder, bobbed. A daintily critical spirit perked her head to one side as she took stock of Mr. Smith, and there was provocative mischief in the smile which accompanied the inquiry in a voice of boyish register: "Smith?"

"With an *i* and without an *e*," was the modest reply. "We're sorry, but plain Smith is the best we can do. An hereditary failing, if you must know."

"Oh!" Miss Hewlett commented thoughtfully. "Like the 'we' thing, I suppose?"

"No. That's a purely individual affliction, the hateful work of our veracity complex."

"Beyond my depth," the girl confessed with entire candor. "How come?"

"Meaning to say, a habit of veracity we've never been able to outgrow dictates our use of the first personal pronoun plural, because—we don't tell everybody, but we don't mind telling you, you've got such honest eyes—because we're leading a double life."

Miss Hewlett wrinkled her nose ridiculously. "I see," she drawled: "married."

"The Saints forbid!" Mr. Smith protested. "Nobody takes us seriously enough for that."

"You better look out," Miss Hewlett uttered darkly. "You're rather nice. Go on about your double life."

"We believe it's by way of being rather a useful life, or lives," Mr. Smith explained; "but its, or their, usefulness would end if ever All were known."

"I guess you're the best judge of that."

The girl briefly reconsidered him. "But now you make one think of it, one is tempted to try referring to oneself as one—just like this. The work of one's discontent complex, because—one doesn't mind telling you—because one is leading a single life and fed up on it."

"It doesn't sound reasonable. Is the young man blind or merely afflicted with bashfulness?"

"Neither. He simply hasn't happened yet, that's the whole sad story of Peggy Hewlett. One doesn't much care about marrying a professional stepper, like oneself, they take life so seriously. And all the others get too darn' frivolous when they stoop to make love to a respectable working-girl."

"You never know your luck," Mr. Smith ventured diffidently. "For example, you might take a whim to us."

"It listens a lot like bigamy. But I don't know . . . I'm most desperate enough even for that."

At this juncture the music interrupted, and the girl cocked an ear to it and an eye to her companion. "Do you tango?"

"In moderation," Mr. Smith professed.

SO they tangoed. With the upshot that Miss Peggy Hewlett presently lifted reproachful eyes to her partner's face. "One knows about that double life now," she announced. "About half of it, anyway. You're a professional."

"Doggone the luck!" Mr. Smith complained, missing a step. "We simply can't keep anything from you."

"Then it's no good thinking about our getting married any more, is it?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Bang! goes another hope," Peggy Hewlett commented, philosophic.

"But how did you guess?"

"You'll never keep that secret from anybody you dance with," the girl asserted. "Most everybody can fox-trot, some can even waltz; but when they tango like you, one knows they've seen life."

"We are sorry. We wanted to live it down and be loved for ourself alone."

"One is dreadfully disappointed. But at least it's something to have found a man who tangoes so divinely. It makes me mad not to be able to think where I've seen you before!"

"Don't put too much trust in appearances: they may be against us. Our own opinion is, we look like almost anybody."

"Not at all. You look an awful lot like somebody."

"Who, for instance?"

"Don't like to hurt your feelings. Besides, never having seen you off the stage, I can't be sure. But one thing I do know"—the small, well-modeled head became emphatically affirmative—"I have seen you some place, sometime."

And there, Mr. Smith offering no encouragement, the topic would have died had not Miss Hewlett proved of a pertinacious turn.

"You won't tell me, Mr. Mysterious Smith?"

"And spoil all my fun? When you've no more need to guess, you'll no longer find me interesting."

"You know a heap about women, don't you?"

"Unfortunately, no. Some things about some women only."

"But tell me one thing, be a sport . . . I'm dying to know why you're wasting your time here, today, on me."

"I hate to tell you, but . . ." Mr. Smith had a look of sincere hesitation. "The truth is . . . I count on you to keep my secret . . . I was a little in hope I might persuade Mrs. Hollingshead to make me an offer."

"To dance here? You don't mean like me, as a professional? What for?"

"Well . . . I'm in a sort of a hole . . ."

"And you didn't know this was the last day of the season? Poor dear! . . . Well!" Miss Hewlett sighed—"now I know why I was so glad to meet you. Misery loves company."

"Good news," Mr. Smith considered—"if a bit sudden."

"Don't be a goose." And then, as the orchestra rested, Miss Hewlett led the way back to their table. "It is funny, you know," she said, twinkling—"our meeting like this: both in the same boat and headed for the falls."

"You, too, Miss Hewlett? Not really?"

BUT the girl compressed her lips and nodded ruefully, looking at once exquisitely helpless and full of the devil. From the moment of Mr. Smith's confession she had abandoned all pretense of reserve, and was dealing with him frankly, as with a brother in art and precarious fortunes.

"I'm playing in perfectly poisonous luck," she confessed.

"When the club shuts up tonight, it will leave me flat, barring a few dollars Mrs. Hollingshead owes me."

"As bad as all that?" Mr. Smith asked with a face of deep concern.

"You don't know the half of it, dearie." Here Peggy Hewlett indulged a moment of honest gloom. "I've been hanging on for weeks, filling in here while waiting for a chance I was promised in a summer show. Now that's gone blooey, I heard only this morning the manager's broke, and I'm wondering . . ."

"Nothing else in sight?"

"Not a blessed view but the river . . . O yes! and Silly MacShane. But I'm not so awfully keen about Silly

what am I saying?—a number of those animated sky-signs over on Broadway."

"Tell us more . . ."

"Why, Silly MacShane is the disconsolate relict of a flock of munitions contracts. When her income tax is paid she's practically a pauper, with nothing left but a beggarly three millions or so to run wild on from one year's end to the other. She owns most of the Russian crown jewels, the swellest estate on the North Shore, and the worst temper this side of the footlights; and her table-manners are so original, Society has quit trying to live up to 'em. So Silly has to hire guests to keep the dear old Long Island homestead from resembling a morgue."

"You're joking, Miss Hewlett."

"Ask anybody. Read the papers. See for yourself. Silly will pay you a hundred and fifty a week-end if you'll rope in a friend who's listed in the Social Register. Anyhow, that's the proposition she's just made me through Bob Mortimore. Bob calls himself her social secretary, now. He's working that gold mine for all it's worth."

"And money won't tempt you? Your scruples do you credit?"

The girl chuckled. "There are only two things I can think of that stop me from taking Silly MacShane at her word. One is, I'm afraid, I simply dassen't trust myself from Friday night till Monday morning within snatching distance of all that plunder."

"Don't talk rot."

"It isn't rot," Peggy Hewlett protested with eyes of infantile naiveté. "Anybody would be a fool to trust me with a chance to get away with anything worth while, after the time I've had trying to make an honest living!"

MR. SMITH coolly brushed all that aside as too absurd . . . "And the real reason!" he persisted.

"Why I'm not figuring on roping in somebody to spend this week-end as Silly's guest? . . . I just wish I knew a soul I could put such a low-down proposition over on!"

"All your Social Register friends being out of town, we gather."

"Something like that . . ."

"Why not find an understudy?"

"There!" Peggy Hewlett exclaimed in disgust. "I knew the old bean was going back on me. I never thought of that." But her animation soon failed. "It's no use, I don't know anybody who could look the part and get away with acting it."

"Well, I," Mr. Smith suggested with deliberation, "why wouldn't we do?"

Peggy gave an unaffected start and blinked furiously for an instant; then seeing that he persisted in presenting a countenance of unblemished blandness, knitted her brows over serious eyes. In the end, however, she waggled an impatient head and pouted: "It isn't pretty of you to trifle like that with a young girl's innocent social aspirations."

"Not trifling," Mr. Smith stated, sententious. "Why won't we do for one week-end?"

Peggy pondered him again, this time with a shadow of perplexity in the shrewd, good-natured eyes. For all of a sudden she was aware of a new Mr. Smith, a noteworthy one, glimpsing through that mask of airy insouciance, the spirit of a keen adventurer peering out through those urbane features and calling, as deep calls unto deep, to the spirit of the ardent little adventuress that life had made of Peggy Hewlett. And she caught her breath sharply as she began to perceive that, with such spirit animating the two of them, almost any feat of impudence were feasible . . .

"Oh, you'd do all right!" she admitted. "You've got the looks and the clothes and the cheek and the . . ."

O I don't know! As far as the front goes, my dear, you're all there. But would you?"

"Haven't we volunteered? Just say the word and—let's see: this is Thursday—we are yours from tomorrow noon till Monday."

"But what about the Blue Book?"

"There must be a lot of names between its covers. Daresay you'll find it recognizes quite a mess of Smiths."

"That's so!" Miss Hewlett agreed with animation. "Some of the swellest people in society are named Smith, come to think of it. Why couldn't you let on you were Van Suydam Smith, for instance?"

"Why not?"

"What a lark!" The young woman pondered it momentarily but with lively anticipations of good fun. "It would be too easy to put it over on Silly. And, anyhow, she ought to be grateful to get people as nice as you and me!"

"She undoubtedly ought."

"And we'll go fifty-fifty. That'll mean seventy-five apiece—"

"Easy!" Mr. Smith interposed firmly. "If you're going to start that sort of thing, we won't play!"

"But, my dear boy! be sensible, remember you're up against it, too."

"Not quite so bad as all that. I may be in a bit of a hole, as I said, but it'll be some time yet before my back's against the wall."

Peggy Hewlett made a mutinous face, but with characteristic impulsiveness was quick to erase it. "Fight that out when the time comes," she declared, jumping up. "Come along: I want you to meet Silly MacShane before the next dance, Van . . . I beg your pardon, Mr. Van Suydam Smith!"

And with the utmost docility Mr. Smith permitted himself to be led up to slaughter. Apparently he had forgotten all about the young friend who had so unfeelingly neglected their appointment.

III

THE private-wire telephone in the sanctum of Timothy B. Crabb, sounding a muffled summons, interrupted a consultation; but the surly grunt which was the first response of the world's best-advertised private detective was followed by a note of flattering cordiality.



When he was gone, she sat for several minutes blinking at the card with eyes that couldn't see

MacShane." Mr. Smith echoed this intriguing name with an accent that won a look of incredulity. "Why, I thought everybody knew or knew about Mrs. Silliman MacShane. Where've you been all this while? She's here now, over there in the corner with her gang. But—don't say I didn't warn you—it isn't safe to look without smoked glasses."

"Oh! the lady with the diamonds."

"Well!" Miss Hewlett commented: "you're perfectly right about the diamonds but, if you don't mind my saying so, the rest of your sketch is punk. Still, there's this much excuse for you, all you've got to judge her by is the modest little confection she's sporting this afternoon. You just ought to see Silly by night. Then she looks like one of—"

"Why, hello, V-9! Been wondering when I'd hear from you. What devilment you been up to all this time, keeping so quiet? . . . Oh, y'are, are you? Well, glad you're back on the job . . . Sure, sure! any time you want I'll have the dope ready for you. . . . Twelve o'clock to-morra? Right. Shoot."

He took up a pencil and prepared to jot down memoranda. "How d'you spell it? . . . S-I-double-L-I-M-A-N. Yop: got the rest of it awright. What's the other bird's name?"

His pencil was busy for an instant, then he added: "Nope: never heard the name before, have to have him looked up. What's at? . . . Oh, awright, 'fyou think best. I'll just ask around among the boys, and if none of them's got anything on your friend we'll lay off him, just like you say. . . . Right. Goo'bye."

AND hanging up, Mr. Crabb slewed his swivel-chair round till he again commanded a view of the face of his most considerable client.

"Sfunny," he observed genially, in deference to the inquisitive cast of that intelligent countenance. "I could spin you yarns till to-morra morning about funny angles of this detective game; but the queerest of the lot, or I miss my guess, would be a story I don't know and can't find out, the story of the proposition that just had me on the wire. I don't know his name or his telephone number or where he lives or anything about him, never even seen him; and yet he's the slickest, brainiest operator I ever had anything to do with, bar none. I've wasted a heap of time trying to figure him out, but he's got me licked before I get started. He hadn't any more'n begun to work in with me when he served notice, any time I tried to find out anything about him he'd quit on me cold. So all I know about him is his telephone voice and a number he give me so's I could let him know any time I want to get in touch with him. All I do then is put an ad in the pers'nal column, just that number, V-9, that's all; and when he sees it he gives me a ring."

"But," the distinguished customer objected, "I hardly see . . ."

"Well, it's like this: this bird's worked out a theory, a dick-detective, you know—don't get a fair show for his white alley so long's anybody on earth knows he's a dick. He claims the only way is for a dick to flock by himself and say nothing to nobody. Then nobody's going to be on the lookout for him, and he's got some chanst. He claims this business of going after law-breakers with a brass band—meaning newspaper publicity—is all the bunk."

"How very odd! How do you remunerate the man, if you have no means of communication except through the newspapers and by telephone?"

"I don't," Mr. Crabb admitted. "He says he don't want any pay, but maybe some day he'll ask me to do something for him personal."

"Evidently a man of some means . . ."

"And time," Mr. Crabb amended. "Sometimes he'll put in weeks working up a case. The way I figure him, he's some one of these society guys, got nothing to keep him from passing away with ennui except this detective stunt he's doped out for himself."

"He must have some strong motive. . . . And what is your opinion of his theory in practical application?"

"I think it's a peach. Only wish I had a hundred like him, doing my work for nothing and letting me cop all the credit."

"I mean, do you think a detective can do more efficient work anonymously?"

"Sure: it's the only way. Those saps on the other side of the fence have got us dicks all spotted, same as we've got them all spotted. We don't make many moves they ain't wise to, unless we're lucky. And the same with them. The only guy who can get away with anything big is the guy who works in the dark and has no friends to squeal on him."

"Then one would think you yourself . . ."

The great detective grinned and laid a knowing finger to his nose. "Too late," he explained. "My number's been up too long. Anyway, you can't teach an old dog new tricks. 'Specially if he don't care a whole lot about learning 'em. I like my job the way it is, I like the brass bands and everything, and having people point me out and say, 'There goes Timothy B. Crabb, the greatest living detective.' Now that wouldn't make Mister V-9 a bit happy. What he likes is snooping round in the dark and putting a permanent crimp in the plans of some crook that never even heard his name. And all that proves is, we ain't all alike. . . . Now to get back to what we was talking about . . ."

IV

IN the not negligible opinion of the guest whom it knew as Mr. Van Suydam Smith, Silliman House was very much what one might have expected of its chataleine. A sturdy pile of middle-aged architecture, mainly pressed-brick with marble facings and excrescence, porte-cochères, cupolas, terraces, and such like, planted four-square on the brow of a bluff and looking out westward over a lovely arm of Long Island Sound. Beyond reasonable doubt in its heyday the show-place of the countryside, its rooms like chambers of state, its woodwork laboriously lathe-tortured, its immense expanses of lurid stained-glass, had played the very deuce with the art, erudition and good-intent of interior decorators turned loose upon the property with cart-blanche to do their dammedest. And these having duly done so and departed, the personal taste of Mrs. Silliman, or misguided reverence for what she took to be genuine antiques, had done the rest; resurrecting, doubtless from its attics, pristine glories of bric-à-brac, Grecian urns and Rogers groups, prism candelabra, and no end of massive cut-glass pieces, to fill in the aching emptiness of spaces left, in the fond design of the decorators, to rest the eye.



"Come on down to the lawn, I want to talk secrets, and it's much more romantic out there"

From its dining-room like a hotel banquet-hall, into its drawing-room at least no larger than the grand salon of the Homeric, on that Saturday night trooped a company of nine souls singularly assorted. Silly MacShane herself, fair, fat and forty-odd—"with," as Peggy Hewlett had pointed out to her accomplice, "the accent on the odd"—brimming over at several critical points the cubic capacity of an evening-gown which Paquin had fabricated for svelte two-and-twenty, the desert wastes of flesh too firm and far too pink tricked out with jewels worth a czar's ransom. Mr. Van Suydam Smith, lately risen from the place of honor on the lady's right, with occasionally a rather hunted gleam of eyes when the assiduity of her attentions grew cloying. Miss Hewlett, trim, demure, more entertained than she dared to show. Mr. Robert Mortimore, sleek and slinky, with his beautiful bold eyes and sly, secret smile. A Mrs. Claridge, who looked it, and her spouse who didn't but was making a brave effort to with the help of the MacShane cellar. Miss Gloria Glory, late of Hollywood, now "resting" but restless; blond, under-dressed, and past-mistress of a wicked baby-lisp; but when all was said and done, of an age to vote. A certain Mr. Fernald, with white hair, ruddy cheeks, a roving eye, a military carriage, and a mean memory for Al Jolson's jokes. An uncertain Mr. Sidney, modest and amiable, physically unimposing, and a little perplexed . . .

The warm spell held unbroken, there was no stir of air at all through the long French windows wide to the night. Silly MacShane, slowly turning purple as her digestion undertook to cope with a little home dinner of eleven courses and three wines, unanimously voted against dancing, as a diversion calculated to prove overheating. In its stead she dictated bridge at a quarter a point. She believed with all her great heart in giving her guests a good time whether they wanted it or not. In resignation these settled down at two card-tables which overtrained footmen conjured into position before the windows. Mr. Van Suydam Smith promptly lost whatever foothold an unpretending personality may theretofore have won him in the esteem of his company by cutting out of the first rubber; and with a somewhat hangdog mien took his sense of happy infamy out to air upon the paved terrace which the drawing-room windows overlooked.

It was a rather narrow terrace, for the ground fell away sharply from the house to the water, and its marble balustrade was broken at two points, where stone steps led down to the lawn. Between these Mr. Smith perched himself and lighted a cigarette. The flare of the match betrayed an unregenerate grin. Twenty-four hours of Silliman House had only served to confirm him in his contention that human life is the most amusing kind to live.

THE night seemed strangely dense; for directly overhead its stars were myriad. Looking down, however, one could see the riding-lights of pleasure craft fringing the unseen shore with only their still reflections to tell of the tide that buoyed them up. Beyond them not one ray of starshine silvered the bosom of the bay, only a gulf of utter blackness yawned, pin-pricked by lights on the farther headland. And never a star relieved the dark vague of the heavens in the west.

The fiery nose of the cigarette was bright enough to show that the slender column of its fumes was rising almost without a waver.

Instantaneously the world was illumined by a ghastly, bluish sheen, in which the burnished face of the bay took on the likeness of a vast mirror, framed in hills whose profile was stark against a vault of sky piled nearly to its zenith with silhouetted thunderheads.

Fully a minute after this had been all blacked out a muted growl rolled through the breathless void.

And at Mr. Smith's elbow a friendly voice fluted: "My goodness! was that thunder?"

"Well," Mr. Smith said curiously—"now, what did you think?"

"Thought it was thunder," Peggy Hewlett retorted with spirit. "And what's more, I hope it's going to be the daddy of all thunderstorms. Then things'll be cooler. I'm 'most cooked. Besides, the lights will go out; these small-town power-houses always shut off the juice and call it a night whenever lightning happens. Don't blame 'em: scared to death of it myself. So I won't have to play any more bridge."

"How does it happen you're not playing now?"

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"I love you," she said. "But there is my duty. I shall hereafter sit in a darkened room with all the lamps blown out by the bitter wind of my longing and despair"

A Matter of Face

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by William Fisher

HE had always believed that sooner or later his chance would come; that sooner or later, ready-molded to his hands, there would be a weapon for revenge which would permit him to cause Ho Tin Yu such a loss of face as would disgrace him and his ancestors for a dozen generations back. Now the realization that fate itself had cheated him, threw Shen Mok off his guard and conquered in him the long habit of outward self-control acquired by centuries of racial Mongol inheritance and years of special training. He reflected that Ho Tin Yu was dead; Ho Tin Yu, his worst enemy; Ho Tin Yu, who had stolen from him the woman who had been dearer to him than the blessed Lord Buddha's ten thousand lotus fields. And how then could he revenge himself on a dead man? How could he cause a dead man to lose face?

"Ah—" he breathed. "Is it true?"
"Yes," replied Nag Hong Fah, the paunchy proprietor of the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace. "Ho Tin Yu's spirit took wings this morning at a quarter to nine sharp, and jumped the dragon gate. Mu Lan will be a charming

widow. Also rich. Her second husband will not sip vinegar."

There were questions which Shen Mok wanted to ask, questions about Mu Lan. There was an eagerness in his heart, and a faint hope. But he did not want to expose his naked soul to the other's expectant gaze. He said:

"Ho Tin Yu's widow sent you to me, I suppose?"
"No. Ho Tin Yu himself. Nearly with his last words. He felt sure you would not refuse his dying request, chiefly given the fact that you are the only embalmer, the only one of your ancient and honorable craft east of San Francisco, and the journey from there is long, the heat is great. Too"—he smiled—"there is your oath to your guild—your oath to your Tong. Really"—he smiled again—"you cannot refuse."

Again Shen Mok lost his self-control. His right hand stabbed out like a dagger. It was butter-yellow, strong, hairless, high-veined, with short fingers, and broad across the wrist; rugged and brutally powerful, it seemed like the hand of an artist or a sailor, at all events that of a man whose craft is delicate and minute. The hand was now completely in the light of the lemon-shaded lamp, while the rest of the man's great bulk was part of the shadows that trooped uneasily through the room, softened by the window curtains which gave just a faint silhouette of Pell Street, its packed wilderness of squat, tuberculous tenements and, cutting across the street's tunnel-like opening, the Bowery making an inky frame to the night sky with the eerie, clawing steel structure of the elevated road.

He was silent for a few minutes. Then he said quite calmly, with his usual, faintly ironic suavity of manner:

"It is my duty. I shall attend to the embalming of Ho Tin Yu's earthly remains."

"Delightful!" Nag Hong Fah raised hypocritical hands. to a problematical heaven. "You are a righteous man, O wise

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The girl's involuntary cry echoed the stumbling crash of the man clawing, thrashing, scrambling in the jaws of the bear trap

The Place of Pines

Eleventh Episode of "The Flaming Jewel"

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

THE last sound that Mike Clinch heard on earth was the detonation of his own rifle. Probably it was an agreeable sound to him. He lay there with a pleasant expression on his massive features. His watch had fallen out of his pocket.

Quintana shined him with an electric torch; picked up the watch. Then, holding the torch in one hand, he went through the dead man's pockets very thoroughly. When he had finished, both trays of the flat morocco case were full of jewels. Quintana was full of suspicious wonder.

Unquietly he looked upon the dead—upon the glittering contents of the jewel-box—but always his gaze reverted to the dead. The faintest shadow of a smile edged Clinch's lips. Quintana's lips grew graver. He said slowly, like one who does his thinking aloud:

"What is it you have done to me, l'ami Clinch? . . . Are there truly then two sets of precious stones?—two Flaming Jewels?—two gems of Erosite like there never has been in all thees worl' excep' only two more? Or is one set false? Have I here one set of paste facsimiles? . . . My frien' Clinch, why do you lie there an' smile at me so ver' funny like you are amuse'? I am wondering what you may have done to me, my frien' Clinch."

For a while he remained kneeling beside the dead. Then: "Ah, bah," he said, pocketing the morocco case and getting to his feet.

He moved a little way toward the open trail, stopped, came back, stood his rifle against a tree.

For a while he was busy with his sharp Spanish clasp knife, whittling and fitting together two peeled twigs. A

cross was the ultimate result. Then he placed Clinch's hands palm to palm upon his chest, laid the cross on his breast, and shined the result with complacency.

Then Quintana took off his hat.

"L'ami Mike," he said, "you were a man! Adios!"

Quintana put on his hat. The path was free. The world lay open before José Quintana once more—the world, his hunting ground.

"But," he thought uneasily, "what is it that I bring home this time? How much is paste? How droll that smile of Clinch. . . . Which is the false—his jewels or mine? . . . I understand. It is ver' simple. In the top tray the false gems. Ah! Paste on top to deceive a thief! Alors. Then what I have recover' of Clinch is the real! Nom de Dieu! How should I know? His smile is so ver' funny. I think thees dead man make mock of me—all inside himse'f—"

So, in darkness, prowling south by west, shining the trail furtively, and loaded rifle ready, Quintana moved with stealthy, unhurried tread out of the wilderness that had trapped him and toward the tangled border of that outer world which led to safe, obscure, uncharted labyrinths—old-world mazes, immemorial hunting grounds—haunted by men who prey.

The night had turned frosty. Quintana, wet to the knees and very tired, moved slowly, not daring to leave the trail because of sinkholes. However, the trail led to Clinch's Dump, and sooner or later he must leave it.

What he had to have was a fire, he realized that. Somewhere off the trail, in big timber if possible, he must build a fire and master this deadly chill that was slowly paralyzing all power of movement.

He knew that a fire in the forest, particularly in big timber, could be seen only a little way. He must take his chances with sinkholes and find some spot in the forest to build that fire.

Who could discover him except by accident?

Who would prow! the midnight wilderness? At thirty yards the fire would not be visible. And, as for the odor—well, he'd be gone before dawn. . . . Meanwhile, he must have that fire. He could wait no longer.

He cut a pole first. Then he left the trail where a little spring flowed west, and turned to the right, shining the forest floor as he moved and sounding with his pole every wet stretch of moss, every strip of mud, every tiniest glimmer of water.

At last he came to a place of pines, first growth giants towering into night, and, looking up, saw stars, infinitely distant. . . . where perhaps those things called souls drifted like wisps of vapor.

When the fire took, Quintana's thin dark hands had become nearly useless from cold. He could not have crooked finger to trigger.

For a long time he sat close to the blaze, slowly massaging his torpid limbs, but did not dare strip off his foot-gear.

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Do women, keepers of the sacred flame
itself, really play fairly in love?

Or do they, in the final analysis, exploit
men for their vanity's sake?

Is it true that women, in their con-
quests, are guilty of tactics that
would brand men as cads?

And does that rather unusual specimen,
the male philanderer, garner blame
and scorn that the flirt escapes?

Are Women Square in Love ?

By Genevieve Parkhurst

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

YOU women talk so much about your honesty of purpose—you are more sincere than men in many ways. But in your love affairs! My, but you hedge your own doctrine of equal opportunity! You're not half so square with us men as you expect us to be with you. You women do things—and get away with them—which, if a man even attempted, would brand him as a cad or a cur for life.

When a man said this to me recently I was ready at once to give battle. "You refer," I said, self-righteously, "to one particular kind of woman—the non-essential, inconsequential butterfly."

"Nothing of the sort," responded he. "When it comes to the game women play with men, they're nearly all alike. Once in awhile one finds a woman who thinks in terms of men—but rarely."

Blithely I could have throttled him—particularly because I knew he was right. I tried to argue with him, but as he developed instance after instance to prove his statement, I was brought by sheer truthfulness to stand with him on his own ground. Women do not play the square game with men. They often resort to a strategy which, if employed by men, is deemed arrant duplicity. They demand a deference and a forbearance which they do not reciprocate. They exact privileges which they will not grant. They raise a cry for equal opportunities without reserve and, in the same breath, sin against their own gospel by denying to men balanced treatment in loving—which is more than half of living. And those who do this are not confined to one class. All women have it in them to ignore fair play when love is the game and men are the pawns and the prize.

On the other hand no such license is accorded the men. They must live faithfully up to the dot of honor and chivalry—or they are given short shrift.

COMPARE their methods of selection with those of women. A man sees the mate of his desire. He does not resort to subtlety to attract. His pursuit is open and above board, his weapons are the conventional ones of evening calls, invitations to dine, to the theatre, to the dance, flattery and, above all, exclusive devotion. Therefore, if the man be at all possible, the woman knows just where she stands.

How different with women! Under the old traditions, she must remain passive—but this she does only seemingly. Mentally she is on the alert to make herself valuable in the eyes of the man she loves. Hence she takes recourse to subterfuge, to pretense, to intrigue.

She plays up one man against another. She is capricious and exacting. She reserves the right to do much as she pleases—but the man—he must do her will entirely. She must "keep him guessing." She must do many little things which if he ventured would at once put him without the pale of her smile. And all of this is unconscious. She would be utterly astonished if one were to tell her that she was not acting in accord with true ethics.

I KNOW a woman of clear perception and with a full understanding of her obligations to life, who is utterly without conscience where men are concerned. She is engaged to one man and flirts outrageously with others, while he is made to toe the mark of exclusive devotion to her. Her only excuse is that faded, worn-out, futile cry of special privilege. "It's different with men." She admits that perhaps she is unfair, but declares, "Men make women suffer enough. It never worries me when a woman makes a man grieve a bit. 'Up with the pirate flag' is my slogan at the approach of the pursuing male."

What about a man who felt that way towards women? His time would be short in the high places.

And there is Cynthia—charming, popular and a deep-dyed coquette. Scalps sway from her girdle in greater number than from the belt of an Algonquin warrior. She plays one suitor against another, ridiculing, flouting and, when defection threatens, beguiling them into line again. Through several gay seasons she has danced her way over floors strewn with men's hearts. But last year along came Mr. Wise Young Man who knew the ways of all Cynthia's. He charmed and flattered and led her on—just as she had done with dozens of others. Then he grew tired and went away. Cynthia wept, wrung her hands and called him a cad and a bounder. Truthfully, she was but beaten at her own game. When told this, she tossed her bobbed head airily and exclaimed, superciliously, "But he's a man, that's different."

Butterflies like Cynthia are not the only aggressors in this uneven conflict. Women of serious purpose fall below their own standards when their hearts are involved. Eleanor Blank was one of these. A professional woman of high standing, she has always prided herself upon playing a

"man's game." And yet not long ago she was guilty of tactics which belong far back in the archives of old prejudices. Meeting a man who really interested her, she found that he was attentive to a girl, younger and prettier but not so facile-minded as herself. The man upon meeting Eleanor had shown a casual interest. Whereupon she forgot all about the other girl. Several vain endeavors to get him to call brought her to inviting the girl also. For sometime the girl was generously patronized by Eleanor, who was her frequent hostess at the matinee and, as constantly, hostess to her and the man at dinner and supper parties in Eleanor's apartment. This established a needed sense of comradeship among the three. Gradually, through this sense of comradeship, the man got to dropping in informally at the tea-hour. Gradually, the keen blade of Eleanor's experienced subtlety cut the tie of admiration that bound the man to the girl. Damning with faint praise, little by little she wrought a change in his attitude.

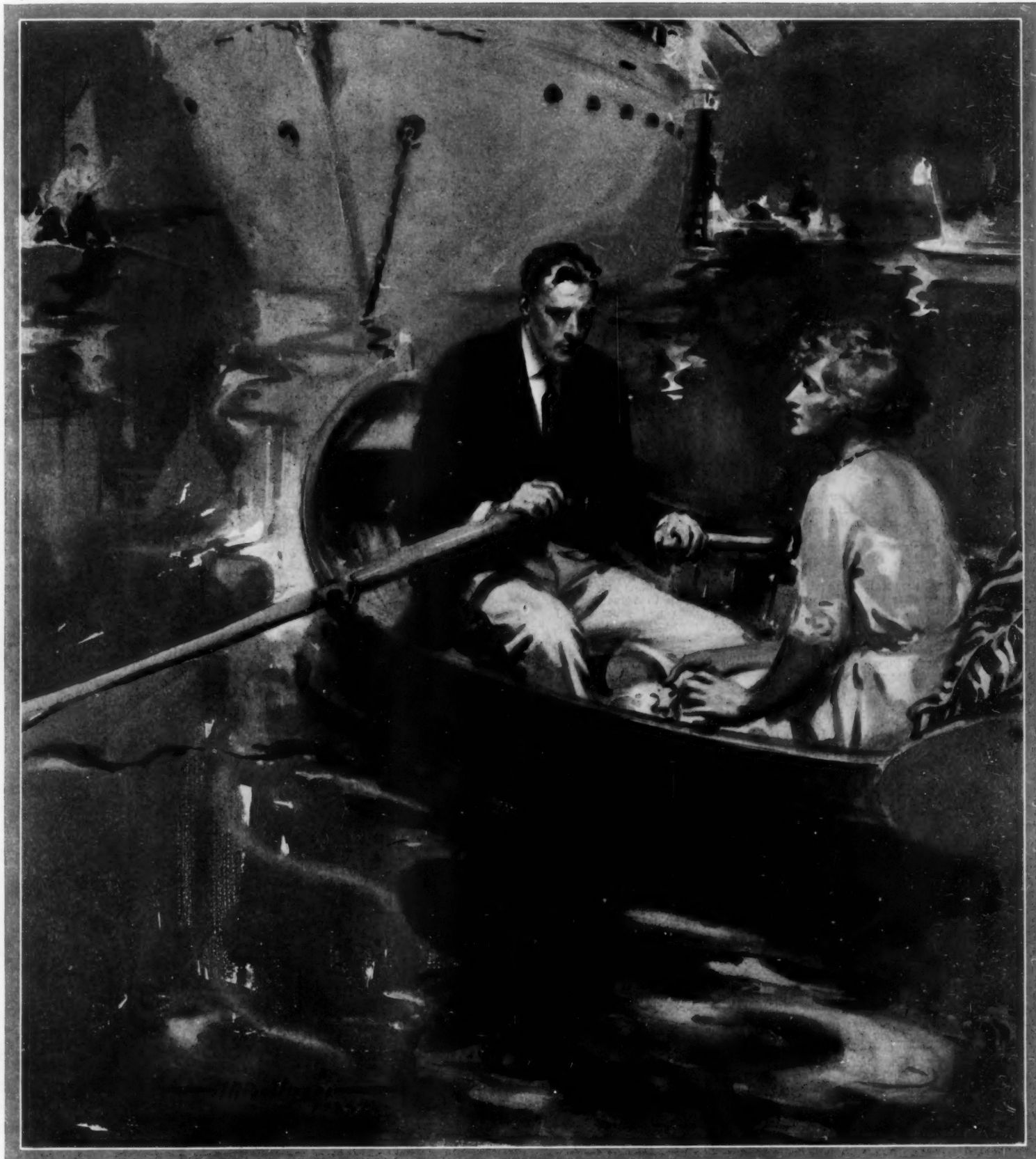
"Laura is a nice girl," she would say, "but—absolutely without poise." Or "Laura is superficially clever, but she is as shallow as a puddle." Or—and this was her master stroke—"I have been surprised in Laura lately. I used to think she had an even disposition—but temperamental—my goodness!"

WHEN the three of them were together she led the subject of conversation to things about which she knew that the girl felt deeply and upon which she was opposed to the man's viewpoint. When the discussion grew fervid, Eleanor piled fuel on the girl's side by intruding some explosive suggestion. If the girl reacted to it Eleanor, because she was older and more seasoned, sat quietly and indulgently smiling upon her.

The simple man was deceived. He really thought Eleanor was genuine and he contrasted her poise with the girl's spontaneous sincerity. Eleanor knew this and used it to her best advantage. She gathered interesting people about her, wore enticing clothes, ran to soft lights and an intellectual atmosphere, and never wasted an opportunity to patronize and condescend to the girl. For a little while the man was convinced and he drew away from the girl, attaching himself to Eleanor. He spoke many words of love until one day he saw her off-guard and his eyes were opened. Sadder and wiser he went back to the girl. Eleanor said he was a boor and a philanderer and many other things.

A dear little Southern girl I know who made the yearly rounds of the various college fraternity dances, engaged

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Toby sat in the stern of a boat with a single rower in front of her, and trailed her fingers through the magic water

Charles Rex

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

SHE cried out sharply as he caught her, and then she struggled and fought like a mad creature for freedom. But Bunny held her—at first as a boy might hold a comrade who had provoked him to exasperation; then, as desperately she resisted him, a new element suddenly rushed like fire through his veins, and he realized burningly, overwhelmingly, that for the first time in his life he held a woman in his arms. Her anger stirred him as her beauty never had. But she fought against him still. Though he kissed her, she would have none of it. She struck at him, battering him frantically with her hands, stamping wildly with her feet, till he literally swung her off the ground, holding her slender body against his breast.

"You little madcap!" he said, with his hot lips against her throat. "How dare you? Do you think I could let you go—now?"

The quick passion of his voice or the fiery possession of his hold arrested her.

She suddenly ceased to battle with him, and stiffened in his grasp as if turned to stone.

"Let me go!" she said tensely.

"I will not. You little wild butterfly!" he said, and kissed the trobbing white throat again. "I've caught you now, and you can't escape."

She caught her breath sharply. "What do you mean? I—I—I don't know what you mean!"

Again she sought to free herself, and again he frustrated her. But the violence had gone out of his hold. There was even a touch of dignity about him as he made reply.

"I mean, you little wild butterfly, that now I've got you, I'm going to keep you. You'll have to marry me and make the best of me."

"Marry you!" said Toby as one incredulous.

"You aren't angry, are you?" said Bunny softly. She hesitated. "I was."

"Yes, but not now—when you've begun to realize what a jolly thing life together would be. It isn't as if we'd never met before. We're pals already."

"Yes; we're pals."

Toby caught her breath again as if about to laugh, and then quite suddenly, wholly unexpectedly, she began to cry.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder, fighting great sobs that threatened to overwhelm her. It was not often that Toby cried, and this was no mere child's distress. It filled her companion with a curious kind of awe. Unconsciously, he sensed a barrier.

Toby regained her self-command at last, stood for a space in silence, her face still hidden, then abruptly raised it and uttered a little quivering laugh.

"You great big silly!" she said. "I'm not going to marry you, so there! Now let me go!"

"Yes, you are going to marry me. And I shan't let you go," he said. "So there!"

She looked him straight in the face. "No, Bunny!" she said with a little catch in her breath. "You're a dear to think of it, but it won't do."

"Why not?" demanded Bunny.

In the dimness his eyes looked into hers. A little shiver went through Toby. "I don't want to," she said again.

"Go on!" commanded Bunny, autocratically.

She turned suddenly and set her hands against his breast. "Well then, because I'm years and years older than you are—"

"Rot!" interjected Bunny. "You don't want to marry anyone else, do you?"

"I don't want to marry at all," said Toby.

He laughed at that. "Darling, of course you'll marry. Come! You don't hate me, do you?"

Again the pleading note was in his voice. Her hands slipped upwards to his shoulders.

"But—I'm not good enough."

His arms enfolded her, closely and tenderly.

Toby uttered a little sigh. "You see, I've been to a lot of different schools, Bunny—foreign ones—and I've learnt a heap of—rather funny things. That's why I'm so much older than you are. That's why I don't want to get married—as most girls do. I never ought to marry. I know too much."

"But you'll marry me?" he said swiftly.

"I don't know," she said. "Not yet anyway. If—if you can stick to me for six months—I—p'raps I'll think about it. But I think you'll come to your senses long before then, Bunny." A desolate little note of humor sounded in her voice. "And if you do, you'll be so glad not to have to throw me over. Listen, Bunny! Love isn't just a passion-flower that blooms in a single night and then fades. You're too young really to understand, but I know—I know. Love takes a long while to ripen and come to perfection, and it has a lot to go through first."

Again a sense of strangeness came to Bunny. Surely this was a grown woman speaking! This was not the wild little creature he knew. But—perhaps it was from perversity—her warning only served to strengthen his determination.

"You can go on arguing till midnight," he said; "you won't convince me. But look here, if you don't want anyone to know, we'll keep it to ourselves for a little while. Will that satisfy you?"

She nodded her head promptly with a faint echo of the elfin laughter that had so maddened him a little earlier. "I'll show you where I was hiding if you like. Shall I?"

She freed herself from him with a little spring, and turned to the stone buttress against which he had found her.

"See! I found this ledge."

The ledge she indicated was on a level with the parapet and not more than six inches wide. It ran square with the buttress, which on the outer side dropped sheer to the terrace.

Bunny looked and turned sick. "You never went there!"

She laughed again. "Yes, I did. It's quite easy if you slide your feet. I'll show you."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" He grabbed her fiercely.

"What in heaven's name were you thinking of?"

"I wanted to tease you," she said lightly.

Bunny stared at her as if he thought her bewitched. "But you were over by that north wall once."

"I only sent my voice that way to frighten you."

"Good heavens!" gasped Bunny.

She laughed again with gay insouciance. "Haven't I given you a splendid evening's entertainment? Well, it's all over now, and the curtain's down. Let's go!"

She turned with her hand in his and led him back to the turret-door.

Reaching it, he sought to detain her. "You'll never do it again? Promise!"

"I won't promise anything," she said lightly.

CHAPTER II

THE VIRTUOUS HERO

HOW long is this absurd farce to go on?" said Larpent. "Aren't you enjoying yourself?" grinned Saltash.

Larpent frowned. "I should like an answer to my question if you've no objection. You've got me into a hole, and I want to know how you're going to get me out again." Larpent's voice was gruff and surly.

"My dear chap, I can't get you out. That's just it. I want you to stay there." Saltash turned round and sat down on the edge of the high, cushioned fender. "I really don't think you are greatly to be pitied," he remarked lightly. "The child will soon be married and off your hands."

"Oh, that's the idea is it?" said Larpent. "Who's going to marry her? Young Brian?"

"Don't you approve?" said Saltash.

"I don't think it'll come off," said Larpent with decision.

"Why not?" An odd light flickered in the younger man's eyes for an instant. "Are you going to refuse to give your consent?"

"I?" Larpent shrugged his shoulders. "Are you going to give yours?"

Saltash made an elaborate gesture. "I shall bestow my blessing with both hands."

Larpent looked at him fixedly for a few seconds. "You're a very wonderful man, my lord," he remarked drily at length. "All the same, I don't believe it will come off."

Saltash looked down at him with a comical twist of the eyebrows. "You're very analytical tonight. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Larpent bluntly. "Except that you're making a mistake."

"Indeed?" For a moment Saltash's look was haughty; then he began to smile again. "I see you're burning to give your advice," he said tolerantly. "Fire away, if it does you any good!"

Larpent's eyes, very steady under their fair, bushy brows, were still unwaveringly upon him. "No, I don't presume to give you advice," he said. "But I'll tell you something which you may or may not know. That young woman you have so kindly bestowed upon me as a daughter worships the ground you tread on, and—that being the case—she isn't very likely to make a dazzling success of it if she marries young Bernard Brian."

Saltash jerked himself to his feet with a short French oath that sounded like the snarl of an angry animal. He went across to the windows thrown wide to the summer night and stood before one of them, with his head flung back in the attitude of one who challenges the universe.

"Larpent!" There was a whip-lash quality about his voice. "Why the devil do you tell me this? Can't you see that it's the very thing I'm guarding against? Young Bunny is the best remedy she could take for a disease of that kind. And after all—she's only a child."

Larpent lounged in his chair and watched him, absolutely unmoved.

"When a thing is actually in existence it's rather futile to talk of guarding against it," he said, in his brief, unsympathetic voice. "You've been extraordinarily generous to the imp, and it isn't surprising that she should be extraordinarily grateful. But when it comes to handing her on to another fellow—well, she may consent, but it won't be because she wants to, but because it's the only thing left. She knows well enough by this time that what she really wants is out of her reach."

Again Saltash made a fierce movement, but he did not turn or speak.

Larpent took out his pipe and began to fill it. "You've been too good a friend to her," he went on somewhat grimly, "and you're not made of the right stuff for that sort of thing."

"Oh, damn!" Saltash exclaimed, suddenly and violently. He turned upon Larpent almost menacingly, and found the steady eyes, still with that icy glint of humor in them, unflinchingly awaiting his challenge.

"You want to get married," the sailor said imperturbably. "Why in the name of all the stars of destiny don't you marry her? She may not have blue blood in her veins, but blood isn't everything, and you've got enough for two."

Saltash's laugh had a curious jarring sound as of something broken.

"Oh, you think that would be a suitable arrangement, do you? And how long do you think I should stick to her? How long would it be before she ran away?"

"I don't think she is the sort to run away," said Larpent quietly. "You could hold her if you tried."

"An ideal arrangement!" sneered Saltash. "And I should then settle down to a godly, righteous and sober life, I suppose? Is that the idea?"

He began to laugh again suddenly and cynically—the bitter laugh of a man who hides his soul; and Larpent leaned back in his chair again, as if he recognized that the discussion was over.

CHAPTER III

THE COMPACT

THE polo-ground at Fairharbour was reckoned as one of the greatest attractions the town possessed. Because of it, and the Graydown race-course, an ever-increasing stream of visitors poured yearly into the town and its neighborhood.

Bunny was a promising player, and his keenness made him a favorite. He rode Lord Saltash's ponies, Saltash himself very seldom putting in an appearance. He was wont to declare that he had no time for games, and his frequent absences made it impossible for him to take a very active part in the proceedings of the club. He dropped in occasionally to watch a game, and he took an interest in Bunny's progress; but he was very rarely moved to play himself.

Even Bunny did not know where he was on that hot afternoon in mid-July when all Fairharbour gathered to watch a match between the regular team and the visitors. Maud had promised to bring Toby down to see the game at his special request. He had seen very little of Toby since that night at the castle, though he was forced to admit to himself that if she avoided him of set purpose she did it in a fashion that baffled detection. Yet he sometimes wondered if by the end of the six months which she had stipulated, she would not have contrived to put herself out of his reach.

Jake did not accompany Maud and Toby down to Fairharbour, for business kept him at the stables. "Bring him back with you!" he said to his wife at parting, and she smiled and promised. Bunny was never difficult to persuade.

When they reached the polo-ground he was in the midst of a crowd of visitors from the hotel, but he very speedily detached himself at sight of them and came up with an eager greeting.

"So awfully glad you've come. There are some people here you used to know, Maud, in the old days. Friends of Charlie's too. The Melrozes—you remember them?"

The name came upon Maud with a curious shock. Yes, she remembered the Melrozes. They belonged to the long, long ago before her marriage—to that strange epoch in her early girlhood when Charlie Burchester had filled her world. How far away it seemed!

She felt no keen desire to resume the long-forgotten acquaintance with the Melrozes, but Bunny evidently expected it of her, had already told them about her, and she had no choice.

She followed him therefore, Toby very sedate and upright behind her.

Bunny's look dwelt upon Toby as he drew aside for his sister to pass him at the pavilion.

"You don't want to go and talk to those people. Come with me and see the ponies!"



Behind them the silence closed like a curtain

He drew her away through the crowd, and she went without demur. Bunny was tall and bore himself with distinction. There was, moreover, something rather compelling about him just then, and Toby felt the attraction.

"Look here!" he said abruptly, as they drew apart from the throng. "I've got to see more of you somehow. Have you been dodging me all this time?"

She met his eyes with a funny little chuckle.

He gave her hand an admonitory squeeze. "I'm not laughing. You're not playing the game. What's the good of my coming to the house to see you if we never meet?"

"Don't understand," said Toby briefly.

"Yes, you do. You've got to meet me sometimes away from the rest. See? Come! That's only fair."

Toby made a face at him. "Suppose I don't want to?"

He laughed into her eyes. "Don't tell me that! When and where? I want to see you alone very badly. You're not going to let me down."

"I don't know what I'm going to do yet," said Toby. But she could not look with severity into the handsome young face that was bent on hers.

"I'll tell you what you're going to do," said Bunny, marking her weakening with cheery assurance. "You'll take Chops for a walk tomorrow evening through the Burchester Woods. You know that gate by the larch copse? It's barely a mile across the down. Be there at seven, and perhaps—who knows?—perhaps—Chops may meet somebody he's rather fond of."

"And again perhaps he mayn't," said Toby, dimpling.

"You'll come?" whispered Bunny.

They were nearing a little group of ponies that were being held in readiness at the end of the field. Toby quickened her pace.

He kept beside her, but he did not speak again. And perhaps his silence moved her more than speech, for she gave a little impulsive turn towards him and threw him her sudden, boyish smile.

"All right. We'll come," she said.



As they drew away from the place, a man stepped out from the larches and stood motionless watching them

CHAPTER IV

L'OISEAU BLEU

BUNNY surpassed himself that afternoon. Wherever he went, success seemed to follow, and shouts of applause reached him from all quarters.

"That young fellow is a positive genius," commented General Melrose.

"What does he do with himself?"

"He is agent on Lord Saltash's estate at Burchester," his daughter said, suddenly entering the conversation. "He was telling me about it at luncheon. He and Lord Saltash are friends."

"Ah! To be sure!" General Melrose's look suddenly came to Maud, and she felt herself color a little.

"He is an old friend of the family," she said. "We live not far from the Castle. My husband owns the Graydown Stables."

"Oh, I know that," the General said courteously. "I know your husband, Mrs. Bolton, and I am proud to know him. What I did not know until today was that he was your husband."

"We have been married for eight years," she said with a smile.

"It must be at least ten since I saw you last," he said. "This girl of mine—Sheila—must have been at school in those days. You never met her?"

Maud turned to the girl. "I don't think we have ever met before," she said. "Is this your first visit to Fair-harbour?"

"My first visit, yes," Sheila leaned forward. She was a pretty girl of two-and-twenty with a quantity of soft dark hair and gray eyes that held a friendly smile. "We don't go to the sea much in the summer as a rule. We get so much of it in the winter. Dad always winters in the south. It only seems a few weeks since we came back from Valrosa."

Maud was conscious of an abrupt jerk from Toby on her other side, and she laid a hand on her arm with the

kindly intention of drawing her into the conversation. But the next instant, feeling tension under her hand, she turned to look at her, and was surprised to see that Toby was staring out across the field with wide, strained eyes. She looked so white that Maud had a moment of sharp anxiety.

"Is anything the matter, dear?" she whispered.

An odd little tremor went through Toby. She spoke with an effort. "I thought he was off his pony that time, didn't you?"

She kept her eyes upon Bunny who was coming back triumphant.

Maud smiled. "Oh, I don't think there is much danger of that. Miss Melrose was talking about Valrosa. You were there too last winter, weren't you?"

The color mounted in Toby's face. She turned almost defiantly. "Just for a day or two. I was at school at Geneva. I went there to join my father."

"I was at school at Geneva a few years ago," said Sheila Melrose. "You didn't go to Mademoiselle Denise, I suppose?"

"No," said Toby briefly. "Madame Beaumonde."

"I never heard of her," said Sheila. "It must have been after I left."

Toby nodded. "I wasn't there long. I've never been anywhere long. But I've left school now, and I'm going to do as I like."

"A very wise resolution!" commented a laughing voice behind her. "It's one of the guiding principles of my life."

ALL the party turned, Toby with a quick exclamation. Saltash, attired in a white yachting suit and looking more than usually distinguished in his own fantastic fashion, stood with his hand on the back of Toby's chair. "Quite a gathering of old friends!" he declared, smiling impartially upon all. "Miss Melrose, my humble regards to you. Is the black mark still against my name?"

Sheila looked at him with a touch of hauteur that somehow melted into a smile. She had learnt her lesson at Valrosa, and there was nothing to add thereto. This man

was never in earnest, and he had never intended her to think him so.

"I banned you as bold and bad long ago," she said. "I don't remember that you have done anything to change the impression."

He laughed enigmatically. "Nothing in your presence, I fear. The fates have always been sportive so far as I was concerned. But really I'm not such a bad sort now-a-days, am I, Mrs. Bolton?"

MAUD smiled upon him. "Not so bad, I think. But please don't ask me to be your sponsor! I really couldn't play the part."

"Ask me!" said Toby suddenly, with flushed face up-raised. "He saved my life when the yacht went down when most men would only have bothered to save their own."

"What a libel!" laughed Saltash. "Don't you know I only hung onto you because you had a life-belt on! By the way, I've just bought another boat," he added, suddenly touching Toby's shoulder. "Your daddy is quite pleased with her. We've just come round from London in her."

"Oh, have you?" Eagerly Toby's eyes came up to his. "What are you going to call her?"

"She isn't christened yet. I'm going to hold a reception on board, and Maud shall perform the ceremony. I'm calling her the *Blue Moon*—unless you can suggest something better." Saltash's restless look went to Maud. "I wanted to call her after you," he said lightly, "but I was afraid Jake might object."

"I think the *Blue Moon* is much more suitable," she answered.

"Why not call her the *Blue Bird*?" suggested Sheila. He shook his head with his odd grimace. "That is a thing I can never hope to possess, Miss Melrose. The blue moon may occur once in my life if I am exceptionally virtuous, but the blue bird never. I have ceased to hope for it." His glance flashed beyond her. "Young Bunny

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"You've no idea," he whispered huskily, "how wonderful you are"

The Cinderella Game

By Gene Markey

Illustrated by George Wright

MR. OTTO BROWN leaned forward on the divan and permitted a bellboy to hold a match to his cigarette. Then, dropping a quarter into the bellboy's ready hand, he settled back with the sigh of a gentleman who has just enjoyed an excellent dinner, and blew a puff of smoke ceilingward. A moment later another bellboy hastened toward him.

"Chicago evening papers, Mr. Brown?"

"Thank you," nodded the young man, not too languidly, and dropped a quarter into *this* bellboy's hand. If there was one thing Mr. Brown liked it was service—and at French Springs the entire staff of the Corona Hotel seemed to make an heroic effort to give it to him.

It must be admitted that Mr. Brown, as he lounged on the great divan, intent upon the Chicago evening papers, presented a somewhat pleasing appearance. There was no guest at French Springs who looked so exceedingly well in a dinner-coat, and his sleek black hair and regular features caused many a lady passing in the lobby to look upon him admiringly.

Had one of these by chance peered over his shoulder, she would have seen that the young man's gray eyes were scanning only the "society" columns of the sheaf of newspapers on his knees. As he opened each in turn he gave not so much as a casual glance at the front-page headlines, but turned at once to the chronicled doings of Chicago society. And when he had finished the last of them, a bland expression, something akin to satisfaction, might have been observed to settle over his countenance. With a careless lift of the eyebrows he summoned another bellboy, dropped a quarter into his practiced hand, and allowed him to carry away the armful of crumpled papers.

Then Mr. Brown smoothed out his correct waistcoat, recrossed his knees, and bestowed his attention on the passing groups of guests. Most of these were known to him, and not infrequently was he the recipient of a sweet smile from some overdressed mama with a marriageable daughter, or some languishing lady who had been married too long to the same husband. And to each the young man bowed, with a smile that was uniformly impersonal. He seemed to be looking for someone.

Behind a clump of palms by the grand staircase Mrs. Bumble, wife of the Indianapolis bean king, paused and clutched the arm of her daughter, Annabelle.

"There's a dance tonight, isn't there?" queried Mrs. Bumble, who was a large woman with henna-ed hair and fat, powdered arms.

"Uh-uh," Annabelle, the flapper, nodded.

"Why don't you ask Mr. Brown if he doesn't want to go with us?"

"Oh, now, Momma—"

"Listen. You don't want that blonde from Richmond to walk away with him, do you?"

Annabelle's bobbed hair shook negatively.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Bumble, "get busy. Everybody says he's a catch. You know what your father's theory is: when you want a thing—go get it."

"But, Momma, you can see yourself that he's crazy about Gloria Lee."

"See here, when he finds out who we are in Indianapolis, perhaps he'll change his mind."

"But she has money, too. She's supposed to be the wealthiest girl in Virginia."

"Who said so?" demanded Mrs. Bumble militantly. "A lot of hotel gossips! Somebody passes around the word that she's an heiress, and everybody believes it. I just wish I knew somebody in Richmond!"

"I," said Annabelle, "like Gloria Lee. I think she's very beautiful."

"Humph!" snorted her mother.

AT that very moment the object of Mrs. Bumble's concern was reading a note which had just come down to him from Miss Lee's room. "Will you meet me," said the fashionable scrawl in the note, "out under the trees at nine o'clock?—G. L."

With a smile, young Mr. Brown folded the note and carefully tucked it away in a pocket of his dinner-jacket. Then he glanced at his watch. It lacked twenty minutes of nine o'clock. Flicking his cigarette into a convenient ash-receiver, he rose and sauntered leisurely across the lobby. It has been mentioned that, in his immaculate dinner attire, he presented a rather pleasing figure, and as he crossed the marble floor and made a graceful exit through the door, numerous feminine eyes followed him, and a blond young man, sitting alone in a corner behind some palms, glared after him jealously.

The night was warm with the soft, fragrant air of late April. Over the scraggly top of an elm tree the thin rim of a new moon hung poised, and to the young man pacing the dewy lawn and glancing from time to time up at a certain

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Nalbro Bartley's Great Story of the Making of an American Family



He took her in his arms. "Come, we aren't going to let this break us up, are we? Remember, we have each other"

Up and Coming

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman", "The Gorgeous Girl", etc.

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Part Two

JONES' going to college was a mosaic of efforts, comprising intricate and various struggles, sacrifices, prayers, friendly philanthropies—what not. Everything had been bent to that one purpose as far as Martha was concerned. Blind to her own hardships, her husband's lack of interest, the girls' problems, Martha toiled on, with firm faith that this was to be.

Patricia was hopelessly mundane in her mother's eyes. With taste for neither school nor housework, she developed a love of the fleshpots. She cared only to obtain the prettiest clothes and have the best time. She flirted as naturally as Marian studied, had accepted life as a never-ending frolic. She was affectionate, shallow, and so lovely to look upon that one forgave her any offense.

Martha "bore with her," in the old-fashioned jargon; she feared Patricia would bring tragedy upon her butterfly self. Yet Patricia was easier to live with than Marian. Marian was coldly aloof, and had a way of putting people in their places. She was a tall, sweet-faced girl with natural good taste. Patricia's blond curls were waved and frizzed while Marian's was a smooth, glossy coiffure at the nape of her white neck. Patricia wore blue ribbons and a pink dress, imitation jewelry, slippers with "grown-up heels," as Martha called them, and a little "make-up" as well.

Patricia boasted of more beaux for her age than was wholesome. She went to all school events with some cavalier, whereas Marian went with Jones or alone. Patricia regarded her family, except Jones, as beneath her. Jones was to be her salvation. As soon as he made his fortune he would give Patricia the proper setting. Jones admired his sisters. They did no wrong in his eyes. He wished his mother would not scold Patricia because she begged for a piano and pouted when asked to dust.

UP AND COMING, was the slogan of the family, coined by its founder—"Jones Bynight"—who owed his name and the rudiments of an education to a London foundling asylum. When shortly after beginning his career in America, he married a German servant girl, he determined that his children should have all the advantages that he could secure for them.

Jones junior, the only survivor of the Bynights' brood of three, had sufficient intelligence to live by his wits and to persuade Martha, a teacher of far finer caliber than himself, to marry him. Martha's three children, Marian, the student, Patricia, the beauty, and Jones, the dreamer, are growing to maturity, tolerant of their lazy, glib-tongued father and affectionately critical of their hard-working, dowdy mother.

Jones became man of the family long before he was a college freshman. His father deferred to him where once he bullied. Jones was consulted before anything was bought; he decided whether or not to raise their tenants' rent.

The esthetic surroundings of the Hamlin store soothed and temporarily satisfied his longing. From errand boy to

cash boy during summer vacation, from cash boy to half-time clerk during high-school days and then whole-time clerk in the oriental department during spare time, Jones was learning the stock, and the psychology of selling and obtaining a training equal only to the training Hamlin himself had received.

The store became his religion. He adored each beautiful, glowing object, reveled in the pictures. He came to know the artists who timidly brought their wares, he criticized the pictures to himself.

Once, during a luncheon hour, Jones sold a copper samovar for sixty dollars. When Hamlin heard it, he gave Jones a five-dollar bonus.

"How did you come to sell it?" he asked, his blind eyes staring over Jones' head.

"It looked as if it would belong in her sort of parlor," the boy said almost shyly. "I didn't really show her anything else."

"What will you do with that money?"

"Put half in the bank, give half to Mother," was his quick reply.

"You've a good mother, haven't you?" he questioned. "I guess I have," Jones answered; he could hardly wait until he reached home to tell of his good fortune.

When Jones finished high school, second in his class, Hamlin had sent to ask him if he cared to go through college. "If you will work—I'll do the rest," was his promise. "And what do you intend doing—after you've lived down your diploma?"

Jones told of his desire to be a sculptor—only his family would need his immediate assistance.

Hamlin made little comment. He advised Jones to enter the university that autumn. He could have a place in the store during his vacations. He could wait on table to pay for his board, no doubt, if he was so inclined.



"Instead of collapsing, retiring from the world like a half nun, I'm out to prove that an unfortunate marriage can be a stepping-stone to success"

Jones made ready. Martha had not been able to save, but she was not in debt. Her husband had spasmodic fits of working, selling cheap jewelry, soliciting for washing-machines, distributing handbills! Sometimes Martha told herself she was blessed in being head of the family. To have depended on her husband's miserliness, had he been self-supporting, would have been even less endurable. Sometimes she acted as caretaker for houses when people went away; she had a circle of benefactors who supplied her with clothes. She was thankful for old furniture as well. Her garden yielded vegetables for the table, and her married half-sister sent a barrel of apples and one of potatoes each fall. When her father died, she received eight hundred dollars and with this she put some improvements into the double house and raised the rent accordingly. Martha managed! But there was no way to help Jones.

This did not worry Jones. He had saved seventy dollars; he would write essays and take all the money prizes, he said. Hitherto, he had given his mother almost all his wages. He realized the stoppage would mean retrenchment; still she urged his going. It was reaching her long-dreamed-of goal.

WHEN Jones reached the university he found the way was not difficult. He knew no shirking from work; he was of splendid mental caliber. Waiting on table paid him for his board as Mr. Hamlin suggested. Pumping the chapel organ and sweeping dormitories paid for his room. There were three "plum prizes," as he wrote home. He must capture all of them. Two were for twenty-five dollars each, the essay subjects being Spinoza and Macaulay. One was for a hundred and fifty dollars, the subject to be original. He wrote dutiful weekly accounts of happenings to Mr. Hamlin but remained oblivious to his associates. They labeled him a "poverty shark, a grind" and let him alone. A fraternity was beyond his pocketbook—so were the monthly hops. He did not realize that to know how to play was a greater art than to know how to work, and that the former art is one of the greatest benefits a university experience can bestow.

Only his professors delighted in him. They often forgot that their duty was to the man of dead-level intelligence and not the most brilliant man in the classroom. They talked up to Jones, and this also removed him from the friendship of his classmates.

He was shy with girls, never attending social affairs and coming in contact with them but rarely.

Jones won the prize for his essay on Macaulay. So Martha spent Thanksgiving with him. The family demurred

at her going; no one could cook as good a dinner as Martha and she also lost the chance to serve a Thanksgiving eve supper party. Her husband pronounced it "more foolishness," although he boasted to his cronies about "my son in college."

But Martha in a pumpkin-colored dress and an old golf cape, carrying a basket of home-made goodies for her boy, boarded the train away from the growing city of Cornwall for the first time since her marriage.

THE hardships of her married life were as nothing in comparison with this joy. Not only was she visiting her son at his college, but he was paying expenses by having taken an essay prize! When Jones introduced his mother to the faculty members, he was conscious of a sense of shame. In superficial manner he mentally criticized her dress, her bromidic remarks. He could not tell an indifferent world the intimate story of her great mother heart and broad-shouldered brain. That it was because she did the drudgery that he might be the savant!

It was the American way of things, Jones told himself as he scuttled Martha to his room to "appreciate her all alone, without unfair contrasts," as he rationalized.

Martha told Jones he had changed, he had a "splendid air about him"—she knew "Mr. Hamlin would be delighted." She hoped he would win the prize for the Spinoza essay, that he could come home for Christmas and work in the store for ten days; it would more than pay him. And if he should win the hundred-and-fifty-dollar prize—!

"I'll go West for the summer, earn my way somehow," he interrupted. "I want to see the painted desert."

Martha was aghast. She had expected him to be in her charge during the summer. But she made no protest, she was too exalted and awed to have done so. Besides, she became cursed with an unromantic malady—an ulcerated tooth which ruined her visit. It also got on Jones' nerves. Martha seemed such a pitiful, nervous-faced little soul with a swollen right jaw and weary eyes, trying hard not to have him irritated by her distress. She had refused to see a dentist.

"I've gone through worse times than this," she told him, "dear me, when Marian was a baby and you just a toddler, I had two such teeth—and the store to wait on, besides. Here I can lay down and rest, look at my dear boy. Let's hear what you've written about Spinoza—is that the way to say it? I'll forget any toothache—don't you worry."

So Jones read his first draft with Martha applauding and holding a warm flannel to her cheek. Then Jones had to go wait on table. Martha and he were to picnic lunch

in his room afterward. While he was away, Martha, toothache or no toothache, began to put his room in order. It had worried her from the moment she had seen it. She beat the rug, regardless of the holiday and amused spectators, cleaned the windows and dusted the shabby furnishings, pausing to look over the second-hand text books and peek at his halfway prepared lessons. She cleaned that room in the same reverent spirit one would clean a temple; it was consecrated to her son's mind. It typified all she had worked and hoped for.

Jones was pleased yet dismayed when he found what she had done. He thanked her earnestly and then ate up the greater share of the lunch, telling of his future plans!

Martha slept in a hotel that night. The next day, they walked and talked together and at sunset, Jones put her on the train, glad she was going. He hated himself for his embarrassment for surely his mother was a "workman who needeth not to be ashamed!"

Poor muddled Jones—he pledged to himself he would never marry but give this mother the allegiance and love she deserved. He would become so rich and famous that Madame Grundy would pay her respect, grudging or not.

He finished the Spinoza essay while visualizing Martha's devoted, shabby self. He must repay, repay, repay!

II

JONES won the Spinoza prize; but when word came the hundred and fifty dollars was to be awarded to one, Jones Bynight, for his essay on "Ideals," Patricia summed up the situation by her exclamation of:

"All hail the racket! We may wear silk foundations yet!"

In June, Hamlin arranged for Jones' trip to Arizona. He sent him as semi-valet, semi-secretary to a party of artists going out to sketch. For nine, never-to-be-forgotten weeks, Jones lived in the desert, became imbued with the spirit of freedom, realized dimly his asocial drifting, that he must renounce a creative career because of his family's financial stress. These realizations had their compensations. Living on top of the oldest civilization in the world—the painted desert—visions were bound to come. When he lay down to sleep on the very brink of eternity, wonderful thought-children were born of that crumbled wisdom and his crude imagination. He planned for an art magazine which should make America stand for something in the eyes of critics other than a nation productive of fountain pens and breakfast foods! He planned for a home of his own, Marian's education, Pat's happiness. He felt tolerant of his father; laughed at his false sense of pride regarding his mother.

[Turn to page 25]

Boil clothes with FELS-NAPTHA?



Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. After all the years that women have been used to boiling clothes, it seems hard to believe that with Fels-Naptha boiling isn't necessary. Yet Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go in water of any temperature—and makes clothes sanitary.



Be sure the soap you use has real naptha in it. If you can't smell real naptha, it isn't Fels-Naptha.

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Fels-Naptha makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them clean. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.

FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

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The real naptha combined with splendid soap in Fels-Naptha does the work, with only a little rubbing; so the temperature of the water is a matter of personal preference. Thousands of housewives tell us of the remarkable results they get with Fels-Naptha and boiling water. But those who wash clothes the Fels-Naptha way—with cool or lukewarm water—are saved the discomfort to hands, and the bother and expense of boiling. They save clothes, too, because Fels-Naptha with cool or lukewarm water does not weaken the fibre. By giving clothes a naptha cleansing and a soap-and-water cleansing Fels-Naptha makes them clean through and through. Thoroughly clean clothes last longer; and they are healthful.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Begin using Fels-Naptha today! Order it from your grocer.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

First Person Plural

[Continued from page 7]

"Dummy, old dear. Mr. Sidney's my partner. He doesn't believe in gambling, so whenever he gets a dummy to play he treats it like a chess problem, counts all the spots in the deck every time it's his turn to part with a card. So I'm figuring on a nice long vacation out here with you, just us two all alone in the dark. Aren't you thrilled, Van?"

"Don't ask me. I might tell you."

The girl chuckled and moved toward the nearer flight of steps. "Come on down to the lawn, it's much more romantic."

"Better stop here. If I lose my head tonight, I'll deny everything tomorrow, and you may want a witness. Up here you've got more chance . . ."

"Witnesses cramp my style. Besides, if I can't land you without a net, don't want you. Come on where nobody can hear: I want to talk secrets."

The slender figure flitted through the shaft of light cast by one of the windows and began slowly to descend the steps. Mr. Smith followed, with a parting glance, casual but appreciative, toward a window that framed a brilliantly chromatic pose of their abundant hostess pitilessly pinning down a puny chair.

The flesh of Mrs. MacShane had taken on a pronounced shade of lilac, she was breathing hard, her prominent eyes were set and glassy. As she bent forward to play a card the jewels that crusted plump hands and arms, her short, thick neck and more than generous bosom, shimmered with goblin incandescence.

With dazzled vision Mr. Smith picked a gingerly way down the steps. Halfway, however, another glare in the west gave him his bearings together with a flash-light impression of Peggy waiting, a wraith-like shape with hand on the stone newel-post, her face of pretty impudence upturned.

"I do believe you are scared," she said complacently.

"My dear, the only thing I'm afraid of tonight is . . . myself."

"That's rather sweet."

"It isn't you, Peg, it's this night. Something in the air, the storm, I dare say. So behave yourself and don't lead me on."

"Why not, if it's nice?"

"Business before pleasure. Must I keep reminding you I'm leading a double life?"

The girl found his arm, slipped a hand under it, drew him away down the lawn. "You are funny, you know," she mused. "I'd give something to know what you think you mean by that wheeze."

"You won't ever. Not if I can help it."

"Oh! that reminds me. How is it you've quit calling yourselves 'we'?"

"Upon mature deliberation concluded it was inappropriate to the operations of a single-track intelligence."

"I don't get you at all. Know what I think—?"

"Now God forbid I should seek to pry into the processes of a young girl's mind!"

"I think you're a great fraud." Peggy gave his arm a playfully impatient shake. "I more than half believe you're not what you seem."

"I've been telling you that."

"I'm tempted to believe you're . . . Van Suydam Smith himself!"

In a play of lightning more fierce and prolonged her face had a cast of impish mockery. This time the thunder followed swiftly. When he could be heard, Mr. Smith observed: "I gather my acting's more natural than life. But do I gather you think I'm getting away with it?"

"Don't ask stupid questions. You know darn well you're getting away with it. Why, you've got even me guessing! What more can you ask?"

"Well: can't let you say all the kind words. You're doing pretty well yourself, Peg."

"Like my make-up as a lady?"

"Tremendously."

"I don't overdo it?"

"Not a mite."

"You're a dear." Peggy squeezed his arm, then suddenly released it. "There! that'll do. Don't say any more. I like you too much as it is. If you go on making me think you admire me, I won't answer for consequences."

A series of blinding flashes disclosed the dainty shape of her poised at a little distance, with a pouting face of irresistible seduction. Mr. Smith felt his pulses leap, and without volition moved a pace toward her. Then the light was blacked out and the very earth quaked with shattering shocks of sound. Half-stunned, momentarily thrown out of contact with his sense of direction, he faltered; and while he waited, the lessening reverberations of the salvo were pierced by a blood-curdling shriek from above, a woman's cry of rage and fear.

"What's that?" Smith gasped.

The girl's voice, as bewildered as his own, answered from out the darkness: "Silly MacShane!"

A second shriek. Immediately the girl exclaimed: "The lights are out!" and, glancing up at the black loom of the house, Mr. Smith saw that this was so.

A third shriek resolved into articulate sounds: "Thief! Help! My diamonds! Thief! Stop thief!"



"I'm playing in perfectly poisonous luck. When the club shuts up tonight it leaves me flat with nothing in view but the river"

V

Through the murk Mr. Smith stumbled to the steps. He had mounted but a few, however, when he heard the girl behind him give a startled cry, and paused, involuntarily looking back, though able to see positively nothing.

"Something the matter?" he called.

Lightning and thunder breaking in the same breath drowned out her answer, if she made any. But the flash showed her on her knees, several paces away from the foot of the steps.

"Hurt yourself?"

"No." Her voice came clearly though she was once again invisible. "No. Just stumbled. I'm all right. Go on!"

The clamor of Silly MacShane was now practically unintermittent, and called to mind a callopie mourning for its young. As Mr. Smith gained the terrace the wind fell upon him like a fury, the awed hush of the night cowering beneath the threat of storm was disturbed by a great rushing noise as of legions of black wings in panic flight, a single stab of lightning revealed tree-tops writhing in torment, and the pale facade of the house with its gaping black windows.

Into one of these Mr. Smith, taken unaware by the wind, briskly scudded under bare poles, to be brought up all standing by a solidly planted mass of moist, warm flesh, which was not even budged by the collision, but which, incontinently throwing stout arms round him, pressed him passionately to its bosom.

Simultaneously the callopie shifted into another tune:

"I've got him! Help! I've caught him! Somebody make a light! Help!"

Mr. Smith submitted without a struggle.

A MATCH blazed out near ornamental candles in a cut-glass candelabrum that stood upon a console-table: the wind pounced upon it, and it was not. A voice, unidentified, exhorted all hands to shut the windows: this was attended to. Footmen appeared, bearing lighted candles, and having disposed of these, lighted others already placed about the room. Mrs. Silly MacShane continued to cling to Mr. Van Suydam Smith and yelp for help, evidently infatuated with the belief that he was putting up a furious fight for freedom and on the verge of winning it. Mr. Smith, on his part, continued resignedly to suffer her and hope for the best; which, as he conceived it, was that his ear-drum might come through this ordeal unimpaired. But his eyes were alert.

He saw his fellow-guests scattered about in poses diversely eloquent: Mrs. Claridge frozen in disdain, still occupying the chair in which she had sat down to bridge at the second table, that is to say not at the table with her hostess; Miss Gloria Glory, likewise of the second table, standing near by with a hand stilling the tremors of a startled wishbone, and in other ways familiar to students of the dumb drama registering a state of girlish twitter; Messrs. Fernald and Mortimore making the windows fast; Messrs. Sidney and Claridge dancing warily about the striking tableau composed of Mrs. MacShane and Mr. Smith, ready to tackle the miscreant the very instant he showed fight.

Lastly, he saw, as she were a storm-harried moth blown flat against the nearest window, Peggy Hewlett in her pretty frock, drumming the glass with small fists, and

demanding admittance. And, this stirring him, he profited by a lull in the din, due to temporary failure of Silly MacShane's breath, to enjoin Fernald, who was on the point of letting the girl in: "Hold on! don't open that window. Tell Miss Hewlett to go round to the door, and on no account to come into this room."

Fernald held his hand and batted stupid eyes, while Mr. Mortimore stepped between, smirking down his nose at Smith.

"And who are you," he inquired silkily, "to give orders?"

"Don't talk like an ass," Mr. Smith advised him with calculated inelegance. "If there's been a robbery here, as one gathers, that girl hadn't anything to do with it, any more than I had. So it's only fair to keep her out of this till we've found whatever it may be that's missing."

"And quite right," Fernald gallantly agreed; and with this began to shout through the window instructions which Peggy couldn't hear because of the raving of the wind. His efforts in the way of sign language, however, seemed to take; for presently, between two vast flames of lightning and coincidentally with another earthquaking crash of thunder, the girl disappeared.

IN the meantime Mortimore had taken umbrage of Smith's disrespectful attitude, and was working up to do justice to it.

"And yet," he persisted with devastating courtesy—"forgive me if I say I don't quite see where you—caught red-handed, as it were—get off with giving orders."

"Just for that," Mr. Smith sweetly advised him, "it's going to be my duty and pleasure to pull your nose till you apologize . . . if ever somebody has a heart and pries this soprano loose."

For Silly MacShane, her capacious lungs refilled, was beginning to tune up again. And Mr. Smith owed his release to a faulty ear for music; for the indignation stirred up by this misrepresentation of her sound but untrained contralto strangled a new series of shrieks in their thoracic cradle and started up such a fit of coughing that the vocalist simply couldn't struggle with it and her captive at one and the same time. And, her enfeebled embrace relaxing, he stepped free and briskly up to Mr. Mortimore, only to be promptly pinioned by Claridge and Sidney who, apparently expecting him to put his threat of violence into immediate effect, flung themselves upon him from either side.

"That's right," Mortimore approved, stepping back and lowering the hand which he had instinctively lifted to guard his well-modeled nose. "Now hold him."

This in the face of the lamblike passivity which Mr. Smith was manifesting . . . "By the way," the latter asked with interest—"since you raise the point—who are you to be giving orders?"

"I?" Mortimore loftily inquired, for rhetorical effect purely. "Who am I to be giving orders? Well, I don't mind telling you: I am a special agent of the Fidelity Assurance Corporation, with which this lady's jewels are insured!"

To this announcement, more startling than the thunderclaps it punctuated, the several intelligences of the company reacted variously. Mr. Smith alone took it like a man, that is to say with phlegm. Silly MacShane it cured of her throat trouble and struck dumb and goggling. Mr. Fernald, returning from the window, paused agape, with one foot in the air, and after a moment put it down carefully and remained at a respectful distance. Mrs. Claridge rose with a bright "Ah!" Miss Gloria Glory retreated a single, dramatic pace, her generously revealed lines flowing with rare artistry into a graceful pose entitled, "Maidenly Wonder," though it was neither. Mr. Claridge hiccupped and sternly tightened his hold on the left shoulder and wrist of Mr. Smith. Mr. Sidney, on the other hand, seemed to take it for a signal to turn the prisoner loose, and, murmuring something which Mr. Smith didn't catch, did so. Whereupon Mr. Smith gave himself a vigorous shake and sent Mr. Claridge spinning.

"Interesting!" he declared. "And I'm sure we're all jolly glad you're here. Aren't we, Mrs. MacShane?"

"Why!" gasped the lady of the jewels—"I'm sure—I didn't know—"

"You didn't know your social secretary was an insurance detective, too?"

"No, but . . ." Mrs. MacShane rallied to the defense of her favorite. "But if Mr. Mortimore says so, I'm sure I'm satisfied!"

"Naturally, dear lady," Mr. Mortimore explained with a gracious bow of gratification, "when the Fidelity undertook such a heavy risk, it thought it advisable to have a representative on the spot."

"Shrewdly surmising a theft was sure to follow without delay!" Mr. Smith blandly inferred. "And right bright of the Fidelity, I do declare. But don't you start picking on me again. I was down on the lawn when the lights went out, innocently flirting with Miss Hewlett, as she'll tell you if you care to ask. But when I heard

[Turn to page 22]



To free your skin from blemishes—the right way

YOUR skin was so smooth and clear yesterday—today it is spoiled by unsightly little blemishes! How did they come there? And how discouraging it is—just when you were most anxious to appear at your best!

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria or parasites which are carried into the pores of your skin by dust in the air.

Don't let your skin lose the clearness that is its charm. To free your skin from blemishes, begin tonight to use this treatment:

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing.

After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath with a new sense of softness and smoothness.

Special treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks if used for general cleansing of the skin and also for any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

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AN EXAMPLE SET BY COLLEGE BOYS— FOLLOW IT!

AT one of the greatest universities, during the last commencement, a gentleman went back to his class reunion. He visited many of the fraternity houses, renewing acquaintance with former class-mates.

"I noticed one thing, which was so general that it could not escape me. In the bathrooms of nearly all the fraternity houses I visited I found that Fairy Soap was being used for toilet and bath!"

It might seem an unimportant observation for a busy man; yet it is just this sort of observation that is spreading the Fairy Soap fashion all over the country.

Fairy represents the simplest and most absolute purity obtainable in soap. It is made of choicest materials and is *the whitest soap made*—and that whiteness is not affectation, any more than the whiteness of a gentleman's linen.

Because of its thorough purity, Fairy Soap is a safe and efficient household aid as well as the perfect soap for toilet and bath. There is nothing better for laundering and preserving delicate textures. For the washing of every fine surface it is unsurpassed. And its cost is so little.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE  FLOATING  WHITE



The White
Spirit of
Purity
lives in
FAIRY
SOAP

A Matter of Face

[Continued from page 8]

and older brother. And yet"—he coughed flatly—"we thought—"

"We?"

"The members of the Azure Dragon Trading Corporation. Ho Tin Yu was our president—which, of course, you know—"

"Which, of course, I can never forget!" came Shen Mok's interruption, with the strength of a whiplash, while the crooked slant of Nag Hong Fah's thin lips curled silent laughter. "And what then did you think?"

"We remembered your old misunderstanding," countered the restaurant proprietor, folding his hands across his immense chest, and looking peaceful and mean and shrewd and passionless.

"Ah—in the matter of dollars and cents?"

"No—in the matter of Mu Lan—who is now a rich and charming widow. There used to be tales about you and Ho Tin Yu and Mu Lan. True tales, believe?"

"Perhaps. And yet I shall come and see to it, with the help of my skilled hands, that Ho Tin Yu's body be properly embalmed according to the ancient rites, so that at a future date his earthly envelope may be returned to China and there buried while his spirit mounts the dragon chariot."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed! As to Ho Tin Yu and Mu Lan—why—a rose sometimes falls to the lot of a monkey."

"Perhaps to reward the monkey for merit acquired in a former life?" suggested Nag Hong Fah.

"Perhaps, too, because life is three things: illogical, sardonic, and obscene! But," added Shen Mok, "death wipes out all scores." And he lied, and Nag Hong Fah knew that he lied.

"Speaking about Mu Lan," the restaurant proprietor commenced after a pause, "and the sipping of vinegar—"

"Well?" Shen Mok did not succeed in wiping altogether the tremor of eagerness from his voice.

"A curious thing happened—"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. On his death bed Ho Tin Yu made her swear a solemn oath that she would take for second husband his cousin, Chun-Jien Pao, the opium merchant."

"Ah?" Shen Mok rose, passing into the yellow ring of light. He stared at the other with eyes that were intent, shadowy beneath their black pupils, suggesting a murky depth like water in an earth-stained spring; observant, reflecting eyes, immensely powerful in the patience of their scrutiny. "And"—came his staccato question—"Mu Lan gave the oath?"

"What could she do?" Nag Hong Fah sighed gently. "Her husband was dying. There was also other pressure—the clan—the priest—the Tong—"

"I understand," Shen Mok sat down again. "Death," he repeated, "wipes out all scores."

"So?"

"Yes."

"The harmony of your voice is exquisite!" Nag Hong Fah rose with a swish-swish-swish of his silken, plum-colored robe. "Then you will come?"

"As soon as I have prepared the instruments. Permission to embalm the body has been obtained from the authorities?"

"Yes. Doctor En Hai has taken the proper steps. Too, during life, Ho Tin Yu was not without honor amongst the coarse-haired barbarians. And," he added with casual brutality typical of his race, "the heat is great, you know."

He bowed and left, while Shen Mok paced up and down the length of the room, a prey to conflicting emotions.

He thought of the dead man, successful even in death, beyond death; thought of himself; thought of the woman; thought how he and Ho Tin Yu had been friends.

They had been children together in Canton, in neighboring houses not far from the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork, in that hectic maze of barter and bargain where the blue-bloused coolies mix with the sweat of their hands and brows as bees mix with their honey and where the tortuous shops thrust up their towering trade-poles with the swinging, scarlet-and-gold sign-boards against a thick sky of shimmering, mauve clusters. There had been a little moon-shaped park where twisted peach trees bloomed grotesquely from an oozy ground studded with splinters of pink granite, and there they had played together at shuttlecock and kite-flying and horn-goring. With youth had come the zest for adventure and gain; and so—he, trained in his father's craft and knowing that his countrymen abroad were punctilious about having their embalmed bodies shipped back to China thus permitting their spirits to find salvation, and Ho Tin Yu, an untrained coolie, but endowed with a shrewd brain and a stonily pagan resolve to clout his way to success—they decided to emigrate to America. Of course there

was that strange law of the coarse-haired barbarians, the Asiatic Exclusion Act, which puts the yellow man below the black in human worth and civic respect, which forbids the former to emigrate to the New World of plenty, and forces him to cheat and hide and forge if he would obtain his object—a chance to earn a pittance, to save another pittance, to live peacefully and usefully, then to return to his own land, alive or dead. So Shen Mok and Ho Tin Yu suffered untold hardships before they reached their goal. They greased hands on all sides, paid exorbitant "squeezes" to many.

But the hardships, the dangers and injustices and shifting uncertainties, brought the two friends even more closely together, and shortly after they had joined San Francisco's Chinatown, it became an ordinary saying in laundry shop and restaurant, in curio store and gambling club, that Shen Mok and Ho Tin Yu were never apart.

In those early days it was Shen Mok who was the nose, sharp for the reek of profit and chance, while Ho Tin Yu was the belly clamoring for food. For the embalmer found his services in demand right and left, since there were few of his profession in America, and given the rigid Chinese customs, each and all laid down either by law or by tradition for uncounted generations back, and chief amongst them the one which says that a Chinese, to find salvation for his soul, must after death have his body buried in the home land, the home village, amongst those of his ancestors, that moreover his body must be carefully preserved and unutilized, lest the body of his soul, in the realm of the spirits, be an incomplete and ludicrous thing, worthless, hideous, losing face before the shining face of the Buddha. So Shen Mok was well paid, while the coolie only earned a miserable pittance.

BUT as the latter, with his slow-grinding brain, learned the prejudices as well as the golden potentialities of the land, as he learned to fashion them into a weapon for his own gain, this relationship changed, mainly after they had moved to New York, to Pell Street. There Shen Mok was still the embalmer, a delicate craftsman, respected and honored by his countrymen and his Tong, while Ho Tin Yu did not long remain the coolie. Laundry-worker at first, owner of a laundry, of two, three, four, a whole string of them, blossoming forth into a merchant, first retail, then wholesale, a contractor, a politician of local renown and influence; working only for one end, his own enrichment; never touching any question without a whole-hearted and sweeping reference to the particular benefit he himself would derive from it; making money with a selfishness that was entirely and sublimely shameless—his finally became a name to conjure with in that slab of real estate which is pinched in between the Bowery and Mulberry Street like a thin wedge of Asia driving apart bartering, narrow-chested, whining Russian Hebrew and bartering, bull-necked, shrill Sicilian.

He pitted his Mongol wits both against Latin and against Semite, daily putting new and amazing twists into his algebraic brain in order to meet the beggar competition of Europe's backstairs; and he succeeded, greatly to the confusion of the latter and the sound increasing of certain accounts carried by New York financial institutions as well as by the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank, Ltd., thousands of miles away, under the picturesque ledger heading: "The Azure Dragon Trading Corporation."

For by this time, following the advice of Jake Rosenzweig, the Bowery lawyer, he had taken out incorporation papers for his business and had gathered around himself a number of shrewd junior partners carefully handpicked amongst Pell Street's merchants for their worth and influence—all but Shen Mok.

The latter, too, owned a block of stock in the Azure Dragon Trading Corporation, Ho Tin Yu's free gift because—to quote the latter:

"I lou fou sing—may the star of good fortune protect you! We are friends. You helped me, fed me, encouraged me! Hayah! When the dogs are sated, they make presents to each other of what remains. And I—I am not a dog!"

"You are my brother, very wise and very old!"

"We are more than brothers. We are friends. Ah—by the Buddha—there are three things never hidden: friendship, a mountain and one riding on a camel!"

As the years passed, every cent which Shen Mok earned by his craft, all but his living expenses, he entrusted to his old friend, who invested the money for him, carefully, shrewdly, honestly, and again, as in San Francisco, their friendship became a byword.

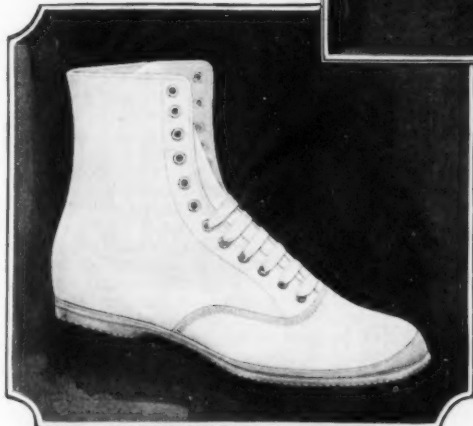
[Turn to page 24]



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Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Now you should learn how much it means to you and yours.

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Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And it forms the basis of dingy coats.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar. These coats, more or less discolored, spoil the luster of the teeth.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

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Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise remain to form acids.

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First Person Plural

[Continued from page 18]

Mrs. MacShane call for help, could I hold aloof and still call myself a man? I ran into her in the dark—for which I beg her pardon very truly—and in her agitation she grabbed me. And that's all I know. Now if she'll be good enough to tell us what she has lost—?"

The tremulous hands of Silly MacShane designated a naked space just below her collar-bone. "My diamond necklace!" she quavered tearfully. "The minute the lights went out, somebody snatched it on me."

There was a murmur in chorus, in part of sympathy, in part of horror excited by the crime, and perhaps in some part of admiration for the audacity displayed by the thief and for his skill as well, who had with such adroit address made instant use of the sudden darkness to select unerringly what was by far the most valuable piece of jewelry of the many with which the woman was bedizened: a string of diamonds perfectly matched, each blue-white and of uncommon bigness, which, linked by a fine chain of platinum, had rested upon those cushions of pink fat like drops of fire.

"So!" Mr. Smith commented cheerfully, the first to recover; "it appears, then, that one of us is a sneak-thief. And since another one of us admits he's a sleuth, one would think the necklace couldn't get far. Eh, Mr. Mortimore?"

"I'll make that my business, by your leave," Mortimore replied with crushing hauteur; and called to the footmen, bidding them retire and close the doors. "And see that Miss Hewlett doesn't come in," he added generously, as that young person hove into view in the entrance-hall. "Nobody's going to leave this room until he's been searched. That goes for all present, including Mrs. MacShane and even myself. Unless, of course"—his truculent eye rested on the face of rapt admiration with which Mr. Smith was attending—"the thief has common decency to spare us all this trouble by owning up at once. He might as well, he can't escape."

He waited an instant, but got no response. "Very good," he pronounced with authority. "Fernald: be good enough to help Sidney fix that screen over there in the corner. Mrs. MacShane and the ladies can search one another behind it, while we do the same for ourselves out here."

As the gentlemen he named moved dutifully to do his bidding, he grew a bit restive under the unabated adoration of Mr. Smith's regard.

"Well, sir!" he sneered—"I trust you will know me when you see me again!"

"No fear," the other negatived with a shade of regret. "Shan't ever see you again, socially."

Mortimore colored darkly, but considered the presence of ladies, though they had by this time retreated behind the screen. "That'll do," he dictated. "I'll settle my score with you, sir, all in a lump."

"I promise you that," Smith nodded. "Come, now: get on with the farce."

He raised both arms, exposing his person to investigation. And Mortimore, with malice, gave that business peculiar and painstaking attention, and seemed considerably put out when his prying fingers turned up nothing more incriminating than the ordinary pocket furniture of civilized man. Nor had he better luck with any of the others. And when he submitted to search in turn he, too, proved a clean bill of health.

Finally, the ladies, being duly apprized that they might do so without fear of outraged sensibilities, emerged from their retreat to declare one another guiltless.

"And that's that," Mortimore volunteered brilliantly. "All the same, that necklace must be in this room."

"Why not search it, then?" Smith suggested in helpful spirit.

"Precisely what I—O hold your tongue!" Mortimore snapped. "Fernald," he said pointedly: "I can trust you and Claridge and Sidney. We've got to examine every inch of this room." Surveying it with the eye of a general, he assigned to each subaltern a territory. "Fernald: you go over the floor; take a candle and look in every corner, shake out every rug, and don't neglect the fireplace. Sidney: I'll be glad if you'll investigate the bric-à-brac on the right-hand half of the room. I'll attend to the left. Claridge: ask one of the footmen to bring you a step-ladder and examine those prism chandeliers. A clever crook might have tossed the necklace up to catch on one of them."

At the end of half an hour Mortimore was constrained to own himself nonplussed.

VI

ON returning to his room, when in a common temper of indifferently dissembled mutual disesteem the guests of Silly MacShane parted for the night, Mr. Van Suydam Smith exchanged his tail coat for a light silk dressing-gown of—

though it was little later than eleven—midnight blue, then filled a wooden pipe, blew out his candle, drew an easy chair up to an open window, and sat him down to meditate, passing promptly into abstraction so complete that for upward of an hour he neglected even to put down the pipe that had gone cold between his teeth.

And when he did rouse, it was only to rest folded arms on the window-sill and sit gazing thoughtfully down at the lawn.

On the stroke of one, Mr. Smith got up, relighted the candle, placed it on an escritoire, and set his hand and wits to the composition of a note; and a tedious labor he made of it, seeing that, when written to his satisfaction, it covered a bare half-sheet of Silliman House note-paper. Even then he found it necessary to copy it over again with meticulous attention to his penmanship.

Folding this final draft in the shape of a triangle, he again extinguished the candle, tiptoed to the door, opened it silently, and for several minutes stood peering out and intently listening. At length reassured, he went out and, his light dress shoes with flexible soles making no sound upon the pile of the hall carpet, moved toward the head of the main staircase, a point marked by a window pallid with weak moonlight, past which Mr. Smith progressed on hands and knees. Here the corridor had a right angle, and once round this he rose and proceeded as before, counting the doors till he came to one beneath which shone a tarnished line of candlelight. Under this Mr. Smith deftly flicked his three-cornered note, upon its satinwood panel he scratched just audibly. Then he beat a precipitate retreat.

Again drawing near the stairs, however, he checked and went warily, warned by subtle instinct more than by actual sense perception that he was no longer alone in the corridor, that another was approaching from the wing of the building in which he himself had been lodged; and at the corner he pulled up, made himself as flat to the wall as might be, and waited.

In another moment the second prowler, in his haste neglecting the precaution which Mr. Smith had observed in respect of the window, passed it, and slipped as quietly as any cat down into the dark well of the staircase; leaving the watcher, who even in that swift instant of its transit had identified unmistakably the profile of Mr. Sidney stenciled against the milky shimmer of the glass, a prey to astonishment unbounded.

Notwithstanding, he followed with such furtive speed that he stood in one of the two doorways between the entrance-hall and drawing-room before Mr. Sidney was half way across to the windows, through one of which his slight body flitted without the pause to unlatch it which Mr. Smith had looked for.

In turn, he gained the window soon enough to see, by the dim shine of the sky, the head and shoulders of Mr. Sidney vanish over the edge of the terrace as he descended to the lawn.

Crossing to the balustrade and stationing himself behind an evergreen in a marble urn, Mr. Smith spied round it to see what the dark would let him see, which, if it wasn't a great deal, was quite enough to prove thoroughly intriguing.

At some distance from the foot of the steps, in fact at the approximate point where he and Peggy had been standing when the lights had gone out in Silliman House, a tiny glow, like a weary will-o'-the-wisp but a methodical one, was sweeping the surface of the lawn in arcs not over two feet long.

Puzzling over this phenomenon, Mr. Smith had just made up his mind that the glow had its source in a pocket-size flash-lamp cupped in a man's palm, when abruptly it vanished to the sound of a heavy thud followed by a thick grunt of pain and rage, and a smothered cry at that distance inarticulate.

Forthwith Mr. Smith darted down the steps. As he took his first stride on the lawn something hard crunched underfoot. He stooped and picked it up: a tiny flash-lamp, wet from the grass but warm from recent contact with human flesh, and still in good working-order; manipulation of its switch loosed quite a decent beam of light. In the same breath a voice cried out, triumphant: "Got you now, my man! If you've got the sense God gave a goose, you'll quit struggling!" And the flash picked out a group of two figures: Mr. Sidney prone, Mr. Mortimore kneeling on his back and unfeelingly kneading his face into the sodden turf, from which muffled noises of remonstrance escaped.

Blinking at the light, Mortimore demanded sharply: "Who's that?" and without waiting for an answer added: "You're just in time. Stand by to lend a hand if this crook tries any more funny business."

"Of course I will," Mr. Smith promised

[Turn to page 26]



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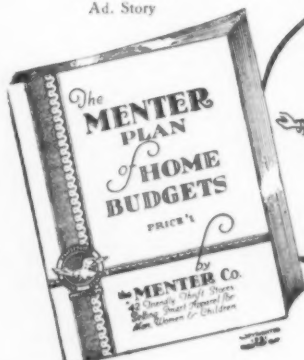
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A Matter of Face

[Continued from page 20]

"Ah!" would say Yu Ch'ang, the priest of the joss temple. "If Ho Tin Yu were to trade in shrouds, Shen Mok would die!"

THEN, quite suddenly, almost overnight it seemed, the friendship turned into enmity, into hate. A matter of business, a disagreement in dollars and cents, commented Pell Street, pointing to the fact that Ho Tin Yu ruthlessly stripped Shen Mok of all his savings, down to the last cent, by—for there was Jake Rosenzweig, the lawyer, versed in the intricacies of the coarse-haired barbarians' law—strictly legal methods.

"A simple matter of business," said the grave company of yellow men assembled in the "Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment," sighing heavily, and carefully avoiding looking at each other; and nobody could have guessed that each was rolling under his tongue one of the choicest bits of gossip that happened in Pell Street for many a day; that each and all knew, behind the carved masks of their faces, that it was passion, and not money, which had splintered the years-old friendship.

For a young girl had arrived in America, luringly preceded by the description which Susie Liang, the San Francisco matchmaker who, under contract with her parents, had smuggled her in from China, had sent out broadcast, and which proclaimed that Mu Lan was of excellent family, a polished emerald of beauty, a blending of poppy and jade, a carved crystal of coquetry, an exquisite fan, exciting, then cooling, then again exciting the seven desires of man, that moreover she had been carefully trained to avoid the seven grounds on which a marriage might be dissolved, namely, disobedience of the wife to her husband's parents; refusal to bear children; dissolute conduct; jealousy of other women; incurable disease; thieving; and talkativeness.

"She has small feet," said Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, who had seen her during a trip to the Coast, "golden lilies, each worth a kang of tears. Her nineteen summers have only increased her charms nineteen times. Ah—when she washes, her hands scent the water. I would have married her myself, were it not for the fact that my honorable first wife has a mouth like a running tap."

There being a financial stringency in California, the matchmaker sent her to New York, and when she came there she surpassed all expectations, with her dead-white complexion, her large, keen, almond-shaped eyes, the small ears close to the head, and the true walk of the woman whose feet have been bound since early childhood, swaying, undulating—"skipping over the tops of golden lilies," as the ancient poet has it.

It was a sardonic gesture of fate that both Ho Tin Yu and Shen Mok should fall in love with her; that she herself should prefer the latter, but that Susie Liang, the matchmaker, a shrewd old woman, should remark sententiously that gain on dirt was to be preferred to loss on musk and that to marry the poor when one had a chance to marry the rich was like trusting a paper fan to keep off the winter storms.

"Moreover," Susie Liang wound up, "your parents have given you to me. Your parents are poor. But twice a month have they a shred of pork with their evening rice. Ho Tin Yu has agreed to send them a princely sum in payment for your charms. Hereafter they will be able to eat pork twice a day."

So Mu Lan, typically Chinese in filial piety and devotion, decided to marry Ho Tin Yu.

"I love you," she said to Shen Mok, "but there is my duty. There are my parents. I"—hiding her emotions behind her stilted Chinese speech—"I shall hereafter sit in a darkened house with all the lamps blown out by the bitter wind of my longing and despair."

"It is proper," replied Shen Mok, bowing deeply with hands clasped across his breast, "that a child should obey her parents. It is written in the *Hsiao King* that the child who serves her parents at home has no need to go far away to burn incense to the gods. My heart hereafter shall be a music of toneless strings brushing dissonantly across a broken lute of jade. Hereafter my friendship for your future husband shall turn into hate. My hate for him shall be as my love for you: a flock of homesick cranes flying night and day back to their nests in the gray marsh country."

The day after the wedding Mu Lan listened through the keyhole to the conversation between her husband and Shen Mok.

"I shall never forget," said the latter. "I shall never forgive."

"Nor I!"
"Sooner or later I shall pay you back." Shen Mok continued with boundless, challenging assurance.

"Hayah!" laughed her husband. "The dream of the blind cat is all about mice—and it has also been said that an empty stomach will chew incense smoke. I am rich and you are—ah—not so very rich. And"—a pause full of elusive suggestions and hesitations—"speaking about paying back, there is the matter of a little note for three thousand dollars which will fall due tomorrow—"

Thus came enmity, bitter, searing hatred, Shen Mok's financial ruin and, as the years passed, a careful nursing of his lust for revenge until it became more than a pathological obsession. It became a pathological fact.

After a futile attempt or two he gave up trying to fight the other in trade and barter. For the merchant sat solidly entrenched behind his swollen money bags, clear above the shifting swing of the market. He had become the Boss of Pell Street to whom even the Boss of Greater New York spoke civilly. So Shen Mok tried to fight him socially, in the Tong, in the nightly gatherings in the "Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment," tried to make him lose face by coining new metaphors or twisting old metaphors into soft but deadly insult. But there, too, he failed. Ho Tin Yu would stare at him with heavy-lidded eyes that were contracted into narrow slits, studying him as he would study a new, exotic, and rather repulsive insect—not yet sure if he should crush it under foot or simply ignore its existence. Then would come the answer, sharp, caustic, turning the other's verbal weapon into a boomerang, and the merchants, partly because Ho Tin Yu was the richest man in Pell Street, partly out of honestly Mongol appreciation, would laugh at Shen Mok who, his soul rising and bristling with fury, would burst into mazed, frothy, incoherent speech, while Ho Tin Yu would smile upon him as he might upon a babbling child.

Wherever he turned, he found his road blocked, and finally he realized that, after all, it was just one thing which foiled him: Ho Tin Yu's brain, shrewd, cool, a marvel in patience and ruthlessness and pertinacity, a merciless instrument that ruled Chinatown from the Bowery to Mulberry Street. And so, in his baffled rage and bitterness, he suffered all extremes and knew no mean.

Yet he had always said to himself that sooner or later his chance would come; that sooner or later, ready-molded to his hand, there would be a weapon for revenge which would permit him to cause the other such a loss of face as would disgrace him and his ancestors for a dozen generations back. And he had dreamed of this revenge through the years. He had digested it in the gray smoke of his opium pipe. He has relished it with an almost sensuous pleasure; and now—as he paced up and down the room—he said to himself that fate had cheated him. Ho Tin Yu was dead. How could he revenge himself on a dead man? Not only that! Even from beyond death Ho Tin Yu had struck him, wounded him, was forcing his old enemy to embalm his body, so that with the help of Shen Mok's hands the spirit of Ho Tin Yu might wing back to his ancestors in proper rite and pomp!

And Mu Lan—she was still beautiful, with the promise in her eyes of untold passion, untold hopes and sweetness; he still loved her—and she was lost to him forever through the oath which her dying husband had forced from her.

Ho Tin Yu's mazed, pertinacious brain—it had foiled him even from beyond the grave!

MECHANICALLY he took the instruments in their neat, red-leather cases, the tiny knives, the saw, the many needles and curiously shaped blades. He packed them into a bag, with a number of bottles and vials and porcelain pots that contained drugs and herbs, in paste and powder and liquid.

He crossed the room, left the house.

Outside, turning the August heat into foul steam, rain had begun to fall, spluttering in the eaves-troughs, dropping through the huddled, greasy streets, mumbling angrily in the brown, clogged gutters. Pell Street stared at the heavens with a mawkish, prurient face—a mixture of filth and ashes, of garlic and opium and offal.

A turmoil in his heart that left him breathless, he walked to the corner of Mott Street. There, half-way up the block, connected by a narrow alley that cut brutally into the labyrinth of buildings, was the house of Ho Tin Yu. He walked up the alley that was like a long tunnel of blackness ending unexpectedly in a very dim spot of delicate green. The green spot grew larger and brighter, till he came to the door of Ho Tin Yu's house, wide open so as not to bar the way of the "little devils who follow the soul" and who are servants

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A Matter of Face

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and guides to the dead man's spirit; and, as he stood on the outer threshold, he saw that the light came from the ceremonial candles tended by Wong Ti, the hatchet-man, while Yu Ch'ang, the priest, prepared with skilled hands, from strips of crimson paper and split bamboo reeds, the little bridge which is put in the coffin to aid the dead across the river which leads to the beyond, and the tiny ladder enabling him to climb steep places should he meet such impediments on his soul's journey.

He watched the assembly of grave merchants who crowded the room, come here to do honor to the dead Ho Tin Yu as they had given honor and obedience and respect to the living Ho Tin Yu, to his shrewd, pertinacious, ruthless brain—that merciless brain, thought Shen Mok, which had foiled him in life, had foiled him after life had left the body. The thought linked him, bitterly, fiercely, to Mu Lan. He looked at her from beneath lowered lids. She sat in a corner, in white mourning robes, dry-eyed, her head on her breast, by the side of Chun-Jien Pao, her future husband, who was whispering in her ear.

"If he who attains honor and wealth in a foreign land does not return to his native place after death, he is like a finely dressed person walking in the dark! His soul will never reach the Excellent Buddha's ten thousand pale-blue lotus fields!" pronounced the priest with pontifical unction. "His body must be embalmed according to the proper rites—must bow before the spirits of his honorable ancestors!"

He pointed to the next room where Ho Tin Yu's body lay stretched on a bed covered with white and purple. He walked as far as the threshold, holding high in this right hand a lacquered ancestral tablet, and called upon Ho Tin Yu's spirit to occupy it, while the merchants commenced a long-drawn wailing.

The priest turned and approached a teakwood table in the centre of the room. On it was a variety of small objects, cut out of colored rice paper to resemble a Pekin cart, ponies, dromedaries, coolies, servants, women, and a driver. He picked them up one by one; burned them one by one in the flames of the candles.

"May they help Ho Tin Yu through the spirit world!" he chanted sonorously, while the merchants mumbled fervent prayers and while an old woman in an alcove busied herself with the twelve white garments and the crimson paper fan for the dressing of the dead.

"Shen Mok is here," said Nag Hong Fah. Faces looked up, turned; they stared at him curiously, thought Shen Mok, with something expectant and mean beneath their veneer of grief and mourning. They, too, he considered, remembered the old tale, the old enmity, enjoying the cynical idea that here he was—he, Shen Mok—to prepare the body of his foe for his soul's journey.

He bowed, controlling himself with an effort.

"Good evening," he said.

"You have come to give honor to Ho Tin Yu?" asked the priest, gathering eyes like a hostess about to rise from the table, and with a faint suspicion of mockery in his bland accents.

"No," came the stoical reply. "I have come here to do my duty. There is my oath to my guild—to my Tong." And he added, businesslike: "Where is the body?"

"Would you care for a drop of wine, O wise and older brother?" suggested Nag Hong Fah, winking a sardonic eye at the company in general. "Perhaps a slice of cake—in honor of the dead?"

"Where is the body?" reiterated Shen Mok. "This way!"

They ushered him into the adjoining room. He closed the door.

HE was now alone with the corpse of the man who, once his friend, had become his bitterest enemy, and he looked speculatively at the still figure on the bed; hate again searing his heart with the strength of a flame, with the strength and sweep of a wind in a far place.

He thought of Mu Lan. He remembered how, when he had seen her for the first time, it had seemed like a great, whirling dream in which his heart sang, in which his body had been rigid as with a sensation of utter triumph and exultation. Mu Lan! He had loved her; loved her still. And she had loved him—perhaps loved him still? And for fifteen years she had shared the couch of Ho Tin Yu; the memory of these fifteen years, every day, every hour, every minute, was traced as with a hot iron upon the depths of his soul.

Ho Tin Yu—who lay there, dead!

He stared and stared. Even in death the man's features held a certain greatness, a certain cruel, massive, satanic beauty, a capacity for surrendering completely to the gods of enormous, pagan resolution. Even in death there was still in that bullet-shaped head the coiling brain

which had ruled Chinatown, which had made of the other a failure and a mock and a stench in the nostrils of Pell Street, which had robbed him of the one dream that once, for a moment, had flashed in Mu Lan's eyes, had flashed across the drab of his life with the pageantry and the brilliancy of far skies—never attained, never more to be attained.

He hated Ho Tin Yu. But most did he hate the dead man's brain, mazed, powerful, pertinacious. Death—he considered mournfully—had cheated him of his revenge, and even in that moment of supreme failure he was curiously conscious of a strengthening of his will; conscious, furthermore, of a chain of amazing, spiritual intimacy which connected his skilful hands with Ho Tin Yu's brain—dead, useless—that had ceased to pulse and function. But—came the next thought—was it dead, this brain, was it useless? Why—he considered—Ho Tin Yu would need it, when his spirit, beyond the dragon gate, was bowing before the spirits of his ancestors. For the soul, too, needed a brain to achieve perfect salvation.

SO he thought as he took the instruments and vials and bottles from the case and bent to his ghastly task with the skill and the strength of his delicate, sensitive fingers, cutting, binding, stabbing, lancing, using the tiny knives with minute precision, mixing the herbs and drug pastes according to the ancient craft, to embalm the body for the long journey to China. He worked for hours, ceaselessly, while outside the rain sputtered in the brown gutters; while, curiously, illogically, he became more and more conscious of a strengthening of his will to conquer yet, to taste yet his fill of revenge; and while from the next room drifted in the wailing of the merchants and, occasionally, a sing-song voice telling the praises of the dead man.

"Hayah! He took wisdom from his hair and put it in his mustache! Keen he was and eloquent!"

"He lived according to the rule: Hide your secret if you want to reach your aim!"

"His philosophy was a charming and exquisite bridge which led to success!"

"He never withdrew his wisdom into his stomach!"

"A great man—with the brain of a great man!"—this from Nag Hong Fah. "The brain which ruled us all—which beat him, crushed him—in there—next door!"

"The brain which beat me, crushed me!"

echoed Shen Mok as his fingers, the body duly prepared, turned now to the final task, the head, the incision in the ear drum, the cutting and chiseling behind the ear, the drawing out of the brain which then, carefully, scientifically embalmed with the help of drugs whose use was ancient in China when Europe was young and America not even a dream, would be put back into the cavity of the head so that the soul might enjoy in the hereafter whatever qualities had been the body's in this world.

Then, very suddenly, a thought came to Shen Mok.

"The wisdom of certain great ones is eternal, like the Buddha!" he heard the priest in the next room.

"Eternal—like the Buddha!" echoed Shen Mok, smiling, while his hands, gently, rapidly, minutely, worked here and there.

"Never once, during all his life, did Ho Tin Yu lose face," came Nag Hong Fah's voice. "Nor will his spirit lose face. On the contrary, his spirit will accumulate a great deal of face. For has he not, from beyond death, forced his worst enemy to—?"

The words were swallowed in gurgling laughter, and Shen Mok, too, laughed. His work was ended. He rose. He washed his hands with scrupulous care. He bowed to the statue of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West and gave thanks. He opened the door and returned to the front room.

"I have finished," he said; and when Chun-Jien Pao, the dead man's cousin and Mu Lan's future husband, offered him money, he shook his head. "No, no!"

"A labor of love?" suggested Nag Hong Fah, smiling thinly, and winking at the crowd.

"Almost!" replied Shen Mok, and he left the house.

He returned through the alley, into Pell Street. It was quite dark. There was nobody about. Then, arrived at the corner of the Bowery, he drew from his pocket a moist paper package. He opened it. He dropped its gray-and-red contents into the gutters that were running high with rain and liquid filth.

And he watched the brain that had ruled Pell Street, the brain that had robbed him of his heart's desire, that had foiled and beaten and crushed him, swirl away in a small whirlpool of brown dirt—then gurgled out of sight, very innocuous and very harmless.



How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright, Fresh-looking Hair

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance. Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends [almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while

wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



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First Person Plural

[Continued from page 22]

heartily. "But if you ask me, old soul, you aren't going to need an awful lot of help, you seem to have the situation pretty well in hand."

Recognizing the voice, "O hell!" Mortimore exclaimed in frank disgust. "It's you, is it?"

"I can't help that," Mr. Smith protested. "But if I can help you any way, dear sir, command me."

"Well!" Mortimore growled. "I suppose you'll have to do."

He shifted to one side of his victim, and with considerable skill wrenched the wrists of the latter together behind his back, clamped them fast with one hand, twisted the other into Sidney's collar, and yanked him rudely to his feet.

"Now frisk the fool," he ordered gruffly. "See if he's got a gun or that necklace on him."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Smith replied in a meek voice. "Anything you say . . ."

Shifting the flash-lamp from one hand to the other as occasion required, he made quick work of the job. "No gun," he reported, straightening up—"nary necklace."

Mortimore said something which was drowned out by a startled hail from one of the second-story windows of Silliman House: "Who's that down there? What are you doing? Help! Police!"

"It's all right, Mrs. MacShane!" Mortimore found it necessary to shout at the top of his lungs to make himself heard between shrieks of the MacShane siren. "It's all right! It's me—I mean—it is I—Bob Mortimore—and I've caught your thief!"

"If that's so, bring him up this minute! I'll slip on something and come right down."

"Right-o!" the social secretary sang out cheerily. "Keep your mouth shut!" he barked ferociously to his prisoner.

With this he began to march a now well cowed captive toward the steps.

"Much less messy to let him talk his fool head off, I should think," Mr. Smith commented curiously, ranging alongside with his light.

"O shut up!" Mortimore retorted wittily; hustling Sidney up the steps.

"Ain't even the innocent permitted to talk either? You know what I think, Mr. Mortimore?"

"No, and I don't care."

"I honestly believe you don't like me."

"That's the first intelligent observation you've made tonight," Mortimore snorted, propelling the unfortunate Sidney across the terrace at a quick-step.

"Well!" Smith made plaintive moan—"I just can't understand it. It isn't as if I didn't admire you, Mr. Mortimore; because I do, I admire you no end."

"I'll give you something to admire me for when I get through with this bird!" Mortimore promised grimly.

They had arrived in the drawing-room, which was still without lights, but there was dim candle-glow steadily growing brighter in the entrance-hall, and against one of the doorways, vaguely revealed, the shape of a woman holding a pose of alarm.

"Mrs. MacShane?" Mortimore queried with a suggestion of uncertainty.

The reply was stammered: "No, it—it's I—it's Peggy Hewlett."

"Oh!" Mortimore grunted ungraciously. "Where's your candle?"

"I—why, I couldn't find it. You see, I heard voices, and thought I'd better come down and find out—"

"Well, make a light, can't you? Can't somebody make a light?"

Feeling not altogether slighted, since he took "somebody" to mean himself, Mr. Smith moved quietly to the console-table, struck matches and applied them to the half-burned candles in the prism candelabrum.

Breathless and blowzy in a robe-de-chambre Du Barry would have envied, a lighted candle flaring gustily in either hand, Silly MacShane galloped into the room, followed by Fernald and the Claridges, all in *déshabille* and all bearing lights which, combined with the illumination which Mr. Smith was diligently effecting, furnished a striking moment for the entrance, exceedingly well-timed, of Miss Gloria Glory in a suit of pink silk pajamas elaborately ruffled and pleated under a negligée whose negligence was nothing short of cynical.

"And so that," hissed Mrs. MacShane—"so that's the viper!"

"Caught him trying to make his get-away," Mortimore affirmed. "Had a notion the guilty party would try to make a break for it before morning, so laid in wait and—Voilà!"

"Well: but where's my necklace?"

"Don't know yet," Mortimore replied. "But I'll make a shrewd guess we'll find it . . ."

He held a dramatic wait, smiling proudly . . . "We'll find it outside, somewhere on the lawn!"

"On the lawn!" shrieked Silly MacShane.

"What do you think this sap was doing when I nabbed him? On his hands and knees, going over the lawn with a flash-lamp! That bears out my guess, my friends: when we didn't find the necklace in the room here, I made up my mind the thief must have had a moment of panic after snatching it and thrown it out of the window, trusting to make a chance to sneak out later and find it. Which was precisely what this fine fellow was trying to do when I caught him."

He gave his captive another shake, by way of emphasis. And incontinently something most surprising happened. For Mr. Sidney abruptly wriggled free of the grasp of his captor, whirled about, and in the same heart beat whipped a pistol out of his hip-pocket and thrust it with great violence into the Mortimore midriff.

"Stick 'em up, you big crook!" he snarled vindictively—"and be quick about it. I'd liefer put a pill into you than not, after all I've stood for from you. Stick 'em higher: I'll take no chances with you. Now keep 'em there."

Mortimore's hands were well above his head. Keeping the pistol pressed against his body, and without removing his gaze from the social secretary, Mr. Sidney thrust his unemployed hand into a breast-pocket, extracted a slender wallet and handed it to Silly MacShane.

"Take a look at the papers in there, Mrs. MacShane—take a good look. And the next time somebody tries to tell you he's a Fidelity special agent, don't you believe him unless he can show you papers like mine."

VII

SILLY MACSHANE lost a long minute out of her life, standing in a petrified stare, witlessly mute with her mouth ajar; then, as Sidney continued impatiently to shake the wallet under her nose and insist that she acquaint herself with its contents, she lifted a plump hand and took it mechanically, like a woman in hypnosis reacting to suggestion.

Murmuring, her guests crowded round her shoulders, eager for a glimpse of the detective's credentials. Only Peggy Hewlett and Van Suydam Smith seemed but little stirred by curiosity. And, of course, Sidney and his prisoner.

From the instant of their entrance Peg had scarcely stirred from the spot in which they had surprised her. Her eyes were wide and unusually dark, her lips delicately apart; her color was slightly faded, taken as a whole her look was one of semi-frightened wonder.

As for Mr. Smith he seemed to be interested only in Mr. Mortimore, and when that one rolled at him an anguished and reproachful eye he smiled broadly.

"Let this be a lesson to you, m'lud," he mouthed, didactic. "It's all very well to kid others into thinking they're greater fools than you are, but it never does to kid yourself into believing it's so."

Mortimore said something sotto voce, it may have been out of consideration for the presence of ladies. And Sidney, without ceasing to pay strict attention to business, contrived to convey to Mr. Smith a grateful grin of a grass-stained face.

"That was a good turn you did me," he said, "not finding my gat when you frisked me. I'll tell the world your nose knows a crook."

"You flatter the organ beyond its desserts," Mr. Smith replied. "It's one real talent resides in some small ability at smelling out an honest man."

Unceremoniously Mrs. MacShane broke in upon this interchange of civilities. "These papers look all right to me," she informed Sidney. "But what I want to know is, why nobody ever told me you was a detective."

"If you had known, madam, you would never have thought of asking me down here as your guest; and even if you had, the chances are you would innocently have tipped off our bright young friend here."

"Bob Mortimore? That's something else I want to know. What right 've you got to insinuate—?"

"I'll leave it to you, Mrs. MacShane. If this gentleman isn't a crook, if he had nothing to do with the disappearance of your necklace, what was his object in claiming to be what he isn't, a Fidelity agent?"

Sidney nodded to Smith. "Do me a favor: give him the once over, like a good fellow, while I keep him covered."

"Gladly," said Smith; and performed as requested, relieving Mortimore of a .38 automatic pistol in an excellent state of repair, a superb emerald brooch, and a small but choice selection of rings.

Upon the pieces of jewelry the MacShane pounced with screams of joy and rage. "My rings! my brooch! my gawd! I only missed 'em yesterday and thought I'd mislaid 'em. You snake in the grass! Tell me now! where's my necklace?"

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First Person Plural

[Continued from page 26]

"I don't know," Mortimore muttered uneasily, losing face and backing away till Sidney ordered a halt with a significant flourish of his pistol.

"You let me at him!" the woman stormed, wrestling with Sidney's arm. "I'll have my necklace out of him or I'll have his eyes!"

"I tell you I haven't got it," Mortimore stammered. "I don't know where it is, unless it's somewhere out on the lawn."

"On the lawn!" gasped Silly MacShane. "My necklace! How'd it get there?"

"I threw it there."

"What for?"

"I had to do something with the silly thing, didn't I?"

"You threw it away?—a necklace 't cost three-hundred thousand!"

"Don't suppose I had any intention of leaving it there, do you?"

"But why the devil did you accuse me of being such an ass?" Sidney complained.

"I don't so much mind your trying to save yourself at my expense, that's all in the game—it's asking people to believe I'm so weak-minded, gets my goat."

"Well!" Mortimore shrugged, "the goose was cooked, any fool could see that. I figured if I gave up the clue and the necklace was found, I might still make a getaway."

"Fat chance," Sidney grunted in contempt. "Fidelity's had an eye on you ever since you pulled that funny deal up at Newport last summer. When we heard you'd made a berth for yourself with Mrs. MacShane, we naturally laid for you."

"You haven't forgotten, I trust," Smith put in helpfully, "that Mr. Mortimore was at Palm Beach last February, giving Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe instruction in dancing at the time her jewels were stolen."

"No," Sidney admitted; "guess that's a bet we overlooked. Much obliged, all the same. Every little helps to send this bird up the river where he belongs."

"Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe?" a quiet voice queried at Smith's shoulder. He looked round to meet the intent eyes of Peggy Hewlett. "Isn't she a sister of Van Suydam Smith's?"

"Why, now you remind me," he admitted, "I shouldn't be surprised."

"But my necklace! my diamonds!" The voice of Silly MacShane murmured an octave in a breath. "All this time out there on the grass! Everybody help me find 'em!"

She made straightway for a window, but faltered upon being reminded by Mr. Smith that she could hardly hope to locate the lost treasure without a light.

"Better take a candle," he advised. "There isn't too much wind. For that matter, we'll all of us bring candles."

And with a vigorous gesture he caught up the prism candelabrum, in his enthusiasm apparently overlooking its proximity to a decanter of heavy old cut-glass.

The standard of the candelabrum clashed sharply with the neck of the decanter. The decanter toppled for an instant, as if uncertain what to do about it, then flopped over on its side, rolled briskly to the edge of the table and crashed to the floor like a bomb, its deeply incised bulk flying into a myriad flashing fragments.

In remorseful consternation Mr. Smith contemplated the ruin his unhandiness had wrought.

"Oh, Mrs. MacShane!" he lamented—"what have I done?"

"Ah, what's that old piece of glass matter?" the lady retorted with excusable asperity. "All I care about's my necklace."

"But wait!" Smith begged in a tone of awe. "Half a minute. What do I see?"

Holding the candelabrum high, he bent over and delicately with thumb and forefinger plucked from among the glittering shards a string of stones coruscant with mocking fire.

In an astounded pause a single voice was heard, Mortimore's stoutly asseverating that he was damned.

VIII

THE Claridges had motored out from New York, and having two vacant places in their car offered them to Miss Hewlett and Mr. Smith for the return trip from Silliman House.

Thus chance ruled that the two should have no time alone together until the Claridges, at her request, set Peggy down in front of the Plaza Hotel, and Mr. Smith impulsively elected to be left there as well.

And there, upon the sidewalk, in the heat of that early Summer midmorning, the two stood momentarily tongue-tied, or wearing every evidence of that affliction.

"It was nice of you to get out with me," Peggy ventured at length. "I knew you would, of course."

"Did you?" Mr. Smith observed.

"You knew it would make me unhappy to say good-by without a chance to have a little talk."

"My dear Peggy!" Mr. Smith remonstrated—"you do me injustice if you credit

me with an intuition anything like as highly organized as your own."

"Don't be a fraud," the girl retorted. "You know you knew . . . Be a dear, Van; come in and sit with me in the lounge for a few minutes. One can't very well talk confidentially out here . . ."

"No," Mr. Smith agreed. "One can't very well, can one?"

"Or two either," the girl amended. "Or, for the matter of that, the three of us."

"Three?"

"Counting in your secondary personality."

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Smith said brightly. "We'd forgotten all about that creature, hadn't we?"

There were but few people idling in the hotel lounge at that hour, which made it an easy matter to find a corner well out of range of other ears; and once they were settled the girl drove directly at her point.

"I wanted to tell you, Van, how much I appreciate what an awful lot I owe to you."

"Owe to me?" Mr. Smith opened his eyes, first in wonder, then in indignation. "See here! you're not trying to rake up that stupid notion about splitting Mrs. MacShane's check? Because I won't have it. I give you my word I won't hear of it."

"You know very well I'm not thinking of that," Peggy told him. "What's more, you know what I'm trying to say has nothing whatever to do with anything but—just this."

She was offering a triangular fold of note-paper, at which the young man stared distrustfully and which he accepted with patent reluctance when she insisted on pressing it into his hand.

"What's this?"

"Oh! . . . read it, then!"

Unfolding the paper, Mr. Smith read aloud: "If the necklace is found in the drawing-room tomorrow morning, in the cut-glass decanter on the console-table, no questions will be asked as to how it got there." How extremely odd!" he declared with a wondering smile. "Somebody slipped a note precisely like this under my door, too."

"Yes, somebody did!"

"But see here . . . if you don't believe me . . ."

And Mr. Smith produced from his wallet an identical duplicate of the note.

"Clever trick," he mused while Peggy was examining it. "Daresay every member of the party got one; and whoever did have the necklace naturally assumed the jig was up, the only thing to do was to put the plunder in the decanter as requested."

"Van!" Peggy interrupted with a quaver in her voice: "far be it from me to throw stones; but as a true friend it's my duty to tell you, you're one of the dearest but most transparent liars that ever breathed."

"But—my dear Peg!—you don't mean to say you think I knew anything about that necklace?"

"I think you had a darn' good idea who had it all along; and I know you wrote that note."

"Ridiculous!" Mr. Smith asserted, making a face of scorn at the note in question. "It's nothing like my handwriting."

Mr. Smith took a card from his wallet and with his fountain-pen scribbled on it a message of several words in exquisitely minute but legible characters, and with such speed and freedom of penmanship as wholly discountenanced the suspicion that he wasn't writing his normal hand.

"There," he said, handing over the exhibit: "you can see for yourself . . ."

The most critical comparison left Peggy's contention without a leg to stand on; while the purport of the message itself left her breathless.

Charles Allingham, Esq.—it ran—Dear Charley:—Miss Peggy Hewlett is an accomplished dancer and a great friend of mine besides. I'll be no end grateful if you'll make a place for her in the piece you're putting into rehearsal next week.

"Charley and I are old pals," Mr. Smith explained. "If you'll call on him, I'm sure he'll do everything he can for you."

"Van," said Peggy, with a mist in her pretty eyes: "you're a perfect prince!"

"Don't say that!" Mr. Smith protested. "My dear Peg: don't you realize that since the war princes are no longer vogue?"

"I don't care. You've been a prince to me. And I want you to know I never meant to keep that wretched necklace. Of course I was tempted at first—when it came flying through the air and actually struck me—out there on the lawn—and I realized what had happened and if I kept quiet I could get away with it, maybe—and I so desperately needed the money!"

"Forgive me, Peg," Mr. Smith cut in, hastily inspecting the back of his wrist. "I know you'll excuse me if I run along now—shockingly late for an appointment as it is."

"But Van! you've simply got to let me explain—"

\$1000.00 in Prizes



What is she saying?

PUT yourself in this woman's place. Suppose you were buying underwear for yourself, your husband or children? Suppose you knew the facts about Sealpax Athletic Underwear? What would you say to the clerk behind the counter if he showed you some other underwear?

Best Answer \$500
 Second Prize . . . \$200
 Third Prize . . . \$100
 Fourth Prize . . . \$50
 Next Best Five . . . \$15
 Next Best Five . . . \$10
 Next Best Five . . . \$5
 Next Fifty (each)—One Suit of Sealpax

(In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.)

The woman in the picture is pointing to Sealpax and saying something about Sealpax. "What is she saying?" Study the facts given you below about Sealpax Athletic Underwear—apply them to this picture—then write down your answer in not more than twenty words and send it to the Contest Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. Competent, neutral judges will award prizes. The contest closes July 29th, and the winners will be announced in the Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922. Think about it—and win a prize!

"Lady Sealpax"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WOMEN of America—active women who place coolness and comfort on a par with daintiness—insist upon getting Lady Sealpax once they have tried it.

Lady Sealpax is a revelation! It has been called an athletic underwear because it has all those cool comfort features of men's athletic underwear—the form-fitting athletic cut—the wide roomy legs.

But Lady Sealpax is truly a feminine garment—made in a wide range of dainty materials that add a touch of loveliness to the charm of comfort. You must try Lady Sealpax to appreciate it.

You buy Lady Sealpax in individual sealed envelopes—an assurance that each garment reaches you as fresh and crisp and clean as on the day it was made and laundered.

Sealpax for Men

For the men of the family there is no underwear quite as free-and-easy, light-and-breezy as Sealpax. Famed everywhere as a better athletic underwear sold in a cleaner way. Men appreciate it.

Sealpax for Children

"Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids." Cool and comfortable, made with patented double seat, taped buttons and other reinforcement features to resist the hard wear of active children.

For all the family—Sealpax sold everywhere!

Send your contest answer to
 CONTEST DEPARTMENT
 THE SEALPAX CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



Men's Sealpax (Union Suit) \$1.25
 Children's Sealpax \$1.00

[Turn to page 34]



June Joys

Serve them all day long

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, in the food way, are summer's supreme delights.

Millions of children get them now, morning, noon and night—in a dozen enticing forms.

The first dish in mornings, the last dish at night.

Do you realize how these whole-grain dainties have changed summer's food regime?

Flimsy, flavory bubbles

They make whole grains enticing—the foods that children need. Each grain is an airy globule.

The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts. So children count them food confections, and they never get enough.

Every food cell blasted

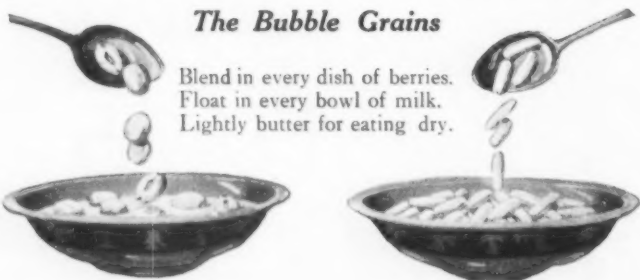
Made by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Every granule feeds.

Thus one gets the whole-grain nutriment. And that in wheat means 16 needed elements.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

The Bubble Grains



The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

Up and Coming

[Continued from page 16]

Yet when he returned, the house seemed stuffy, his mother worn and frail. Patricia's appearance was overdone and Marian on the road to being a bookworm. He regarded his father as a failure, deserving of little consideration. It was a relief to return to college, nor did he come home until the following June. Then he set to work at the store, helping Marian get off to a woman's college that fall.

Pat refused to consider college. Martha's present worry was that she would be an actress. Her father said she was too pretty not to be married. Jones reserved decision.

"When you want things," he ordered, "tell me. I'll always get them if I can; and if I can't, be patient. But don't plague mother. Think of all she has done. Here is Marian gone—only father and you left. Poor dad, he'll never get a second wind. It will do you good to be denied."

This meant nothing to Pat when she wanted a gay plaid dress; and her mother said, "Pat sleeps late, she's afraid her sleep will be frosted if she gets up any earlier."

"We can't do just as she says," Pat insisted, "we are up and coming, but her day is done. If this sounds cruel, I'm sorry; but it is the truth—we were brought up to tell the truth, kindly remember."

Up and Coming! Jones echoed the phrase. How exactly had his sister voiced the situation in her careless fashion. He recalled stories of his thrifty German grandmother, his cockney grandfather, the marriage in the lion's cage! His sisters and he were the third generation—who could say to what heights they would attain? If they failed to reach such heights, their children would—the rise was inevitable. His mother, static and orthodox, was the real "yeast" of the situation. Martha-in-the-middle bridging the old and new. In reality, Martha was suffering the birth pangs of the Bynight aristocracy!

Bynight had become a silent, pale-faced man these last years, regarding Martha with a fearful admiration. The former swashbuckling Bynight had completely vanished. With moody eyes he watched his family climb.

III

MARIAN was not home for this Easter vacation, but Jones arrived ahead of the expected time. He was to work at the store during his stay, and he had been keen to be in time for a loan exhibit of statuary.

"Your father isn't well," was his mother's greeting; "he sleeps most of the time. I'm glad you've come. Patricia is such a will o' the wisp. You look splendid—my, it's good to see you."

Bustling around while she helped him unpack, Martha unburdened her mind of the household details. The roof leaked; she had mended it herself with tar paper. Patricia had bought a shell-pink chiffon dress, one of those things capable of preserving every illusion woman ever forced man to believe in. She had worn it to interview the manager of the local stock company in hopes of getting taken on—wasn't that distressing? It seems the manager offered to the most popular girl a week as leading woman, during which the less fortunate flappers would give box parties and have teas behind the stage! Patricia had won the position; Martha was proud in spite of herself. But Owen Davis, her latest beau, a spoiled prig of twenty-one with entirely too much pin-money, persuaded her not to accept. Said he could not bear to see her behind the vulgar footlights, and Patricia had succumbed to his wishes! As long as she had got the position, Martha really wanted her to accept—it would have paid for the foolish dress and perhaps disillusioned her as to a stage career.

Jones sat on the edge of his bed and made his mother occupy the one easy chair. In turn, he told the intimate details of his life which a letter cannot convey. For hours these two, blissfully unconscious of the world without, mutually praised and cheered.

"I feel young again," Martha said as the clock warned her to stop, "I guess your dad is awake, maybe he's hungry. I've got broth on for him."

"You're the best mother in the world," Jones kissed her. "Wait until I repay you."

"You have now." She stroked his hair fondly. "You give me the big reason to live and keep on struggling."

"As you give me," he reminded.

"Your father, the girls, the tenants, the work—it all seems so inconsequential when I think of your future. It is worth everything to have such a son. How you've come on," she frowned, as if remembering something unpleasant.

He went on: "I think we are out of the woods, don't you? It's been tough sledding but you never faltered. I'll be finished in June, and then watch me. Two years at the store and then to Paris to study. I'll take you with me for my

mentor and inspiration. Pat will be married and Marian teaching; we'll leave father to look after the pantry shelves. But first, we must move into better but smaller quarters. Some day I'm going to build a wood lodge just outside of town and you'll preside over it; your hair will be silvery then and you'll wear soft lavender gowns—"

Her eyes were black with unexplainable emotion. "Sometimes I'm so tired from work that it frightens me," she finally said. "It makes me dull of brain—I'm not up to you children and I feel awkward with your friends. I'm out of step—but as long as you are in it, I shouldn't mind. I'm more worried about your father at the present—I don't like the way he looks. I know he was not kind or satisfactory, but he is our father and maybe there is some excuse we haven't figured out. Last night when he moaned in his sleep, I wondered if the way his folks struggled to come up in the world hadn't left him sort of helpless. He just held the place they made so as to give you children a good jumping-up spot. Perhaps that's foolish—but it's worth thinking of when we are cross with him. I think I hear him stirring now."

On Easter Sunday Bynight died. The night before he had said unexpectedly:

"Am I going to die?"

"Course not," Martha answered.

"You're wrong for once, mother," his restless eyes searching the room. "It is midnight, ain't it?"

"Just about."

"Children home?"

She nodded. "Do you want them?"

"It's not worth waking them."

"Jones is in the parlor—he thought you might like him around."

"Then I'm pretty bad," Bynight whispered.

Martha called Jones.

"Marian ain't home, is she?" he asked as Jones came near.

"She's away at college, sir."

"So she is—my head's not clear. I guess my brains never worked enough—well. I'm going to step out, boy. None of you will mind. I've been in the way long enough—"

One clawlike hand reached for Martha's. She was crying as she knelt beside him.

"S-sh," she said tenderly, "just try to rest."

"I'll rest," he promised, "but let me say it out. You've been fine to me, Martha, so you were to mother. It wasn't easy, either. I never understood until lately. There comes a time when it is too late; young Jones, remember that—be good to her. Never let anybody hurt her. And Pat will come out fine, only be patient—she ain't enough like me to hurt her. Marian's fine, too—all fine—Martha—pretty as spring she was—well, here's where the old man steps aside—"

He was not conscious again.

IV

THEY experienced relief after the funeral with its agony of curious callers. Jones was head of the family in name as well as position. Their attitude toward the dead man was one of gentle forgetfulness. They held no grudges, likewise they cherished no regrets. Jones returned to college for his last term and Patricia wore her mourning with a coquettish air. Martha felt renewed courage. As her mother-in-law's death seemed to release her from bondage, so did her husband's passing.

Martha and Patricia were to attend Jones' graduation, but when the day arrived, Hannibal Hamlin confronted Jones in their stead.

A family crisis prevented the others from doing so. Patricia eloped with Owen Davis whose mother joined with Martha in denouncing the young couple. Completely shocked and angered, Martha refused to make the journey. In a state of frantic disappointment, she appealed to Mr. Hamlin. Must her son, an honor man, be alone at his graduation?

Little she dreamed that Jones experienced a certain relief at her absence. He hardly acknowledged this to himself. As he watched Mr. Hamlin's admirable manner, his graceful *savoir faire*, the deference with which he was treated on all sides, Jones rejoiced that he had not been a witness to the gentle snubs which would have been his mother's lot.

Hamlin and his secretary left immediately after the exercises to go on to New York.

"The Dunlevy firm has failed—and badly, too," Hamlin explained. "I want to see what can be done about it—my wife is a distant cousin, you may remember. I won't be back before Monday, but I shall expect you to come to the house—say Tuesday evening at half after eight. I have something to talk over."

His hand rested on Jones' eager arm, his blind eyes looking far beyond his head.

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Up and Coming

[Continued from page 28]

What he was "seeing" only he could tell. What he had "seen" when Martha unceremoniously visited him was also his secret.

"Remember, there is always less profit on good things than on cheap ones," was his somewhat mysterious remark. "Your mother has chosen the good things—and must take the consequences. Until Tuesday—and you've done better than I ever expected."

Jones tried to thank him. He was always self-conscious in his presence. Never before had Jones been asked to his house. He was flattered at the prospect. Momentarily, he forgot Patricia's elopement.

Martha had waited with pent-up emotion until her son arrived. Patricia had sent a messenger with a note, telling of her marriage and asking her mother's forgiveness. She and Owen were at the best hotel in town, Owen having dispatched a like missive to his mother—a snobbish widow with considerable means.

Owen's mother decided to have nothing to do with them. She was disgraced, she refused to see Patricia or have communication with her son. He would soon tire of Patricia and then she would take him back. He had an income of fifty dollars a month, so they would not starve. She did not realize that it was due to her training that Owen could not earn a living.

Of course she blamed Patricia, and of course Martha blamed Owen and his idle, selfish mother. Jones must be the peace-maker, persuade Martha to see Patricia's side, make Owen settle down and support his wife, stop Marian's aloof disapproval and have a verbal combat with Mrs. Davis, senior. After which, he would see what was to be done about his own career. He knew he had talent as an art student—but he also knew mere talent would not suffice.

"I had a dream," Martha began plaintively as soon as Jones was in the house, "on the night Pat ran off. A horrid nightmare such as I seldom have—your father was in it, he warned me and then Pat mocked me and I thought you were angry. You finally put me out of my own home. I woke with a start and went into her room but she had gone—silly, romantic girl. They went to Canada and were married. He is a worthless creature—like his mother. People say she wants to remarry—a great, painted doll she is, playing cards and gossiping all day long—I've seen her. She considers herself worlds above the Bynights—but not when she sees you! I went to Mr. Hamlin because I was so upset; I just couldn't come. It isn't every day a woman's daughter runs off with a wastling and her son graduates from college." She began to cry.

Jones took her in his arms. He felt unfairly old, already the care-free college atmosphere was fading. "Come, we aren't going to let this break us up, are we? Remember, we have each other."

"You never know how much you have anyone these days," she protested, "I'm afraid I'm bitter. Oh, Jones, I try to stay sweet at heart and be a gentlewoman, but sometimes I'm so tired I'm nothing but an old scold. It has been such a long time of waiting for your success and my Indian summer—"

After Jones was alone, his thoughts turned to the promised interview with Mr. Hamlin. It served as antidote to Patricia's marriage and his mother's childish disappointment.

V

FROM the vine-hung loggia with its cactus urns flanking the entrance and making gay lines of color to the exquisite drawing-room of the Hamlin mansion there was nothing but treats to the eye, although the owner and designer of all this beauty was blind.

So Jones thought as he waited to be admitted. He alone knew how much the blind man was capable of appreciation, how he "saw" every blooming flower, every carved line of his figurines. His wife, a bonbon type of beauty with a two-fingered habit of shaking hands, was concerned with the cost of the place, which furnished an ornate background for her charms.

She was going out as Jones entered, a swirl of sea-green tulle dripping with crystal beads.

"Good evening, Jones," she said in her shrill, sweet voice, "Mr. Hamlin is waiting in the drawing-room."

A secretary showed him in. There were huge armchairs in black, green and lavender brocades, rose taffeta hangings, an elaborate marble mantel, golden rugs of Chinese workmanship covering the floor and a profusion of Queen Anne needlework.

In a chair Mr. Hamlin was sitting, reading some novel in the Braille method, the clumsy book slipping off his knees.

"Sit near me," he ordered. "I forgot an engagement with Mrs. Hamlin when I asked you to come. I must join her in an hour, so we'll talk without introduction."

What do you propose to do now you've finished college?"

"Study art," Jones answered.

The blind man shook his head.

"I think I know all the struggle it will mean," Jones added.

"You must abandon any such idea," he ordered, just as he had told Jones where to sit. "You haven't the personal freedom to permit such a career. Your mother and sisters—what of them? You may be a worker as well as a dreamer. You are no genius—I tell you so frankly. You have talent, rich appreciation, the ability to concentrate but not the divine fire, that strange and wonderful something needed to make an artist. You would do acceptable work if you had endless study and encouragement but that would be all. Your duty lies in other directions. What of the store? It is always a question as to how far one dares interfere with another's destiny—but in this case I shall chance it. Do you realize you are the one person I want to have the business when I'm through? It is a business I hoped to have my sons carry on, but no children came. The Dunlevys' children don't interest me. I have watched your work from the day you began toting bundles. You are needed to carry on the business—not immediately, perhaps; but ultimately you must be owner. The man who directs the concern must have the soul of an artist and the brain of an artisan—you are the man. Sometime I'll send you to the Far East to buy. Some day you will find yourself general manager—later on, you'll buy the business from my estate. Well—it is a bargain? I believe that as you cheapen labor, so you cheapen souls; I won't be a party to either. You'll start with a fair salary and a percentage on your sales. You know I'll keep my word even if I do lose my temper."

Jones knew what he must answer.

During the somewhat abrupt speech, he had been making a telling decision. Here was the chance to do for his family all he had pledged to do, yet remain in a congenial atmosphere. Hamlin was right, he would only prove a mediocre artist; therefore it was better he become a super-artisan.

"I'll report, sir," standing up and holding out his hand, "and I'll prove worthy."

Hamlin's sightless eyes closed for a moment. Then he looked beyond Jones' shaggy head to ask politely concerning Patricia's marriage. Was it such a bad thing, after all? Perhaps his mother was hasty in her decision.

"It was not what mother planned on; that was half the battle," Jones admitted. "Work has narrowed her ideas; it is hard to adapt herself to changes. I don't know Owen—he may trifle up."

"Any plans for your own romance?" The sightless eyes seemed penetrating, uncomfortably keen.

"None," was the emphatic reply. "I haven't time for romance."

Outside, Jones glanced at the Dunlevy home, wondering whimsically just which part of it his grandfather built. A "For Sale" sign was on the veranda, for the Dunlevy finances were hopelessly on the wane.

He went home, eager to reassure his mother that his career was settled. He was to manage the oriental department. He knew his family would rejoice. Yet he was lonely this fragrant June night as he walked to the Elm Street house.

He longed for what he called "nonsense," he would have liked to dance with pretty girls and pay them trite compliments. He did not want to share his thoughts with his mother.

He planned to move into an apartment and sell the double house. The manager of a department at the Hamlin store could not live in such an environment.

Martha was delighted. She rejoiced because of Jones' devotion as well as the lessening of financial pressure, because he was toiling in the same steady way she had done, narrowed in interests, removed from the world.

Although she would not have admitted it, she was glad Marian chose to stay away and that Pat was married. She saw no wrong in monopolizing her son. She had done everything for him and she still did everything he asked of her. Therefore, he was her own. The girls were her own, too; but Jones was different!

Marian was amazed to know the double house was sold and they were moving into a nice apartment. It seemed strange, Martha wrote to her, to have polished floors and a janitor to tend to the heat. Jones wanted her to be "very lazy," he bought her all sorts of clothes and had her go to a hairdresser. He even hinted of a fur coat but she would not permit such an extravagance. He had completely refurbished. In splendid taste—although not the way she would have done. They only had five rooms and a kitchenette

[Turn to page 30]



Will Your Baby

Come safely through the trying summer season?

A Famous Specialist

PHYSICIANS are well aware that the sultry months are filled with dangers for restless, crying infants. Three times more babies fall ill then than at any other season.

Three Health Rules

There would be fewer summer ills if Nature's simplest rules were followed.

Mothers should:

- feed their babies at the breast or with the purest milk;
- keep the little bodies cool—free from rashes and irritations with a beneficial baby powder—preferably Johnson's;
- powder their babies plentifully with a powder that really cools and soothes, as the safest aid in assuring health-building slumber.

With fidgety babies, the nerves become peaceful under a properly powdered skin, for they have less work to do. Discomforts fade away. And Sleep comes.

first suggested Johnson's Baby Powder over thirty years ago. It is not an experiment, but the time-tried choice of physicians and nurses.

Johnson's Baby Powder purifies, in a safe, natural way, the salty, stinging effect of perspiration and damp diapers, so that the pores are always open and healthy.

It is made in the laboratories that prepare Red Cross Absorbent Cotton and over 400 other articles for the medical profession.

The first application of Johnson's Baby Powder will mean rich blessings of cooling comfort. Smooth the beneficial powder in all the folds and creases.

Do this every day and you will be rewarded with a comfortable, sleep-loving infant.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Best for Baby—Best for You

YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

He makes life safer and more comfortable. No other merchant can be so helpful. Is it asking too much always to "Try the Drug Store First?"

SENT UPON REQUEST TO YOUR ADDRESS

"The Summer Care of Babies"—a helpful booklet containing many practical suggestions for feeding, clothing, bathing, exercise and sleep. Write for it.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, New Brunswick, N. J.

ARMAND

COLD CREAM POWDER

In the LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES



YOU will love to use Armand Cold Cream Powder—it is so smooth, it spreads so evenly and blends so naturally into your skin. And best of all, Armand Cold Cream Powder stays on till you wash it off. For though it is dry, and the softest of powders, Armand contains a touch of delicate cold cream.

You cannot realize how thoroughly pleasing Armand Cold Cream Powder can be until you actually try it. Buy a box today. The little pink-and-white hat-box sells for \$1, everywhere. Armand Bouquet, a less dense powder, in the square box, is 50c everywhere. If, after several trials, you do not love Armand, you can take it back and your money will be returned.

ARMAND—Des Moines
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For trial we invite you to send 15 cents, and we will be glad to mail you three guest-room packages of Armand Cold Cream Powder, Talcum and Vanishing Cream

I am Free

You may be



(An Antiseptic Liquid)

DO YOU PERSPIRE TO EXCESS?

Keep the Underarms Sweet and Dry

HUMILIATION, self-consciousness and ruined gowns are the inevitable results of excessive armpit perspiration. And yet how unnecessary this suffering and expense—how simple the means of avoiding the worry—how easy to be assured of "personal daintiness"—the greatest of all womanly charms.



Permit NONSPI to be your friend in need, use it—about TWICE a week—and normally dry, absolutely odorless underarms will be the result. Relief will come so surely and so quickly that (as one woman expressed her happiness) you will "bless the inspiration that conceived it."

NONSPI—a pure Antiseptic Liquid, unscented and free from artificial coloring matter—is more than a mere deodorant—it is ALSO a remedy for the Excessive Armpit Perspiration itself—one trial and you, like a million other users, will never again be without a bottle on your bath-room shelf.

OUR TESTING SAMPLE WILL CONVINCE YOU!
Send us 4c for Testing Sample and what medical authorities say about the harmfulness of Excessive Armpit Perspiration.

Never Raised in Price—Never Lowered in Quality—Now as Always—50c—Several Months' Supply—at toilet or drug dealers or by mail direct.

2630 Walnut St. THE NONSPI CO. Kansas City, Mo.

Up and Coming

[Continued from page 29]

and she would be able to do all the work. She was glad Marian appreciated him, she said. The check she enclosed Jones sent because he had sold a bronze temple god and received a large bonus and instead of spending it on himself or a stranger, he wanted his sister to benefit.

As for Pat! Jones had helped her husband, Owen, start an electrical shop in Burlington, a hundred miles distant. Since Owen's mother refused to speak to Pat or aid her son, it was better they went out of town to work out their own problems, Martha thought. She would visit them—when Jones could spare her; his interests came first.

VI

JONES won out about the new furnishings even to having candlesticks at either end of the mantel and a painting of the Carmel Mission set into the wall. There were crouching dragons for fire-irons and a profusion of teakwood chairs and a table, silver-gray hangings and small rugs upon which Martha invariably slipped. She felt "strange." She missed her hodge-podge of walnut, golden oak and mission furniture, shabby carpets and handmade bookshelves, the homey, homely ornaments valued because of initial associations.

Martha finally was content once more, however, and used her spare time rereading the sentimental novels she had enjoyed as a girl. Having started her children on the upward path, Martha longed to rest at the starting place instead of stumbling after them.

On the whole it was a happy winter these two experienced—with Marian spending the holidays home and exclaiming over her brother's success. Marian was closer to her mother than before. She was sincere in admiring her mother's clothes, her new leisure. She embroidered a collar for Martha's new dress and coaxed her to do her hair in a more becoming way. Together they sent Pat a Christmas box, for which Pat effusively thanked them.

Pat was struggling to do her part. She wrote home faithfully. But she seldom mentioned Owen's business. They were living in a hotel, since it seemed best not to attempt housekeeping for the present. Pat admitted she was homesick. She wrote that Owen did not miss his mother as she did hers. Unbeknown to Martha, she wrote her brother in care of the store to ask for the loan of twenty-five dollars. Owen gambled and drank. She still hoped things would right themselves. It was awfully hard to have to ask for help; she could not bear to have her mother know. Mother was so queer! She had always been against Owen. She would say hateful things. Jones was the best brother in the world—she could never thank him properly.

Jones sent the money and kept Pat's secret. He warned her not to stand too many irregularities, break away before it was too late or she would find herself unable to do so.

Pat replied that she needed even more money to pay actual expenses. Owen was ill tempered, unreliable. She was expecting a child in the spring and she was weak and wretched. Jones was her one source of strength. Would he tell her if she thought mother would be "nice" should she come home? She must have someone love and take care of her for a while. She realized romantic love had vanished, what a mistake the marriage had been. Unless a miracle happened, they could not go on together. Perhaps if she could come home until after the child was born, that might prove the miracle.

On the same mail came a note from Marian confessing eye strain and the need for treatment. She had come out even with her money so far, but this unexpected demand would put her in debt. Would Jones advance the needed amount until she was able to repay. She hated asking him, he had been such a prince of brothers. But eyes meant her very life. She did not want him to tell mother, it would worry her needlessly.

Jones had made several excellent sales. He had planned for a vacation in New York; he wanted the novelty of being away and not having to stint on expenses. But his sister's claims were first. He was glad to be able to meet them.

He sent Marian a check and told her to have the best of treatment. And he wrote Pat telling her to come home. At this wonderful time, she must be with her own people unless Owen proved himself worthy. Indignation for Pat and sympathy for Marian veiled his sense of personal disappointment—but this would not always be.

VII

MARTHA became dominant once more. With Pat chagrined and bewildered, she could afford to be magnanimous. She set to work to reorder her daughter's life as she used to order her day's tasks. Pat must not return to her husband, she

announced; he was a worthless boy incapable of assuming responsibility.

Jones treated Pat as if she were a child, cautioning his mother not to hurt her by unkind remarks or gloomy prophecies as to Owen. Pat was changing. The fun-loving girl who wilfully turned a deaf ear to advice was a somewhat cynical but still beautiful woman with a materialistic view of life. Instead of being crushed, she resolved to learn a worldly lesson from the experience.

Life was before her, she argued, as much as it was before Marian or Jones. Her mother's attitude that this unfortunate marriage has "wrecked my little girl's life" was most annoying.

"It's an old-time way you are looking at things," Pat complained one memorable day.

"Bother gratitude and sentimental sniveling such as you delight in. I'm plenty grateful to you all but I take a different way of showing it. Instead of collapsing, retiring from the world like a half nun, I'm out to prove that an unfortunate marriage can be the stepping-stone to success. As soon as the baby is old enough, I'm going into business, some day own my own establishment."

"Leave your child with strangers?" Martha indignantly demanded.

"Better that for a few years while I earn enough to educate him and have him proud of me than to be dependent on my brother's bounty, only to handicap the child in later life."

Martha's dark eyes narrowed. "Being dependent and doing housework is nothing to be ashamed of," she insisted. Yet she was unable to answer Pat's arguments.

"What do you plan to learn?" she demanded coldly.

"I don't know, something rich people always want and are glad to pay for," was the reply.

Martha frowned. "You plan on my caring for the baby?"

"Not unless you wish, you always have to fuss over someone, it is Jones exclusively just now—he may be glad of an understudy." Pat was laughing mischievously.

"You consider that I 'fuss' over my son? Who else would care for his needs? How else can I repay him?" Martha crimsoned with anger.

"I don't mean that at all, merely that your mind has been so occupied with getting your children ahead, out of the rut father got you into that you miss not having something to worry over, seeing that we are out of the rut. By and by, Jones will be impatient, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to turn your interest to a grandchild. Not because it is mine," Pat's blue eyes were very clear and sincere, "only mine happens to be coming along a trifle forlornly. It will be much better for everyone. Think, mother, when Jones marries! Unless you've cut loose from him, you'll never be able to stand by. You and I will be closer in the future because I've been independent, grown away from you during the years when I should. Now I will start growing back—and stay."

"Of course you are not yourself, it makes you talk queerly," Martha protested. "I don't wonder, with Owen's neglect and your condition. You need not worry about me, as for your tirade about my being in a rut and so on, I'll keep on cooking the family liver and onions, it seemed my job from the first," Martha reached for more thread.

Pat caught her reddened hand. "Mother," she said almost breathlessly, "I don't mean to hurt. Here's the whole thing—I'm friends with you. Marian is a polite acquaintance who would do anything necessary if you asked her to, only you never would ask. Jones has been both your slave and ideal and you his half-god. It is much wiser to be friends with your children. Oh, I'm not saying it cleverly—"

"I shall not listen," Martha drew her hand away.

There were tears in her eyes. Pat regretted her frankness. She was thinking as she watched her mother how splendidly pitiful yet typical she was of countless mothers brave enough to educate their children. Pat hoped her child would never sit in judgment regarding minute yet momentous details causing Madame Grundy's approval or ostracism as the case warranted.

Pat, who knew less than either Jones or Marian, had a clever way of making the world think she knew even more. Her beauty, unmarred by physical hardships and enhanced by a taste in clothes, aided in the deceit. Her contact with hotel life, her marriage to a boy who was well-bred if worthless, all combined to bring this about. Despite her sorrow, Pat remained valiant and of good cheer. She meant to do what she threatened, start a business and become a successful modernist. She welcomed a child because there was in her nature a tender vein. But she did not propose to slave for her child as her mother had slaved. It never paid.

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Up and Coming

[Continued from page 30]

As she studied her mother's grieved face, a panorama of past events blurred her vision and changed harsh truths to pleasant fibs. She saw herself the spoiled child, taxing her mother's patience when she was worn from physical toil; she saw her mother washing at tubs late into the night in order that she and her sister wear crisp dresses at tomorrow's picnic. Or she saw Jones sweeping neighbors' rugs or carrying wood to earn pocket money with which to buy his mother's cough medicine. She visualized her idle father as he made life unendurable for his family—with her mother valiantly standing for justice and harmony and always—and at no matter what personal cost—for progress!

How strange that she, worldly Pat, should so understand! She had to thank her mother for what she must not do.

"Mother, darling," she said softly, "I'm not myself—you are right."

Martha was mollified.

VIII

BECAUSE Pat was doing what Jones unconsciously longed to do—living her own life—he understood his sister better than she surmised. She had made a glaring mistake; still she gloried in independence. He was determined she should continue to make glaring mistakes if necessary, she must finally achieve a proper goal.

When Marian came home for a few days, to give her eyes a rest, she could not comprehend Pat's development. The attitude of the sisters was best explained by chance remarks as to clothes, both perfectly good remarks as Jones told his mother.

"I'd like a gown investing me with romantic mystery," Pat said; "say coral velvet and a rope of black pearls."

"I'd rather have it said I looked as if I belonged in the frame of an old master," Marian informed her. "Who cares for mystery or coral velvet sensationalism?"

Martha thought this more of "the girls' nonsense;" she did not realize how well it defined their differences.

Marian approved of Pat's being divorced but thought she ought never remarry. She ought to stay with her mother and Jones and devote herself to her child. Marian declared she would never marry, which Martha thought "just as well." Marriage to Martha not only spelt separation from her children, but having to share vicariously whatever sufferings might result from the union. A woman educated as well as Marian, able to earn her living and be her own mistress, was wise to remain single. Martha tried to impress this on her older daughter. Pat's marriage "hardly seemed to matter," as she said.

Marian in reality had no intention of marrying. Even more than Jones, she was aloof from social life. She hoped to be appointed instructor at her own college. Then she would be permanently away from home and the disapproval of Pat's gowns and the way she wasted money, her flippant remarks.

Pat had a number of equally gay friends who were rallying around her. The small apartment was often crowded with them. Also she went forth to their parties and the theater. She never came into the house without something funny to relate. She really enjoyed her position as a young, unhappy matron. Besides, it proved to her haughty mother-in-law that she was happier than if she had remained with her husband.

Martha thought Pat should do more of the work, and be properly subdued. Take it all and all, there was considerable friction in the Bynight household, and when Pat's robust son was three months old, Jones told the first deliberate lie to his mother.

He said he must take inventory at the store and would not be home until midnight. Therefore, he would stay at a hotel and sleep a trifle later in the morning. His young nephew was colicky and of a wakeful turn. Martha sympathized with him. The baby kept her awake, too; Pat slept more often than not.

There was no inventory to be taken, but Jones wanted to go to a neutral hotel room, unmarred by family troubles. He wanted to think—what he wanted to think about he did not know. He did not realize that what he wanted was a chance to be himself.

The little apartment he so carefully furnished was now monopolized by his mother and sister. True, he had invited, even fostered the invasion—but the situation remained the same.

He went directly to the hotel. It was eight o'clock of a tender, summer night. Sitting at the window, he watched people streaming by. Cornwall was growing. Important industries had settled there due to natural water power. Since his grandfather helped lay the floors of the Dunlevy mansion, the population had already tripled and more.

Jones rested his arms on the window ledge. He was restless, guilty. He wondered if he should go to a theater, but he dreaded meeting someone who might inadvertently tell of it later. He unpacked his bag, smiling at the articles Martha had seen fit to add. One might have fancied him embarking on an arctic expedition.

He went back to the window, resuming the rôle of spectator. He told himself he must move into larger quarters if Pat and the boy were to stay on. Certainly they would remain until Pat started into business.

Jones was proud of his nephew; he did not love him in the absorbing way Martha did, nor share Pat's tenderness. But when young Owen had evolved from out the "slug stage," as he unfeelingly described it, Jones would prove an unflinching champion. Already he planned on sending him through college.

For now he must persuade his mother to let Pat have her way with the youngster. Endless differences of opinion marred each day. The baby was not warm enough, he was fed too often, he must not be allowed to cry or sleep in the dark—and when Pat, more in a spirit of mischief, actually rouged her son's cheeks because she wanted him to present a rosier appearance and sewed a fringe of false curls into his cap to conceal his baldheadedness, Martha told Jones she did not consider Pat should be entrusted with a child.

Jones chuckled, recalling this. Yet only that day it was a similar clash that had helped drive him to the hotel.

Jones began to consider his own interests. He wanted red-blooded life, independent expression. He almost despised his commercial success; he resented being referred to as a "model young chap—worked his way through college—never wastes a cent—devoted to his family." He should not sit here indulging in self pity, he who was financially independent and able to make the way easy for others. But it did not preclude a restless urge to seek recreations and friendships apart from his family. Whenever he brought friends to the apartment they were obliged to indulge in nothing but small talk as long as Martha was present. Now that Pat and the baby were there, company was impossible. When his mother's old friends came, Jones found it hard to be polite. Pat's giddy set was not his choice. When Marian was home she must have rest and quiet. Jones actually found himself deferring to a cleaning woman in the matter of entertaining a dinner guest. On Mrs. Siegfried's day no company was permissible because she mopped the kitchen the last thing and Martha could not set her mind on getting a company meal with a woman trying to wash floors and talk volubly!

Once started on this track of reasoning, Jones found himself conjuring up endless complications and petty pricks. He wanted to live alone and as long as he could not, he demanded outside interests. Interests which must not interfere with his obligations.

As he sat here, a girl passed along the opposite side of the street. She wore an exclamatory red tulle gown. She swayed as she walked. Jones watched her. He wanted to walk with her, flirt with her, take her to some restaurant and listen to her jovial chatter.

A clock struck half after eight. A fine long evening to be gotten through—just to escape domestic details and a baby's wailing. He was puzzled and bitter! Perhaps he ought to go to the store; there were several things he could do. At least he would have kept his word to his mother. He put on his hat and left the hotel.

Turning the corner he found himself peering ahead to make sure the flutter of a red tulle skirt was not at hand.

He felt anything but inclined to pass the time of night with the watchman at the store, go softly up dark stairs to his department. What was the use in rearranging teakwood stands and carved ivories for some wrinkled dowager to lorgnette on the morrow?

Stumbling along, coming to no conclusion, Jones was confronted by the girl in the red tulle frock. To all intents she was waiting for a street car, a pretty, careless creature ready to accept a stranger's smile.

Jones hesitated. She turned her head away, glancing back coquettishly. A car sped on without taking her as a passenger. Emboldened, he stepped up beside her. Lifting his hat he asked if she was a Miss Hanson—pardon the mistake—she resembled a Miss Hanson—had she ever been taken for her before—no—strange! Then she would be! He hoped she did not mind—yes, he was the one who had been looking out of the hotel window—had she seen him—had he looked like a Mr. Hanson, for instance? Oh, it had been his "ugly, nice head" she had remembered—

[Turn to page 46]



Toilet Nicety Brings Skin Refinement

DO you realize that the selection of anything which you use as regularly as your toilet soap merits more than passing consideration?

The sharp irritants of the wrong soap can be almost as disastrous as neglect. They roughen the skin, remove its natural oil and permit inflammation in the form of blotches, redness and other defects.

Resinol Soap meets the demands of the most exacting women. It is exquisitely pure, with a rich velvety lather that rinses easily, leaving the pores cleansed and refreshed. It has no heavy perfume,—only a mild fragrance—a reminder of the summer woods.

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*Evacuates the Pores and Purges
the Skin of Every Impurity
in Half-Hour*

WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now mere matter of personal cleanliness; that a skin can be made beautiful while you wait!

After five years of experiment, an element has been found that physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, not distasteful, for it is applied *outside*. Put it on; slip into your easy chair to dream or doze; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*. Impurities clogging your facial pores come out as if squeezed from a tube. This flushing of the pores makes them tingle with relief and relaxation. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous. Such is the magic of modern chemistry. It always works, because it is Nature.

How It Works

THE scientific name of this new element is Terradermalax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. No expert masseuse's fingers ever felt so soothing, for you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every black-head, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. For a week, or two, it is well to move the skin every other day. Then once a week suffices. In the end, the skin is trained to function without aid.

Terradermalax is a scientific achievement, not a cosmetic or cream. It is harmless, hygienic and helpful to the skin. Women on whom Mr. McGowan experimented daily for months, show skins and complexions of striking health and beauty.

Not On Sale

UNFORTUNATELY, Terradermalax cannot be stocked by druggists. The active ingredient that loosens the pores must be fresh. The laboratory seals each can and dates every label. On store shelves, this laxative element would lose its force, and then the application would have no more effect than the "massage muds" now so common. So the laboratory supplies the users direct.

How to Obtain a Supply of Terradermalax

MAKING this new material is slow work. But the laboratory fills requests for single cans (two months' supply) in the order of receipt. With it come McGowan's own directions. Send no money, but pay the postman just \$2.50 when delivered. McGowan says: "Any woman whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and perfectly astonishing benefits that she can feel and see, may have this small laboratory fee back without question."

Sallow, oily or muddy skin will soon be looked on not as a misfortune, but evidence of neglect. So if you desire a skin of God-given purity, softness and coloring, here is your opportunity. Just fill out this application and mail it at once.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, CHICAGO:

Please send two-months' supply of freshly compounded Terradermalax soon as made. I will pay postman \$2.50 for everything. My money to be refunded if asked. (73)

(Write your name very plainly on this line)

(Complete mail address here or in margin)

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 13]

is distinguishing himself today. That was a fine effort."

Everyone was clapping except Toby who sat staring before her with her hands in her lap.

"It will fly to you, *chérie*," suddenly whispered a voice in her ear. "It is already upon the wing. When it comes, hold it fast!"

Toby's lip trembled. She bit it desperately. Her look was strained. She did not attempt to speak.

"It is the gift of the gods, *chérie*," The words came softly at her shoulder, but they pierced her. "We do not cast their gifts away. They come—too seldom."

She made a quick movement; it was almost convulsive, like the start of one suddenly awakened. When the applause died away, Saltash had departed, abruptly as was his wont. And though they saw him in the distance several times, he did not return that afternoon.

CHAPTER V THE TRAP

IT was an evening of golden silence, and the larch copse in its stillness was like an enchanted wood. A soft low whistle broke the stillness, or mingled with it.

There came a sharp movement in some long grass near the gate that led from the open down into the Burchester estate. It sounded as if some small imprisoned creature were fighting for freedom. Then in another moment there came the rush and snuffle of a questing dog, and old Chops, the setter, came bursting through the hedge that bordered the wood.

In an instant there arose a cry that seemed to thrill the whole wood with horror. The enchanted silence broke upon it like the shivering of a crystal ball, for as Chops pounced another cry rang clear and commanding from the other side of the hedge.

"Chops! Back! Back! Do you hear, Chops? Come back!"

Chops did not come back, but he paused above his quarry, and looked round with open jaws and lolling tongue.

His brief hesitation lost him the game. Toby's light feet raced through the grass with the speed of wings, and she threw herself over the gate and upon him before he could make good his claim. She dropped upon her knees beside the thing in the grass and discovered a young hare caught and writhing in a snare.

She was far too deeply engrossed in the matter to heed any sound of approaching feet, and when the thud of a horse's hoofs suddenly fell on the turf close to her she did not raise her head. But she did look up, startled, when two hands swooped down from above her and gripped the hare with a vicelike strength that stilled all struggling.

"He will claw you to pieces," said Bunny bluntly. "Shall I kill him? He's damaged. Or do you want to let him go?"

"Oh, let him go—of course!" cried Toby, dragging recklessly at the wire. "See, it's coming now! Hold him tight while I slip it off!"

Bunny came to her, took Chops by the collar, and fastened him with his whip to the gate. Then he stooped over Toby, his young face sternly set.

"Stop crying!" he said. "Let me have your hands!"

They were a mass of scratches from the hare's pounding feet.

"You must come down to old Bishop's and bathe them," Bunny said.

She shook her head instantly. "No, Bunny, I'm not going to. I'll run down to the lake if you like. There's sure not to be anyone there."

His arm tightened for a second, then he felt her brace herself against him and let her go. "All right," he said again. "We'll go down to the lake."

Their way lay along a grass ride that ran beside the larch wood. Bunny walked gravely along, leading his horse. Toby moved lightly beside him.

Behind them the silence closed like the soft folds of a curtain, but it was not a silence devoid of life. As they drew away from the place, a man stepped out from the larches and stood motionless, watching them. A whimsical smile that was not without bitterness hovered about his mouth. As they passed from sight, he turned back into the trees and walked swiftly and silently away.

The boy and girl came to a path that led steeply downwards, and Bunny stopped. "I'll leave my horse here," he said.

Toby did not wait. She plunged straight down the steep descent. When he rejoined her, she was at the water's edge. She knelt upon a bed of moss and thrust her hands into the clear water. He stood above her for a moment or two, then knelt beside her and took the wet wrists very gently into a firm hold. She made a faint resistance, but finally yielded. He

looked down at the hands nervously clenched in his grasp. He was older in that moment, more manly, than she had ever seen him.

"What's the matter, little girl?" he said softly. "What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing," said Toby. She spoke rather breathlessly, and he saw that she was on the verge of tears again. He got up and drew her to her feet.

"Let's walk for a bit!" he said. She stood as one in doubt, and he felt that she was trembling.

"I say—don't!" he said suddenly and winningly. "I won't do anything you don't like, I swear. Can't you trust me?"

She made a little movement towards him, and he put his arm round her shoulders. They turned along the green-sward side by side.

"It was awfully nice of you to come," Bunny said in that new gentle voice of his. "I didn't mean you to get there first, but old Bishop is so long-winded I couldn't get away."

"It didn't matter," said Toby with a nervous little smile.

"It did to me," said Bunny. "It would have saved you that anyway."

"But you'd have killed the hare."

"Not if he hadn't been damaged," he said. "I'm not a brute. I don't kill for the sake of killing."

She looked incredulous. "Most men do. Don't you hunt? Don't you shoot?"

Bunny considered the matter. "No, that's not fair," he decided. "Sport is sport. But I prefer to walk up my game and I never countenance digging out a fox. That's not sport."

"There are very few sportsmen in the world," said Toby.

"Oh, I don't know. Anyway, I hope I'm one of 'em. I try to be," said Bunny.

She gave him a quick look. "I think you are. And so is Jake."

"Oh, Jake! Jake's magnificent. He's taught me all I know in that line. He simply made me—body and soul."

"Praps he had good stuff to work on," suggested Toby.

Bunny's arm drew her almost imperceptibly. "I don't think he had. My father was wild, and my mother—well, she's dead too—but she wasn't anything to be specially proud of."

"Oh, was your mother a rotter?" said Toby, with sudden interest.

He nodded. "We don't talk about her much, Maud and I. She married a second time—a brute of a man who used to run the Anchor Hotel. They went to Canada, and she died."

"The Anchor Hotel!" said Toby. "That place at Fairharbour down by the shore?"

"Yes, Maud and I were there too at first. I was a cripple in those days, couldn't even walk. We had a fiendish time there—till Jake came."

"Did Maud marry Jake to get away?" Toby asked.

"Yes. We were in a beastly hole, she and I. Something had to be done."

"She didn't love him then?"

"Oh no, not then. Not till long after. Jake and I were the pals. He was always keen enough on her, poor chap. But Charlie complicated matters rather in those days. You see, Charlie came first—before she ever met Jake."

"I didn't know—that he—and Maud—ever loved each other." Toby halted over the words as if they were difficult to utter.

Bunny enlightened her with a boy's careless assurance. "Oh, that's a very old story. They were very fond of each other in their youth. In fact they were practically engaged. Then Charlie, who has always been a bit giddy, went a bit too far with Lady Cressady who was also a somewhat gay young person, and Sir Philip Cressady, who was a brute, tried to divorce her. He didn't succeed. The case fell through. But it set everyone by the ears, and Maud threw Charlie over. He pretended he didn't care, but he did—pretty badly, and so he's never married."

"And—Maud?" said Toby, in a low voice.

"Maud has always kept a soft place in her heart for him. She couldn't help it. Women can't."

"I see," said Toby. "And doesn't—Jake—mind?"

"Jake? No, not a bit. He's sure of her now. She thinks there's no one like him in the world."

"Then—she isn't—in love with Lord Saltash?" she said.

"No, not now. She just takes a motherly interest in him, tries to persuade him to settle down and be good."

Again Bunny's arm tightened about the narrow shoulders.

"Haven't we talked about other people's affairs long enough now?" he suggested. "Don't you think I deserve that kiss now?"

She lifted her lips submissively.

[Continued in the July McCall's]

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Is Baby Always Well? If Not—Diagnose His Nursing Trouble

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

ALL WELL, properly nourished babies gain in weight. This is an absolute requirement and when a young baby does not gain at least four ounces weekly, something is wrong, either with the infant, his management, or his food.

When a breast-fed infant does not make a satisfactory gain it means that the mother's milk is at fault or that proper nursing regulations are not being carried out. The milk may be over-rich or deficient in quality or quantity.

The latter may be readily determined by weighing the infant before and after nursing. An ounce of milk may, for all practical purposes be calculated as an ounce avoirdupois. A baby that weighs 7 pounds 12 ounces should weigh 8 pounds at the completion of the nursing which means, of course, that the mother has given him 4 ounces. A baby that weighs 12 pounds before nursing should weigh 12 pounds, 6 ounces after nursing.

If he gains but 2 or 3 ounces, it means, as I have repeatedly proved, that he has been cheated of 3 or 4 ounces of milk. If it is found that the required amount is supplied and there is loss or only a little gain, as shown by the weekly or bi-weekly weighing, it means that the quality of the milk is poor and does not contain the requisite nutritional elements.

Milk is a very complex substance. It contains fat in the form of a fine emulsion. Protein is suspended in very small particles, and sugar and mineral salts are in solution in the large water element which constitutes about 88 per cent. of the milk as a whole. In good breast milk these substances are to be found in fairly definite proportions. Thus an average breast milk, on which a baby should thrive, contains about 3½ per cent. fat, 1½ per cent. protein and 7 per cent. sugar. When one or more of these substances are deficient, it will be shown by the defective growth and development of the baby, and the baby is cheated again. When the quantity is sufficient and the child fails to show a good weekly gain, the milk should be examined by the attending physician or at some properly equipped laboratory.

THE conduct of the baby often tells us much regarding the quantity of the supply. When it is scanty, he remains long at the breast, cries when removed and shows evidence of hunger before the nursing hour arrives. A few wise babies will behave otherwise. They will nurse the two or three available ounces and then refuse any further effort. Mothers are often deceived by such infants as it is assumed that a refusal on the part of the child means satisfaction.

It might be thought that the mother could tell when the supply is depleted but this is not always possible, particularly when there is a plump firm breast. Weigh-

ing before and after nursing is a very reliable way of determining how much nourishment is supplied. One weighing is not sufficient. It should be carried on for at least two days. The weighing is little trouble as it is done without removing the baby's clothes.

It is not at all infrequent for breast-fed babies to vomit a great deal of milk or have severe colic, undigested stools or diarrhea, all which may be due to an excess of perfectly good milk. Give an abundant supply to a vigorously hungry infant and he will often get more than is good for him.

FURTHER, a nursing baby does not have a wide range of amusements. There, apparently is not much fun in being a baby. About the only real enjoyment that enters into the early life of the human, is that gratification which is associated with the processes of filling the stomach. It is a small wonder that babies over-feed when there is an attractive opportunity. Not even a baby knows when he has had enough.

Here again, weighing before and after nursing solves what are otherwise difficult problems. When an infant who has a place for 4 ounces tries to put in 6 ounces, he comes to grief and somebody walks the floor. Under such circumstances, I have the baby weighed before nursing and at five minute intervals or less. From a free, full breast, I have known a vigorous child to take an ounce a minute.

Hundreds and hundreds of babies are weaned, permanently deprived of breast milk which is said not to agree, because of failure to appreciate that vomiting, colic, diarrhea, with loss in weight, may be due entirely to an over-supply of perfectly good milk. Time and again I have relieved the above conditions by shortening the nursing period.

Trouble with the infant's digestion may be brought about by an over-rich milk. In such instances the fat of course is excessive. High fat in breast-milk is very apt to produce regurgitation and frequent, green, watery stools, causing straining and no little discomfort. The napkin is soiled with each nursing. Laboratory examinations are as necessary in over-rich milk as they are to learn of the milk deficiencies.

I wish the nursing mother to appreciate that all nursing troubles may be diagnosed accurately and when whatever error that may exist is known, then only, is one able to apply a remedy.

As mentioned in my contribution in the preceding number of this magazine, the infant should be put to the breast at regular intervals. There should be at least one free bowel evacuation daily. There should be plenty of fresh air. He should have one tub-bath daily. He should not be required to entertain various members of the family or guests. The so-called nervous child is produced that way.

IT MEANS much to the expectant mother to have the help of an understanding woman, herself a mother. Send for "The Friendly Mother," written by Helen Johnson Keyes and approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D., Head of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. Price of booklet, 10 cents. Address Mrs. Keyes, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



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This new preparation was perfected in the Bauer & Black laboratories, for 28 years specialists in filling doctors' needs. It is called B & B Baby Talc, and is based on the experience, in daily practice, of more than 100 baby doctors, dermatologists and heads of maternity hospitals.

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Natural

First Person Plural

[Continued from page 27]

"Be a good girl, let me off till another time. I haven't a minute, really." Mr. Smith hopped up and bowed low over Peggy's hand. "Good-by, Peg, the best of luck! Let me know how you come out with Charley Allingham."

"Oh, I will, Van dear! I will," the girl assured him tearfully.

And when he was gone, she sat for several minutes blinking at the card with eyes that couldn't see. But presently she winked away the clouds and scanned the engraved script on its obverse:

MR. VAN SUYDAM SMITH

RACQUET CLUB

Are Women Square In Love?

[Continued from page 10]

herself to three men at the same time, wearing their rings at intervals when they were about, and playing the unattached for adventurous purposes when they were not. It just happened that the three met at a dance given after a football game. They were all cutting in on one another's dances until one of them, angered by the presumption of the other two, informed them that he was Sue's fiancé. The effect may be imagined. They held a council of war and decided to descend upon her in a body, demanding explanations. And so they did—the following week-end. They met in her home city and called upon her. But she, the minx, nothing daunted, defied them. "How dare you," she stormed, "discuss me? You're not gentlemen. You can all have back your old rings and I don't ever want to see you again. The idea! What are men coming to when they can sit around and discuss their love affairs with one another?"

And then there is the adventurous woman—not the adventuress—but that arresting type which conquers without thought of the conquered. Such an one was Elsa, beautiful and alluring, and always with a circle of men about her. One of her subjects was a corporation clerk of small salary. Admiring Elsa from a distance, he remained remote because he knew that he could not keep up with the fashionable set in which Elsa moved.

She resented his aloofness, and she concentrated until he was helpless with the madness of his love. His courtship was a whirlwind affair of orchids, American Beauty roses, expensive confections, books, theatres, dinner and supper parties—none of which he could afford and all of which contributed to an overdraft of funds in his keeping. In a panic of realization he engaged passage for Honduras. But there was Elsa! He could not go without seeing her just once more. So he wrote her, asking for a rendezvous.

Elsa was disgusted with him for his weakness, but the thought of seeing him when he was supposed to be in flight, thrilled her. She met him by appointment at a quiet country inn where they had luncheon together.

A passing motorist recognized them and reported back. When Elsa was summoned to the office of the corporation, she was defiant and pleaded ignorance. They threatened her with arrest for connivance and—she told where he was. He is serving a long prison sentence. Elsa goes her way, pitied because of his weakness.

Deborah, seventy; Lucy, seven; Jane, forty; Laura, fourteen; Martha, thirty; Mary, thirteen—women are all alike when it comes to the exploitation of the male for vanity's sake.

It should not be so. And I do not think it always will be. Women, in the past, bound by old traditions of passivity and dominated by man whose sole privilege it was to pursue, was driven to subterfuge and to subtlety. If she were not she was open to all sorts of rivalry and to utter subjugation. Men, by the nature of old conventions, might pursue openly. Women were left with but one alternative to passivity—the methods of the trapper, who must snare in the dark and with enticing bait.

Things have changed considerably in the past ten or twenty years—and women's point of view is changing, too. The modern flapper, in spite of all that has been said about her, strikes a note of hope, for no matter how we decry it, she does play the game of life more as a man plays it. She has her flighty hours—and they are many—but she has a squareness and a desire to stand on her own feet that is to be applauded. Until all women learn to do this, the cry for equal opportunity is a privileged one and it can only be a makeshift to be used when convenient, to be discarded when old fears and old weaknesses bid us seek protection in old chivalries.



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Men Notice

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A KNIGHT IN JUNE

By Corinne Pauli



Rosebud Knight

she was the old red-haired Irish nurse of the Princess, and had taken care of her ever since she was a wee baby.

Then up spoke the American Beauty Rose. She wore a gorgeous tiara of dew drops on her head, and a long velvet train to her gown. She had lots of money. "Has a reward been offered for her recovery?" she asked.



Crimson Rambler

them, and broke their spears against his heavy coat of armor.

Back at the Palace tidings of the battle were received with tears, and the Queen Rose was in despair. La France Rose—her Lady in Waiting, who insisted on always wearing a Paris bonnet—was crying so hard that the trimming on her bonnet shook. The Queen's two little



Princess Moss Rose

get to the dragon's castle, set them on fire. Then rush up at him on your fiery charger and see what happens."

THE little World of Flowers presented a strange appearance. The neat hedges which marked the boundary lines in this flower world, instead of being smooth and shiny and green, were covered with flaming posters which announced in big red letters that the Princess Moss Rose was missing.

Ever since early in the morning Just-a-Rose had been putting up the bulletins, though goodness knows it wasn't necessary, for the whole World of Flowers knew about the Princess Moss Rose's disappearance ten minutes after it had happened. She was the only daughter of the Queen Rose, and the poor Queen was nearly distracted. No one knew for sure who had stolen the Princess, but every one suspected the Rose Garden's worst enemy, the old Dragon Rose Bug.

The Lightning Bug was the night watchman of the Rose Garden, and he had been at the Palace all day answering questions.

"Didn't you hear a strange noise in the night?" Yellow Rose asked him. She was?



Just a Rose

train-bearers hung their heads. The Chief Courtier, Jack Rose, was appealed to in vain. The knights who were fighting were the bravest and strongest in the Rose Garden. If they couldn't kill the Dragon Rose Bug, surely no one could!

Just then Wild Rose, who was a flighty little creature, always traveling around from place to place, and never staying where she belonged, spoke up. "Your Majesty, I have a cousin, the Rosebud Knight. He has not the experience of these older knights, but he is very wise, and for love of the Princess Moss Rose he would dare anything. May he go to the rescue of your daughter?"

The Queen was so distressed she said "Yes" right away, so Wild Rose hurried off to her cousin, the Rosebud Knight.

He had been in love with the Princess Moss Rose ever since he could remember. When Wild Rose told him the Queen had consented to his going to the Princess Moss Rose's rescue he was very happy. He called his fiery charger, the Field Mouse, and mounted on his back. He was all ready to



American Beauty Killarney Yellow Rose Lightning Bug

The Rosebud Knight thanked her and did just what she told him. When he got to the Castle he dashed right up to the Dragon, his spear blazing with fire, and before you could say



Rosebuds and Another Rose

Spanish beauty and the spangles on her yellow mantilla fairly quivered with excitement. She loved adventure.

"Faith, and are ye shure you weren't sleeping on your guard?" asked Killarney Rose, angrily, the tears streaming down her cheeks, for

No one had thought of that. So right away Another Rose and Rosebud rushed off to the Queen's apartment and told her about it. The Queen stopped wringing her hands just long enough to announce to the Court that she would give the hand of the Princess Moss Rose in marriage to the knight who rescued her.

When this news spread around the Rose Garden there was a great clatter of armor and sharpening of spears. A dozen of the bravest knights rode forth to the Castle of the Rose Bug to see if the Princess was there, and sure enough, way up on the topmost tower they saw the beautiful Princess, leaning over the parapet, imploring them to rescue her. But on guard below stood the Dragon Rose Bug.

One after another, the brave knights attacked him, but he only laughed at



The Knight on his Fiery Charger

start when little Wild Rose stopped him. She said, "Listen carefully, and do just what I tell you. In my travels around the world I learned that the only thing that will kill a Dragon Rose Bug is fire. Tie a bunch of twigs to your spear and when you

with his little ladder and the Rosebud Knight climbed to the topmost tower of the Castle and lifted the Princess Moss



Wild Rose

Rose in his arms. Down the ladder he came again, and mounting his fiery charger rode back to the Palace.

The Queen was so happy to see her daughter again she told the Rosebud Knight he could marry the Princess right away and come to live in the Palace. So Jack Rose threw aside his crimson cloak, put on a cassock and climbed into a pupit to marry them. And little Wild Rose was the bridesmaid because she had helped the Rosebud Knight to win the Princess.



Rosebud pages

Jack Rose La France The Queen



Before cutting out this page paste it on a sheet of light-weight cardboard, letting it dry under a heavy book. The tabs at each side of the landscape at the bottom should be 1 1/4 inches long, so that when they are bent back on the dotted lines it will stand upright. Nine pieces of cardboard

1 1/4 inches square should next be cut, with a slash 3/4-inch long through the center of each. Put the little pointed tabs on the flower children, through the slashes, and bend back on their dotted lines and they, too, will stand alone.



FINDINGS from THE FOOD WORKSHOP Of Teacher's College Columbia University



WE ARE a nation of ice-cream eaters. As children when we hear the bell on the ice-cream wagon we run out with our pennies to buy the small portion served on a paper plate or in a tiny cone. As we grow older we still pursue the ice-cream man—at ball games or at county fairs. Sometimes we find the old hokey-pokey man selling striped bricks of ice-cream and chanting:

"Hokey-pokey, five a cake!
Up the river and down the lake;
The more you eat the more we make—
Hokey-pokey, five a cake!"

In our more conventional moments we go to soda fountains or restaurants where we may order ice-cream with variations. But the home-made ice-cream should be the best of all.

The time when the making of ice-cream loomed as a huge undertaking is fast passing. Today with ice bag and mallet and freezers which do the work more quickly than did those of our childhood it takes no more time to make ice-cream than to prepare many of our other desserts.

There is an infinite number of frozen desserts. First of all there is ice-cream—either that made with the custard foundation or the cream sweetened and frozen, the so-called "Philadelphia." Starting with either of these as a basis, countless variations can be made by adding coffee, chocolate, caramel, fresh and candied fruits or nuts. We may even achieve the "plum-pudding ice-cream" made with chocolate, candied orange peel, raisins, nuts and spices.

Then come the glorified ice-creams, mousses, parfaits and biscuits. These are rich, being made with a basis of whipped cream. They are frozen without stirring, being placed in molds and sprinkled with browned almonds.

Simpler to make and less expensive are the delightfully cooling ices and sherbets and their cousins, the frappés. These are all made with a fruit-juice foundation. For the sherbet we combine a sugar-and-water sirup with the fruit juice and add a small amount of gelatin or fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, just before completing the freezing. A frappé is frozen less hard and is more granular because the gelatin or egg whites are omitted and the sugar is added to the water without making a cooked sirup. Then there are milk sherbets—just what the name implies—sherbets with milk substituted for the water.

ONE of the best things about an ice is its adaptability to the seasons. Whatever fruits are in the market can go into the ice, singly or mixed. But just as a punch made from a mixture of fruit juices is more intriguing than one from a single fruit, so an ice from several fruits has an elusive blended flavor. Juices from canned or stewed fruits or bits of jam and jelly can be used to advantage. In fact the ice can be made to utilize left-overs to just as great an extent as the overworked bread pudding.

Although good ingredients are an important part of frozen desserts the best ingredients can be spoiled by poor freezing. What we want to do in freezing ice-cream is to draw out the heat, and beat in air so that we have a smooth, fluffy, consistent mixture frozen until firm. In order to draw out the heat we pack the mixture in ice and salt. The salt is put in to melt the ice, because it is while the ice is melting that it absorbs the heat from the ice-cream mixture. We turn the ice-cream freezer so that the air may be beaten in while the cream freezes.

It is so easy just to guess at the amount of ice and salt to use in freezing,

that many people do not stop to measure. But "just guessing" cannot give the right proportions of ice and salt, and without these we cannot have ice-cream of the smoothest and best texture. It had long been thought that the proportion of three measures of ice to one of salt was a good proportion for freezing. But of late this has been questioned. Hence we chose this as a problem for the food workshop and after much investigation with freezers of all sizes from the one pint to the twenty-quart, we have decided that this is too high a proportion of salt. Salt costs more than ice and by using less salt we are not only saving money but getting a better ice-cream.

AFTER many trials of different proportions it was found that for the hand-turned freezer, eight measures of ice to one of salt gave the smoothest ice-cream. Everybody knows that when using the old-fashioned three-to-one rule we always found a great deal of salt left in the bottom of the freezer when it was emptied. This salt being heavier than the ice had slipped down underneath it and had not done its work of melting the ice.

With the proportions of eight-to-one we expect every bit of the salt to be used. Hence we fill the freezer one-third full of chopped ice before adding any salt, keeping track of the measure of ice we put in. We then sprinkle in one-eighth as much salt. We continue pack-

ing, putting in salt more frequently, but keeping the proportions of eight-to-one.

The ice-cream mixture should be cooled to 70 degrees Fahrenheit (about room temperature) before being put into the freezer. This lessens the time of turning and helps to prevent the formation of butter fat. Begin to turn the freezer as soon as the ice and salt are added so that the mixture will not freeze on the sides of the can. Turn the freezer rather slowly at first. Too rapid turning at the beginning may cause the cream to turn to butter. Save your energy until the cream begins to stiffen. Then turn quite rapidly in order to beat in air so that the ice-cream will be fluffy. It is common knowledge that ice-cream expands in freezing. We fill our can only two-thirds full so as to allow for this. One reason for this expansion is the beating in of air. This not only improves the texture of the ice-cream but it makes it more pleasant to eat because

it does not feel so cold as would a solid, airless lump of ice-cream. The question has often arisen as to how much air a manufacturer should beat into his product—how much "swell" he should obtain. Many of the best ice-cream factories have placed the limit at 35 to 40 per cent. expansion. If too much air is beaten in, gelatin or some similar substance must be added to give the ice-cream body and to keep it from melting.

In the food workshop we found that the proportion of eight parts of ice to one of salt gave us an expansion of about a third (33 per cent.); while the old proportion of three-to-one only gave an expansion of one-fourth (25 per cent.). Therefore this gives us the advantage of more servings of ice-cream, as well as a better texture and a slightly lowered cost of freezing.

After our cream is frozen it must be carefully packed. Drain off the water from the freezer. Take the dasher from the can and scrape down the ice-cream with a large spoon. A wise precaution against salty ice-cream is to put a piece of waxed paper over the top of the can, underneath the cover.

The proportions of ice and salt for packing depend on the length of time the cream is to remain packed before being served. If a great deal of salt is added the ice melts quickly and at the same time the ice-cream hardens quickly. Therefore if the ice-cream has only an

hour or two to stand, four parts of ice to one of salt is a good proportion to use. For a long time of standing, the proportion of six-to-one is better because the ice will melt less quickly. On a very hot summer day the amount of salt can be reduced because there will be a more rapid melting of ice. In any case it is wise to cover the freezer with newspapers, burlap bags or something of the sort to prevent the warm air from reaching it.

ICE-CREAM is so good that it is a satisfaction to know that it is also good for us. One of the best things about having it at home is that we are more likely to eat it with our meals than between meals.

On this page are recipes from which you can make your own variations for your home needs or for summer parties. The proportions of eight parts of ice to one of salt can be used for freezing ices and sherbets.

PLAIN VANILLA ICE-CREAM
Heavy cream, 1 pint Sugar, 1½ cups
Milk, 1 quart Eggs, 2
Flour 2 tablespoons Salt, ¼ teaspoon
Vanilla, 2 tablespoons

Mix together the flour, salt, sugar and beaten eggs.

Slowly add the milk which has been scalded and cook the mixture over hot water until slightly thickened. Stir during the cooking to prevent curdling.

Remove from fire; strain, cool. Add cream and vanilla. Freeze according to directions given above.

A richer ice-cream can be made by using more cream and less milk, as 3 cups of each.

PHILADELPHIA ICE-CREAM
Thin cream, 1½ quarts Vanilla, 2½ tablespoons
Sugar, 1¼ cups Salt, ¼ teaspoon

Mix these ingredients and freeze according to the directions given above.

FRENCH PECAN ICE-CREAM
Milk, 2 cups Hot water, ¾ cup
Sugar, 1 cup Egg yolks, 8
Salt, ¼ teaspoon Thin cream, 2-3 cups
Sugar for caramel, 1-3 cups Pecans, crisped in oven, 1 cup

Put the one-third cup of sugar for caramel into a saucepan and cook, stirring constantly, until it is melted and amber in color. Add the hot water and cook until the water and caramelized sugar are blended.

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Add slowly to slightly beaten egg yolks. Add caramel sirup, sugar and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring until a custard is formed.

Cool, add the cream, strain and add the pecans which have been crisped in the oven. They may be broken into pieces if desired but should not be chopped. Freeze according to directions given above.

MAPLE PARFAIT
Maple sirup, 1 cup
Egg yolks, 5
Heavy cream, 1 pint
Salt, ¼ teaspoon

Heat the maple sirup to just below the boiling point. Beat eggs slightly; continue beating while slowly adding the hot maple sirup. Cook over hot water, stirring until the mixture thickens. Strain and cool.

Whip the cream until stiff. Fold in the sirup mixture and salt.

Place in a chilled mold. Cover with waxed paper. Fit mold cover on tightly. Pack in a mixture of two parts of ice to one of salt and allow to stand for 3 hours.

COFFEE MOUSSE

Cream, 2 cups
Sugar, ¾ cup
Salt, ¼ teaspoon
Gelatin, 1 teaspoon
Water, 2 tablespoons
Clear black coffee, ½ cup (hot)

Soften the gelatin in the water and dissolve it in the hot coffee. Allow it to cool and when it becomes thickened like sirup, fold it into the whipped cream to which the sugar and salt have been added.

Turn into a chilled mold, cover and pack, using equal parts ice and salt. Allow the mixture to stand about three hours before serving.

FRUIT ICE
Fruit juice, 2 cups Sugar, 1½ or 2 cups
Lemon juice 2 table- Water, 1 quart
spoons

Make a sirup by boiling the sugar and water together for about 5 minutes. Cool.

Add the fruit juice. Strain. Freeze according to directions given above for ice-cream.

The amount of sugar to be added varies according to the fruit. If the fruit is sour use 2 cups. For a sweet fruit use less.

Taste the ice before freezing it. The sweetness should be greater than that desired for serving because the frozen dessert will taste less sweet. Lemon juice should be added to all fruits as it brings out their flavors.



Goody! Ice-cream often when mother makes it the modern way!

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

June's Alaska Surprise

(Something entirely new)

IN writing these "talks" I have tried not to use superfluous adjectives, but for this month's new dessert it seems there is nothing that will quite describe it except to tell you that it is the best and most unusual dessert of the season.

You will find it easy to make and the favorable comments that will be made when it is served (either when you are entertaining or as a treat for the family), will please you. Its appearance is unique and its flavor delicious. Here is the recipe:

ALASKA SURPRISE

CHOCOLATE MIXTURE

1 1/2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 quart milk Few grains salt
3 squares unsweetened chocolate 1 cup sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate, add sugar. Scald milk; add the soaked gelatine and when dissolved, the chocolate mixture and salt. Then add flavoring. Turn into melon mold, or square bread pan, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

CREAM FILLING

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1/3 cup sugar
1 pint heavy cream 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 cup scalded milk

Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes and dissolve in hot milk; then add sugar. Set bowl containing mixture in pan of cold water and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add cream, beaten until stiff, and flavoring.

When chocolate mixture is very firm, remove enough of the center to make room for the Cream Filling, leaving walls about three-fourths inch thick. Fill with the cream mixture and replace chocolate mixture over the top. Chill. Fruit may be molded in the cream filling if desired.

NOTE—Either one of the above recipes may be used as a dessert alone. Chocolate ice cream may be used in place of the chocolate mixture in which to mold the cream filling.

FREE

If you wish other recipes to serve when you entertain, as well as for every-day home meals, send for my free booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

108 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavoring. No lemons required.

The Cinderella Game

[Continued from page 14]

lighted window on the fifth floor of the hotel, it seemed a night made for romance.

Otto Brown was a barber. Startling as this revelation may sound—since you have seen him as a guest at an expensive hotel at French Springs—Otto Brown was a barber. Of course, the thing could never possibly have happened had it not been the year 1920. Otto Brown, in real life, had the second chair in the Hotel Seville barber shop, and because the Seville is Chicago's most ultra-ultra hotel, he had succeeded, during his twelve years of barbering, in amassing, from tips, wages and what not, a round sum of money.

In the shop he was known only as Otto: doubtful it is if three persons, aside from the employees, knew that he possessed another name; yet his clientele was large and fashionable.

Through all the years (though he had but recently turned thirty) Otto Brown had had but one ambition—to be a gentleman. A gentleman, that is, in the Chicago acceptance of the term, meaning a man who dresses for dinner each evening and can afford to keep a town car.

At one time in his tonsorial career it had been his wont to follow the seasons. That is, from January to April he would attach himself to the shop of some large hostelry in Palm Beach; from April to September he would ply his trade at Atlantic City, to the mountains for the autumn—or Pinehurst or California—and Chicago for two or three months around the holidays. In this way he managed to familiarize himself with practically every fashionable resort in America, and to know how the people who frequented them lived, dressed, talked and idled.

It was something of a liberal education. He had learned, for instance, to differentiate between the born gentleman and the self-made type. Real gentlemen, he knew, dressed, talked and acted quite differently from war profiteers or men who wore striped silk shirts and diamond rings and had "cleaned up" in oil. And it was upon the real gentlemen that he, both consciously and unconsciously, patterned his own manners and tone of voice.

In the spring he made his great decision. For months Otto had been planning in his mind a vacation. Not a summer vacation—such as the average barber would take, at a cheap resort on an inland lake—but a vacation de luxe. Thus it was that, late in March, he decided to spend three weeks at French Springs—as a gentleman.

On the details of the adventure the young man spent many hours of careful thought. Grateful he was that, years before, he had taken up the ancient and royal game of golf—for golf at a place like French Springs is utterly essential—and years of practice upon the municipal links of Chicago had made of him a fair player. Otto had always dressed well, and had, for a barber, a rather extensive wardrobe. Having, the season before, permitted himself the extravagance of a tweed golf suit, the only clothes that he needed to purchase were a Tuxedo, some white flannels and a pair of those funny white shoes with tan toes and heels. Never in his life had he owned a dinner-coat, but because he knew that it should be a first-class one he begrudged not the two hundred dollars that the tailor on the Avenue charged him.

This left only the matter of riding things. But it was the thought of riding that caused him more worry than anything else. French Springs, like many another spring-and-autumn resort, was more famous for its bridle-paths than for its mineral waters, and appearance there in riding clothes was quite as important to the daily program as dressing for dinner. But the barber of the Seville had a panicky aversion to horses. Yet he must have riding clothes, so he made a pilgrimage one evening to the north-side riding academy, and by dint of persuasion and money cajoled the proprietor into renting him a complete outfit, from crop to boots.

To be a gentleman for three weeks. . . . To rise from his white-tiled world of razors and shampoos and clippers. . . . To live like a millionaire . . . playing golf with the sort of people he had always shaved! What an adventure!

He wired the Corona Hotel to reserve a room, and in late April, having secured a leave of absence from the Seville barber shop, departed, with a high heart and a quantity of luggage, for French Springs.

On the very day that Otto Brown, gentleman, embarked upon his adventure, a sleek young man named Ed. Bickles, known to the police as Eddie the Dude, completed in Chicago a clever job of forgery. The amount involved was something over thirty thousand dollars, and before anyone could so much as raise an outcry, Eddie the Dude had disappeared.

As is customary in such cases, no trace of the fugitive was found, but it was the belief of those worthies who wear derby hats and thick-soled shoes and smoke cigars

[Turn to page 39]



This 5-piece Bridal Gift Set packed in attractive wedding box, only \$8.50

Prices in extreme West and South 10% higher

Here Comes the Bride—Give Her Viko

Every year a million young girls step over the threshold into a new life—the life of home-making. Few of them have had actual responsibility in buying. But most of them feel keenly the necessity of economy. Give them, then, for the wedding present or kitchen shower, gifts which will be useful and which will set a standard for their future buying. Give them kitchen utensils which are beautiful, durable and economical—give them VIKO, The Popular Aluminum.

For your convenience we have made a special assortment of the basic kitchen utensils used in every kitchen. This comes attractively packed in a special decorated gift box. The assortment is shown in the main illustration above. This set costs only \$8.50. It will provide a lasting reminder of your thoughtfulness. Prices for other sets range from \$4.00 up to whatever price you want to pay.

And if you, yourself, have never experienced the economy of using durable Viko Aluminum utensils, you will want to replenish your kitchen needs with these long-lasting, moderate-priced utensils. See your dealer now. Viko Booklet No. 5 gladly sent on request.

If your dealer cannot supply you send \$9 for set, parcel post prepaid

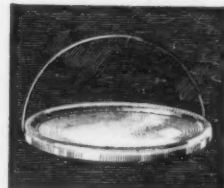
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

VIKO

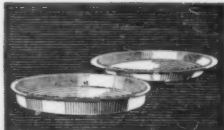
The Popular Aluminum



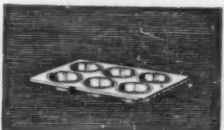
Viko Tubed Cake Pans—Colonial and plain styles. Bake uniformly. Priced from 70c to \$1.15



Viko Round Griddles—Two styles. Heat uniformly. Extra heavy metal. Priced from \$2.25 to \$3.00

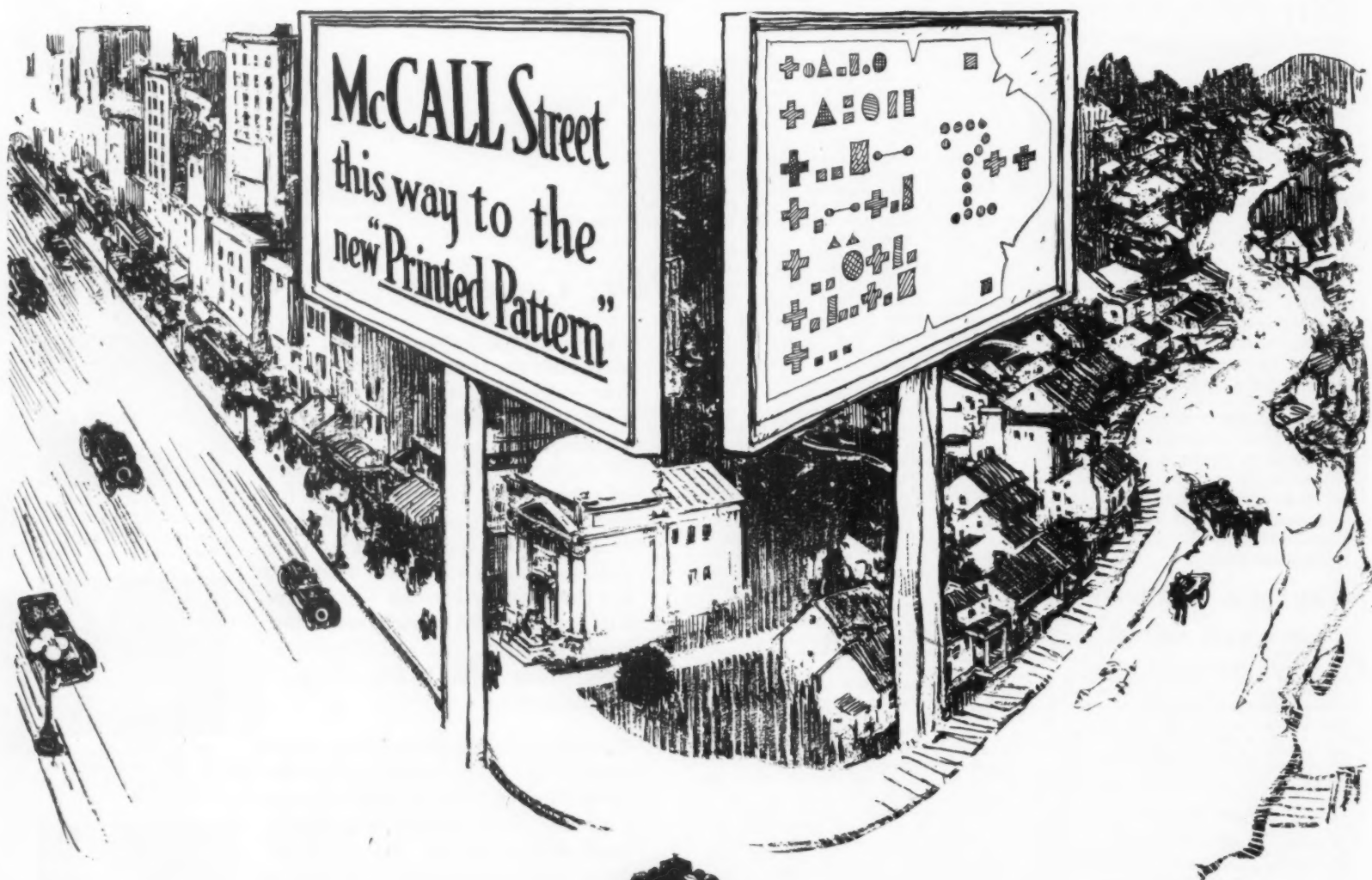


Viko Pie Plates and Jelly Cake Pans—Bake evenly. Food does not stick to sides. Pie Plates priced from 25c to 35c; Jelly Cake Pans from 25c to 30c



Viko Muffin Pans—Turn out muffins and popovers without sticking. Various sizes. Priced from 55c to \$1.20

Which Sign will You Follow?



WHAT motorist could or would follow road signs written in hieroglyphics?

Yet the women of America are compelled to tolerate just such absurdity every time they use the old-fashioned pattern with its needless maze of perforated triangles, crosses, notches, slots, squares, small circles, large circles, one, two and three T's, dotted lines, etc.

The New McCall Pattern—"it's printed"—revolutionizes home dressmaking by printing every



instruction plainly on the face of the pattern itself, thus eliminating all guesswork.

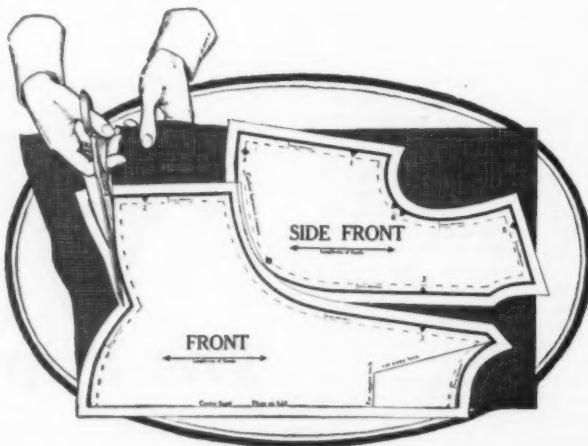
The simple, printed instructions, reinforced by the exclusive McCall "*Margin of Accuracy*," insure that every line of style placed in the pattern by the master designer *must* be minutely reproduced in the finished garment.

To save time, patience and material, and to be sure that the final result will be right, use *the pattern with the puzzle taken out*.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated hereunder in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
2604...	45	2608...	45	2612...	45	2616...	25
2605...	45	2609...	25	2613...	25	2617...	30
2606...	45	2610...	45	2614...	25	2618...	45
2607...	30	2611...	45	2615...	40	2619...	45



No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
2620...	45	2647...	45	2674...	30	2701...	40
2621...	45	2648...	45	2675...	40	2702...	45
2622...	40	2649...	40	2676...	45	2703...	30
2623...	30	2650...	45	2677...	30	2704...	25
2624...	25	2651...	45	2678...	40	2705...	25
2625...	45	2652...	45	2679...	45	2706...	30
2626...	30	2653...	30	2680...	45	2707...	45
2627...	30	2654...	45	2681...	40	2708...	45
2628...	30	2655...	30	2682...	40	2709...	25
2629...	45	2656...	30	2683...	45	2710...	45
2630...	25	2657...	45	2684...	30	2711...	45
2631...	45	2658...	30	2685...	35	2712...	30
2632...	45	2659...	25	2686...	45	2713...	45
2633...	30	2660...	25	2687...	30	2714...	45
2634...	30	2661...	45	2688...	45	2715...	45
2635...	25	2662...	40	2689...	25	2716...	45
2636...	25	2663...	45	2690...	30	2717...	45
2637...	30	2664...	25	2691...	40	2718...	45
2638...	45	2665...	45	2692...	45	2719...	45
2639...	45	2666...	45	2693...	45	2720...	45
2640...	30	2667...	45	2694...	25	2721...	30
2641...	25	2668...	40	2695...	25	2722...	30
2642...	25	2669...	45	2696...	30	2723...	25
2643...	25	2670...	30	2697...	45	2724...	25
2644...	25	2671...	40	2698...	45	2725...	45
2645...	30	2672...	30	2699...	45	2726...	30
2646...	45	2673...	40	2700...	25	2727...	45

THE NEW McCALL PATTERN—"IT'S PRINTED"

The Cinderella Game

[Continued from page 37]

around Police Headquarters that he had headed down into Indiana. Perhaps the departure of Otto Brown and Eddie the Dude from Chicago on the same day was a *coup d'état* of old Mrs. Destiny. Perhaps it was but an antic of her son the queer little god Coincidence. Who can say?

II

EXISTENCE at French Springs was, for Otto Brown, a gay-patterned tapestry of pleasure. Each evening as he dressed for dinner and sauntered, with perfect *savoir-faire* down the glittering lobby of the Corona Hotel, he felt himself potentially a prince of the realm. Mid-western millionaires and their wives and daughters, who knew him merely as Mr. Brown, a pleasant—and supposedly wealthy—young man from Chicago, smiled upon him almost with deference. And Otto Brown was happier than he had ever been in his life.

By day he idled on the broad, sunny veranda of the hotel, or played golf; by night he fox-trotted with the daughters of the rich. The only awkwardness that marred the life came in connection with the hotel barber shop. Each time he passed its open door and scented the hair tonics and heard the gurgle of the electric massage machines and the crisp voices of the barbers saying, "Next gentleman!" he experienced a distinct sensation of uneasiness.

But taking the adventure all in all, he was getting away with it splendidly. When the guests at the Corona descended to the lobby each morning they discovered Mr. Brown in riding clothes. He had, he said, risen early for a canter. Sometimes he would sit around in equestrian attire all morning, slapping his boots with his crop, and talking enthusiastically of the joys of the bridge-path—but he had always just returned from a ride; no one ever saw him actually on a horse.

Then toward the end of the first week Gloria Lee arrived, and straightway Otto lost his heart. It is only fair to state that he lost it upon gazing for the first time at the beauty of her fair hair and her blue eyes and her superb figure—before anyone hinted that she was an heiress.

That night there was a "hop" in the hotel ballroom, and he was duly presented to her, and, without a thought of consequences, fell instantly and completely in love. Never had he been privileged to know such a girl! Her soft, southern voice, he told himself dazedly, was music—and when she smiled—

Gloria Lee, it must be admitted, did not discourage his interest in her; and though for the first three days every man in the place raced in pursuit of her, after a week the field had narrowed down to two: Mr. Otto Brown, supposedly wealthy young man from Chicago, and Mr. Felix Piggensticker, who was a wealthy young man—from Kalamazoo.

Felix Piggensticker was tall and blond and goodlooking. He was an excellent horseman (and in this he outpointed Otto, for Gloria Lee loved horses and rode magnificently), but he was also a blatant egotist. Before Gloria he managed always to appear the perfect suitor. And this, in itself, is an art.

One morning as Otto was standing on the hotel veranda with Mrs. Bumble and her daughter Annabelle, Piggensticker and Gloria rode up together, flushed from their canter, looking for all the world like a healthy young god and goddess.

"My!" said Mrs. Bumble maliciously. "Aren't they a handsome couple?"

What Otto lost in not riding with Gloria he made up at golf. She had never played golf, and he was teaching her; and the two of them were spending, each day, an inordinately long time on the course. This was Otto's inning, for Felix Piggensticker's golf was atrocious.

So for a week Gloria played about with each of them in turn, and seemed unable to make up her mind. Sometimes she preferred Otto, sometimes Piggensticker, and the affair attracted great interest among the guests of the Corona Hotel.

Felix's attitude toward Otto was intended to be disconcerting. Whenever they were face to face he treated him as an inferior, and once, in the presence of Gloria and some others, Felix contemptuously asked what business Mr. Brown was in—Chicago. Otto, of course, had schooled himself for emergencies of this sort, and replied promptly that he was in the steel business, feeling that this was no grave untruth since the tools in his profession were made of steel.

Where, the man from Kalamazoo then demanded, was Mr. Brown's office? Being prepared for this, too, Otto carelessly named the largest office building in the city. He had an unpleasant intuition that Piggensticker suspected him; and when, a second later, Piggensticker asked what floor his office was on, our barber knew that war had been declared.

"If you," he said coldly, "are so anxious to know about my affairs, why don't you go up to my office sometime and make a thorough inquiry."

It was a bold stroke, of course, but temporarily victory was his.

Thus far the barber of the Seville had played in amazing luck. There were fortunately no Chicago people at French Springs; and by following in the newspapers each day the movements of Chicago society, he was able to assure himself that none were on the way. In a way, there was something of the zest of adventure about this masquerading as a gentleman. For, should the papers herald the arrival of some notable from the Sooty City, it would be up to Otto to pack his bags and flee.

And yet tonight, as he paced the dewy lawn under the moon and waited for Gloria Lee, he told himself that it would be impossible to leave French Springs while she was there—impossible even though exposure were threatened. For he was in love now—hopelessly, head-over-heels in love. All his life had he dreamed of the love of a great lady, and something in his heart seemed to tell him that, incredible as it might sound, the great lady from Virginia did love him. Gloria Lee, the heiress, loved Otto Brown, the barber. Though of course she didn't have any idea that he was a barber!

A moment later he was aware that a shadow had fallen across the carpet of moonlight on the lawn. . . . Then she was coming toward him through the velvet shadows under the trees. . . .

"What a marvelous night!"

Otto Brown, the lover, bent over her two hands and kissed them. Then he looked deep into her eyes. "This night," he said, "was made for you—and me." Of a truth, our barber should have dwelt in the romantic days of plumed hats and rapiers! Gloria Lee gazed wistfully at the moon.

"What," he asked, clinging to one of her hands, "are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking," mused the girl dreamily, "how perfectly happy I am. . . ."

'Twere a breach of good taste, really, to spy upon our barber in his love-making, so suffice it to say that ere the new moon had slipped down behind the scraggly elm, Gloria Lee was in his arms and he was telling her breathlessly that he had loved her from the first moment he saw her; and she, with her eyes closed and her parted lips close to his, waited to be kissed again.

Some time later they strolled, hand in hand, back to the hotel to the ballroom, where they danced every remaining dance together. This fact, coupled with the radiance of their smiles, set every tongue in the place wagging; and it was definitely decided that the Lee girl and young Brown were engaged.

WHILE this highly agreeable little interlude was being played out under the moon, Felix Piggensticker sat nursing his bitterness in a corner of the lobby, smoking innumerable cigarettes. For, having seen Gloria walk out alone to meet his rival, small wonder that Mr. Piggensticker felt upset. In his heart a great wrath was simmering. He had a distant feeling of having loved and lost.

A girl from the telephone desk crossed the marble floor and handed old Gubb, the night-clerk, a yellow telegram.

A moment later old Gubb ran a plump hand over his bald head and readjusted his glasses nervously. Then he put down the telegram and glanced hastily about the lobby. Daggett, the house detective, was leaning idly against a marble pillar. Gubb signalled frantically, and Daggett tipped his soft hat over one eye and sauntered leisurely across to the desk.

Felix Piggensticker could not, from where he sat, hear what the night-clerk said to Daggett, but he saw Daggett take up the telegram, read it, cock his hat over the other eye, and read it again. Whereupon Felix rose and approached the desk.

"What's up?" he asked.

Old Gubb, who was ever deferential to wealth, bowed.

"A telegram, Mr. Piggensticker," he replied, "from the chief of police in Chicago. It seems that a crook named Ed. Bickels—Eddie the Dude—is probably here. It appears he's in the habit of stopping at good hotels, posing as a gentleman."

"Let's see the telegram," suggested Felix. Daggett handed it to him.

"Description: average height, well-dressed, weight about hundred fifty, black hair, gray eyes, regular features." As he finished reading, a thought struck Felix like a flaring rocket. His hands holding the telegram fairly shook.

"Why," cried Piggensticker, his voice trembling with excitement, "don't you know? Who answers the description?"

[Turn to page 40]

How I Kept My Married Life From Being A Tragedy

The intimate, personal story of a woman who solved one of the most perplexing "after-marriage" problems.

By MRS. M—— C——

THE other day I attended the wedding of two young friends of mine—a sweet, winsome girl of 18 and a boy (he was hardly more) of 20.

"They were very happy—one could see that in their laughing, eager faces."

"Yet as they went away, amid the usual shower of rice and confetti, I wondered how long it would last."

"At the end of five years—what then? Would they still be the same eager sweethearts? Or would they have settled down into the rut which is the grave of so many gay young dreams? Frankly—I didn't know."

"For somehow, my thoughts went back to the day—just seven years before—when Jack and I said goodbye amid the same shower of rice and confetti and started out on our Great Adventure."

"We were gloriously happy, too, but our married life came so near being a tragedy that I am going to tell about it here in the hope that my experience may be of some help to other women just like myself."

"The first six months were like a wonderful dream. Jack wasn't earning a large salary, but he had saved a few hundred dollars before our marriage—we were young—we rather imagined the future would take care of itself."

"But futures don't do that any more. And inevitably—a few months later—came our first quarrel. It started, as most quarrels do, over money."

"My trousseau had been fairly complete, but it was beginning to show signs of wear. What was I to do? I couldn't sew. I didn't have any money of my own. So one night I asked Jack for \$40 to buy a new dress."

"Forty dollars!" he exclaimed. "For one dress! You know I can't afford that. Can't you make one of your old ones do another season?"

"I—I saw a lovely dress down at Morton's today, and I'd like to get it," I said, the tears springing to my eyes. "But if you say we can't afford it, why, we can't, that's all."

"Then Jack said something about my being extravagant and I said something about the smallness of his salary, and by the time we were through we were both feeling miserable and tired of it all. But I didn't get the dress."

"So that season and the next and the next I skimmed along, making old things do, or purchasing some cheap, ill-fitting dress at the store. But it was a mistake—an almost tragic mistake. Because I don't care what the poets say—no man is going to continue to love a woman with the same old fervor of the sweetheart days unless she keeps herself attractive."

"It took me nearly two years to find it out. Two long years and there were a good many nights when I cried myself to sleep worrying about it. For I could feel that Jack and I were getting farther and farther apart—that sometimes, when friends came, he was more than half ashamed of me. And that hurt worst of all."

"Then one day I read of a woman just like myself who had learned at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make pretty, becoming clothes. And I saw with startling clearness that here might be the solution of my own clothes problem—that if I could really learn dressmaking and millinery at home it would be easy to get the pretty things I needed so badly. For the cost would be small if I had to pay only for materials."

"So I sat right down and wrote the Woman's Institute for full particulars. And when I read that the Institute has 140,000 students, I knew that if all these other girls and women could learn dressmaking and millinery at home that I could learn too. So I enrolled."

"I thought there might be some tedious preliminaries or long weeks of practice work. But there weren't. I started right in making actual garments."

"Jack knew I was working on the lessons. But I didn't say anything to him about my rapid progress. The big surprise came the evening he brought some business friends home for dinner. Other times I might have dreaded such an occasion. But not now. It was the opportunity for which I had been waiting. You should have seen Jack's face when I came into the room in my new dress. And the pride in his voice as he introduced me to the men! I wouldn't ex-



"You've come back, Mary," he said slowly. "You've come back—the Mary of the sweetheart days. You've never looked so wonderful as you do tonight!"

change that moment for a thousand dollars.

"And that night, after our guests had gone, Jack put his hands on my shoulders. 'You've come back, Mary,' he said slowly. 'You've come back—the Mary of the sweetheart days. You've never looked so wonderful as you do tonight.'"

"So, you see—clothes do make a difference."

"Soon the neighbors began noticing my clothes and asking who made them. And when I told them I was making them myself, they just couldn't believe it."

"Then a happy thought came to me. If I could make such pretty, becoming dresses for myself at such great savings, why not make them for other people, too, and thus add something to the family income? It certainly seemed like a good idea, so I determined to try, anyway."

"And do you know, it seemed as if every woman I knew wanted me to make her dresses."

"In the last six months I have earned more than \$300 in my spare time, in addition to making all my own clothes and those for the baby."

"When I think how different everything might be if I hadn't enrolled with the Woman's Institute just when I did—do you wonder that I want to tell you about my experience?"

WHAT Mrs. M—— C—— did, you can do too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. For among the 140,000 members of the Woman's Institute are housewives, mothers, business women, school teachers, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking and millinery at home as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

THE Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-F, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing so much happiness to women and girls all over the world.



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Dept. 3-F, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....
Advertisement.



The Purest and Best ROOTBEER is made from

One 25c package makes 80 glasses

Just get a package of Hires Household Extract from your dealer—mix it with sugar, water and yeast according to the directions on the package—bottle with tight corks or use Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers. It's the easiest drink in the world to make and the most refreshing you ever tasted.

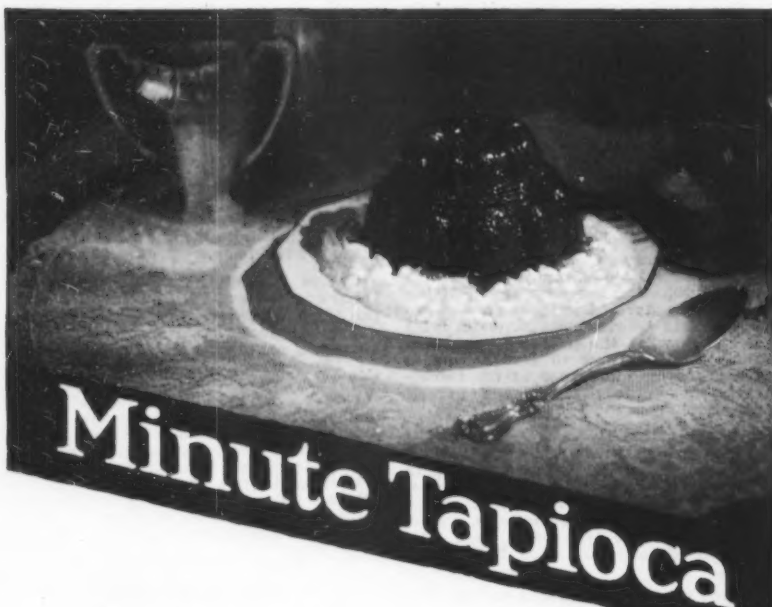
Ask for HIRES HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents and we will send, postpaid, package direct. Or send \$2.80 for carton of one dozen.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
211 S. Twenty-fourth Street PHILADELPHIA

Ask for Hires at the fountain, or buy it carbonated in bottles ready to drink, from your dealer.

CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, Limited, Toronto, Canada



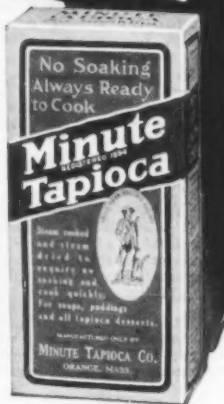
An all-year Dessert

Chocolate Minute Tapioca

ADD $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Minute Tapioca, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, to 3 cups hot chocolate or cocoa, made proper strength for drinking. Boil in double boiler 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from fire, flavor with vanilla. Serve cold with sugar and cream. If a thinner consistency is desired, 4 cups of hot chocolate or cocoa may be used.

Serve Minute Tapioca often. It is made of purest tapioca flour, thoroughly steam-cooked under ideal factory conditions. It has a delicate flavor and is easily digested. It requires no soaking. Cooks thoroughly in 15 minutes. Always sold in the red package with the blue band. Send for free Minute Cook Book and folder of new receipts.

Minute Tapioca Co., 106 Jefferson Street, Orange, Mass.
Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca



The Cinderella Game

[Continued from page 39]

Brown, of course—this fellow who calls himself Brown!

"Brown?" echoed old Gubb.

"Brown!" gruffed the house detective.

"Why, certainly! Can't you see it? The whole thing's as plain as day. I knew there was something queer about that bird from the first!" And lowering his voice, our barber's rival proceeded to make known his suspicions.

"Otto Brown's your man," he announced almost jovially; "there's no doubt about it!"

The house detective shifted his hat over the other eye and tried to look very professional indeed. Old Gubb looked worried.

"But Mr. Brown," he protested feebly, "always seemed like such a nice fellow—gentlemanly and—"

"Gentlemanly!" cried Pigginsticker. "Of course! That's his game—that's how he swindles people! Take my advice and arrest him tonight."

The night-clerk's faded blue eyes were troubled. He liked Mr. Brown. "But you must have some proof," he objected. "You couldn't arrest a guest without some proof."

"Hold 'im on s'picion," growled Daggett. He liked the idea of making arrests. This one would undoubtedly prove a sensation, and if the man were Eddie the Dude, what a feather in his hat! "Yep," he nodded, "we c'd hold 'im on s'picion."

"But," protested old Gubb, "if it's a mistake—"

Pigginsticker would have liked, of course, to see his rival arrested that very night—but caution told him it were better to have a complete case against Otto Brown. "See here," he went on, tapping the desk with his finger, "I can wire my Chicago agent tonight to look Brown up. There'll be an answer the first thing in the morning—and you can pinch him then."

When Gloria descended for breakfast the next morning, Otto, attired as usual in riding things, rose from a chair to greet her, a great love shining in his eyes. For an instant they surveyed each other, half critically, as lovers have from time immemorial on the morning after the declaration of their love. It was as if they had grown new selves the night before, and these new selves were seeing each other for the first time in the light of day. Then Gloria lowered her eyes, and, there being no one about, Otto bent swiftly over her hands and kissed them.

"You've no idea," he said huskily, "how wonderful you are."

"I have, though," replied Gloria, "a very good idea how wonderful you are!"

It was one of those fine points which young people who have loved each other not over a week delight in arguing.

"I wonder—I wonder if you know how much I love you?"

Gloria Lee raised her eyes swiftly to his, and the expression he saw in them must have been extremely gratifying to him.

"I want to be finding that out," she said softly, "all my life." She broke off suddenly. Several people were approaching, Daggett, the house detective, in the lead, and Felix Pigginsticker and Mrs. Bumble and others.

Otto Brown turned to face them, and as he discovered that he was still holding Gloria's hand, released it with a slight flush of embarrassment. Daggett the sleuth halted directly in front of him.

"Ed. Bickels," he announced dramatically, "I arrest you in the name of the law."

"Ed. Bickels?" repeated Otto, stepping back a pace. "What is this, a practical joke?"

"You'll see whether it's a joke or not," replied the house detective grimly. "Get your hat an' come with me."

"But I don't understand. My name is Brown."

"Yeh. The police got your number all right, Mr. Eddie the Dude—an' you're comin' with me."

"What does he mean?" It was a frightened cry from Gloria.

Otto turned to her, and as he was about to speak, Pigginsticker's voice broke in.

"Gloria," he said harshly, "I'm sorry—but this man you believe to be Otto Brown is known to the police as Eddie the Dude, and he's wanted in Chicago for a neat little job of forgery."

"You lie," said Otto in a hard, strained voice.

"I do, hey? Then read this!" Pigginsticker's eyes glittered unpleasantly, and he thrust forward a telegram. "I suspected you from the first—when you told me you were in the steel business and had an office in the Babylon Building. So last night I wired my Chicago agent to look you up, and here's his reply: 'No such person in Babylon Building nor in Chicago Business Directory.' There!" he cried triumphantly. "Now what have you got to say?"

Otto's face had gone pale, and his fists were clenched tightly. He longed to strike this man a smashing blow, yet some calm

[Turn to page 46]



The Best Parker House Rolls are made in your own kitchen

When Parker House Rolls are made just right—the "Rumford" kind—light as snow-flakes, with thin, dainty crust, with the fold-over ready to open itself—they melt in your mouth.

Such Parker House Rolls can only be made at home. The kind you buy are not of that exquisite texture, taste and wholesomeness.

WHY NOT make them at home?

Of course it's an art. But if you follow the "Rumford way" it's an easy art to learn, and it pays in home happiness and health. The nutritious phosphates in Rumford make the food most wholesome and digestible.

TRY THE RUMFORD WAY.

The "Rumford way" means the use of Rumford Baking Powder—the Wonderful Leavener.

Try this Recipe for Parker House Rolls:

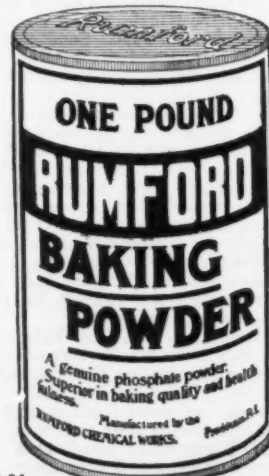
(All measurements are level.)

2 cups flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt;
4 teaspoons $\frac{2}{3}$ tablespoons
Rumford; shortening;
2 teaspoons sugar; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.

Sift well together the flour, salt and baking powder; rub in the shortening as lightly as possible with the fingers, just working it until the fat is blended well with the flour. Then mix to a very soft dough with the milk, or milk and water, as cold as possible. Roll to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness, cut out with round or oval cutter, and crease in center with handle of a case knife first dipped in flour. Brush one-half with melted butter and fold over. Put in pan, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch apart. Bake in quick oven 15 minutes.

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THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU



Cooking For Just Two

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

NEARLY every housekeeper commences her cooking for "just two." It is not only the bride who cooks for two. The bachelor girls who keep house together, the professional women, the endless number of students who are trying to make ends meet—all these need simplified housekeeping and recipes which guide them in cooking just enough for two.

So many canned and partially cooked foods are in the market that with the electric grill, the alcohol lamp under the chafing-dish, the one-burner gas or oil stove and the portable oven, housekeeping is easy, and the luxury of a kitchenette makes one indeed fortunate.

With a double boiler, a small open kettle and one or two baking-pans much can be done. A one-egg egg-beater is a helpful part of the equipment, and small molds and ramekins help one in serving food attractively.

The real problem is the recipe. It is difficult to cut down a large one. Especially the inexperienced housewife is often much in doubt as to just how to do this.

The following recipes have been tested. Each will make a dish just large enough to serve two persons, but if unexpected guests arrive quantities may be increased.

BAKING-POWDER BISCUIT

1 cup flour 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking-powder 1 tablespoon fat
1-3 cup milk

Sift the baking-powder, salt and flour together; cut in the fat and add the milk and drop by rounding teaspoonfuls on to a baking-pan. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit). This will make eight biscuits.

POPOVERS

1 egg 1 cup flour
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup milk

Beat the egg with a Dover egg-beater; add the salt; beat in the milk, then the flour. Pour into well-greased popover cups and bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen minutes or until the mixture has popped; then reduce the temperature and bake three-quarters of an hour longer. This will make six popovers.

COFFEE

1/4 cup coffee ground moderately fine
2 cups of water

Mix the coffee and water, saving out one-quarter cup of water. Bring slowly to the boiling point; boil 3 minutes. Remove from the fire and add the one-quarter cup of water to settle and let the pot stand where it will keep very hot (but not boil) for five minutes. Pour off slowly.

COCOA

1 1/2 tablespoons cocoa 1/2 cup water
3 teaspoons sugar 1 cup milk

Mix the sugar and cocoa; add the water slowly and cook until the mixture boils three minutes; add the milk and bring to the boiling point or pour the cocoa into milk which has been scalded. Let it stand in the top of a double boiler for five or more minutes. Beat and serve.

POTATO SOUP

(Made from mashed potatoes)

1 cup milk 1/4 cup mashed potato
1 slice onion Salt and pepper
1/4 teaspoon minced parsley

Scald the milk with the onion; remove the onion; stir in the potato; let come to the boiling point. Sprinkle in the parsley and serve.



CREAM-OF-PEA SOUP

1 cup canned or fresh cooked peas
1 cup water
1 slice onion
1 teaspoon sugar

Cook together until the peas are soft; press through a strainer, saving all the liquid. Make a white sauce of the following:

1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon fat
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper

Add the peas to this white sauce. Serve with croutons or crackers.

PLAIN CAKE

2 tablespoons fat
3-8 cup of sugar
1 egg
1/4 cup milk
1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder
1/2 teaspoon flavoring

Cream the fat; add the sugar slowly; beat the yolk of the egg and add it to the first mixture. Sift the flour and baking-powder and add it to the mixture alternately with milk; add the flavor. Beat the white of the egg and cut

and fold it in. Bake in a moderate oven (380 degrees Fahrenheit) about twenty minutes.

SPONGE-CAKE

1 egg 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
2-3 tablespoons sugar 1/4 teaspoon grated
2-3 tablespoons flour lemon rind

Beat the yolk until lemon colored; add the sugar, gradually beating all the time. Add the lemon juice and rind. Add the flour, and then beat the white of the egg stiff and cut and fold it in. Bake in a slow oven (300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) about twenty minutes.

LEMON JELLY

3 teaspoons gelatin 1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup cold water 1/4 cup lemon juice
1 cup boiling water

Soak the gelatin in the cold water add the boiling water, the sugar and lemon juice. Strain and set to harden.

COFFEE CREAM

2 teaspoons gelatin 1/2 cup cream
1/4 cup cold water 1/4 cup strong coffee
4 tablespoons sugar

Soak the gelatin in cold water. Scald the cream; add the sugar and coffee. Pour this over the gelatin while very hot. Strain and set to harden.

MEAT OR FISH LOAF

1/2 cup minced meat or fish 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup crumbs 1/2 teaspoon minced
1 egg 1/2 teaspoon parsley
1/2 tablespoon lemon juice 1/4 cup milk

Mix all together and pack into two buttered molds. Steam or bake in a pan of hot water until firm.

FISH BALLS

1 cup potatoes cut in small pieces 1 teaspoon butter
1/2 cup salt fish pulled into small pieces 1/2 egg
Pepper

Cook the fish and potatoes, in enough boiling water to cover them, until the potatoes are soft; drain very dry. Add the butter, egg and seasoning. Drop by spoonfuls into hot deep fat and fry.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

1 tablespoon fat 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour 1/2 cup cheese grated or
1/2 cup milk cut very fine
1 egg Tiny bit cayenne

Make a white sauce of the first three ingredients. Remove from fire. While the mixture is hot, add the cheese and the yolk of the egg, well beaten. Beat the white of the egg stiff and cut and fold it in. Turn into a buttered mold; cook in a moderate oven until firm.

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The Patented KEROGAS Burner vaporizes common kerosene or coal oil and burns 400 gallons of air to every gallon of oil consumed, which makes it very clean and economical.

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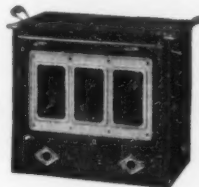
Ask your dealer to show you an oil stove with the Patented KEROGAS Burner. It's worth looking at.

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Standard equipment on the better makes of oil stoves



Now there's a KEROGAS Oven, too. See one at your dealer's



Look for this mark on the oil stove burner



DEALERS:
The best jobbers now supply various brands of excellent oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners



Oh boy! another kind of ice-cream tonight!

"DICK! Mother wants you."

"To freeze the ice cream? What kind are we going to have?"

"Something new. Guess!"

"Oh, you don't have to tell. Anything we'd have is great. Between Mother and me and the Alaska—it'll be some ice cream."

Fig Ice Cream

Mix 1 1/2 cups of mashed preserved figs with 1 pint of milk and add 1 tablespoon of orange juice and 5 tablespoons lemon juice. Freeze to a mush and add a pint of heavy cream beaten stiff. Then finish freezing. (If fresh figs are used sugar to taste must be added.)

Write for a complete recipe book, addressing THE ALASKA FREEZER CO. Winchendon, Mass.

THE **ALASKA** FREEZER



Also makers of the Alaska North Pole All-metal Freezer.



Watch Each Day for Signs of Gray

"Have faith in your mirror, though you doubt all other friends." Lillian Russell

Let your mirror tell you the truth about your looks. Be daily vigilant for signs of age or failing beauty. Beautiful hair is your greatest charm. Well-kept, becomingly-dressed, harmoniously-colored hair should be every woman's chief desire. Gray hair, even on a young head, means age to the unthinking majority. Banish the first gray lock with "Brownatone." Faded, streaked, bleached, or discolored hair nullifies facial beauty. Tint it to

natural colors with "Brownatone." Apply it at home, quickly, easily and safely. "Brownatone" is greaseless and odorless, will not rub off or wash out. Guaranteed harmless to hair growth or skin. Sold at drug and toilet counters all over the United States and Canada. Two colors, shading from "Golden to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—50c and \$1.50. Sample bottle sent direct for 10c to cover cost of postage and packing.

BROWNATONE

Use NaTone Lemonated Shampoo to improve the natural gloss and fluffiness of your hair. At drugists or direct, Large Bottle 50 cents.

The Kenton Pharmacal Company

796 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky. Canada Address, Windsor, Ont.

Brownatone has been used extensively for many years. You are not experimenting when you use it.

The Place of Pines

[Continued from page 9]

Steam rose from puttee and heavy shoe and from the sodden woolen breeches. Warmth slowly penetrated. There was little smoke; the big dry branches were dead and bleached and he let the fire eat into them without using his axe.

Once or twice he sighed as though the content of well-being were permeating him. Later he ate and drank languidly, looking up at the stars, speculating as to the possible presence of Mike Clinch up there.

"Ah, the dirty thief," he murmured; "nevertheless a man."

Then, uneasy, he drew out the morocco case and gazed at the two trays full of gems.

The jewels blazed in the firelight. He touched them, moved them about, picked up several and examined them, testing the unset edges against his under lip as an expert tests jade.

But he couldn't tell; there was no knowing. He replaced them, closed the case, pocketed it. When he had a chance he could try boiling water for one sort of trick. He could scratch one or two.

Quintana rested both elbows on his knees and framed his dark face between both bony hands. What a chase Clinch had led him after the Flaming Jewel! And now Clinch lay dead in the forest—faintly smiling. At what?

In a very low, passionless voice, Quintana cursed monotonously as he gazed into the fire. In Spanish, French, Portuguese, Italian, he cursed Clinch. After a little while he remembered Clinch's daughter, and he cursed her, elaborately, thoroughly, wishing her black mischance awake and asleep, living or dead.

Darragh, too, he remembered in his curses, and did not slight him. And the trooper, Stormont—ah, he should have killed all of them when he had the chance. . . . And those two Baltic Russians, also, the girl duchess and her friend. Why on earth hadn't he made a clean job of it? Overcaution. A wary disinclination to stir up civilization by needless murder. But after all, old maxims, old beliefs, old truths are the best, God knows. The dead don't talk! And that's the wisest wisdom of all, he decided.

Presently Quintana slept after his own fashion—that is to say, looking closely at him one could discover a glimmer under his lowered eyelids. And he listened always in that kind of sleep. As though a shadowy part of him were detached from his body, and mounted guard over it. So he slept with wet feet to the fire and his rifle across his knees; and dreamed of Eve and of murder, and that the Flaming Jewel was but a mass of glass.

At that moment the girl of whose white throat Quintana was dreaming as he whined faintly at times in his dreams, stood alone outside Clinch's Dump, rifle in hand, listening, fighting the creeping dread that touched her slender body at times—seemed to touch her very heart with frost.

Clinch's men had gone on to Ghost Lake with their wounded and dead, where there was fitter shelter for both. All had gone on; nobody remained to await Clinch's home-coming except Eve Strayer.

An odd, unusual dread weighted her heart—something in emotions that she never before had experienced in time of danger. In it there was the deathly unease of premonition. But of what it was born she did not understand—perhaps of the strain of dangers passed—of the shock of discovery concerning Smith's identity with Darragh—Darragh!—the hated kinsman of Harrod the abhorred.

Fiercely she wondered how much her lover knew about this miserable masquerade. Was Stormont involved in this deception—Stormont, the object of her first girl's passion—Stormont, for whom she would have died? Wretched, perplexed, fiercely enraged at Darragh, deadly anxious concerning Clinch, she had gone about cooking supper.

The supper, kept warm on the range, still awaited the man who had no more need of meat and drink.

It was not yet dawn, but the girl could endure the strain no longer.

With electric torch and rifle she started for the forest, almost running at first; then, among the first trees, moving with caution and in silence along the trail over which Clinch should long since have journeyed homeward.

In soft places, when she ventured to flash her torch, foot-prints cast curious shadows, and it was hard to make out tracks so oddly distorted by the light. Prints mingled and partly obliterated other prints. She identified her own tracks leading south, and guessed at the others, pointing north and south, where they had carried in the wounded and had gone back to bring in the dead.

But nowhere could she discover any impression resembling her step-father's—that great, firm stride and solid imprint

[Turn to page 48]



Madame Berthe's Destroys Superfluous Hair and Roots

Massage and Cleansing Cream, cannot promote hair growth. 60c
Antiseptic Talc. Delightfully fragrant. 25c
Antiseptic Solution. 25c
Emollient Balm. For the hands and face, softens the skin. Excellent for sunburn and as a base for powder. 50c
Lash-Life. Cleanses lashes and makes them long and lustrous. 50c



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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the dermalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (beautifier) 95c

Powdered Saxolite (for wrinkles) 75c

Phelactine (hair remover) 81

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All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will mar your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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A Mysterious Something—

KNOWN only to the ladies of a certain noble family of Florentine days was a magic skin formula—its use rendering them pre-eminent in courtly circles because of their transcendent beauty of complexion. Mysterious and wonderful! What could it be? Science has disclosed "that mysterious something."

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY
Sempre Giovine—Meaning "Always Young"

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is a fragrant skin cleanser in cake form which, applied to the face at the end of the day, nourishes the skin, cleanses the pores thoroughly of dirt, banishes blemishes and all impurities—doing what soap and water alone cannot do because, being composed of oils which have a natural affinity to the skin, it dissolves the oily pore deposits and removes them without irritating the delicate epidermis.

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is to the skin what the sun is to the flowers, giving that delightful freshness of charming youth—leaving the skin with the smoothness of satin—without an appearance of oil or shine.

Send your name and address for a seven-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use this dainty refreshing complexion cake are, indeed, "always young."

The Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co., Dept. A208 Grand Rapids, Mich.



How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fastidious people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth wash.

It is so much easier to be comfortably assured your breath is sweet, fresh and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Her Well-Kept Hands

They Create a Great Part of Every Girl's Charm

By Elsie Waterbury Morris

THERE have been many references to the homely stenographer. Jokes have been made about her; praises of her efficiency have been sung—her superiority over her pretty sister has been proclaimed.

But is there any real ground for such a claim? Why is an unattractive girl necessarily more useful in an office than an attractive one?

I do not believe she is, and I do not believe the average employer believes it.

He says that he doesn't want pretty girls when what he means is that he does not want girls who are too conscious of their looks.

He says he prefers homely girls when what he really wants are well-mannered and well-groomed girls who do not put on make-up in the office, and who give full attention to their work.

And he does not want homely girls for this reason. No girl need be really painfully plain now-a-days.

Any girl can have shining, carefully dressed hair, a smooth, healthy complexion, clean, neat, carefully pressed clothes, and I believe that she can make no better investment than in those very things.

PUT yourself in the employer's place. You have inserted an advertisement for a "wide-awake stenographer." Out of twelve applicants how do you decide which one to pick? Until some system is perfected whereby ability may be measured directly, you will still have to resort to the old method of sizing up people by the impression they create.

Will you pick the one with the frizzy hair and the heavy make-up?

Will you select the utterly unattractive one—the one who never gives a thought to personal appearance—and looks it?

I'll wager you won't. There is something about a carelessly groomed woman that automatically suggests inefficiency.

No—if you are like ninety-nine out of every hundred other employers you will choose the one who has a well-kept person that suggests an alert, well-kept mind—and you will be right, for a reasonable amount of pride in personal appearance is a reflection of self-respect and intelligence.

It has been said—and not without cause—that the American business girl spends sums out of all proportion to what she makes, on her clothes and personal care.

I certainly do not advocate extravagance but I heartily advise every ambitious business girl to make the most of her personal appearance.

Dress neatly in becoming clothes. Do your hair carefully, and remember, that a coiffure which may be becoming to a chorus girl is likely to be out of place in an office.

And finally—take care of your complexion and hands. A little daily attention night and morning will keep your skin in

a state of enviable freshness. Please notice that I said "night and morning"—not "at the office,"—for to my mind there is nothing more annoying than seeing a girl in an office attending to those details of personal care which should be disposed of at home.

A moment ago I spoke of hands. No hands are more in evidence than those of a business girl, typing, filing or taking notes under the eyes of her employer.

And if you were that employer wouldn't you rather watch a pair of smooth, well-kept hands take notes, than rough unsightly ones?

ANY properly cared-for hand may be attractive. It is no longer considered necessary for a hand to be small to be pretty. By many, a good-sized, capable hand is preferred to a tiny delicate one.

With hands, as in make-up, avoid artificial effects. In an office long, pointed nails and a high polish are distinctly in bad taste.

In fact, I consider the whole matter of hands so important that I am now going to give you some definite directions for caring for them:

A regular nightly massage will work wonders.

Use a good, rich, developing cream, and, beginning with the finger-tips, massage back to the knuckles with a rotary motion. Follow this with a massage of the hand itself, working from the knuckles back toward the wrist. When you have worked the cream well in, put on an old pair of white cotton gloves and leave them on over night. Be sure to wash these gloves out every morning, after using them, with a good white soap.

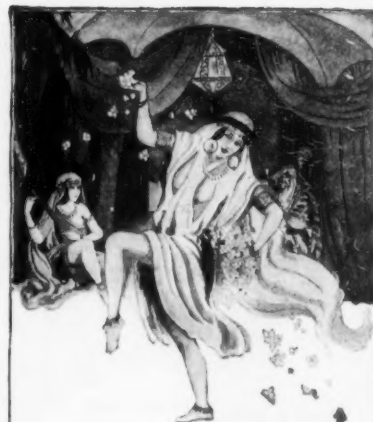
During the day whenever you wash the hands, first dry them thoroughly, and then apply a soothing balm which is readily absorbed.

Perhaps there is nothing harder on the modern woman's hands than the outdoor sports of which she is so fond. But if she will protect her hands in the following manner, even a game of tennis in the blazing sunshine need not ruin her skin. Before going out, apply a hand cream. This forms a protecting film over the skin. Over this film dust a light coating of powder, and the hands are ready for the day's sport.

The woman who is troubled with conspicuous veins in her hands probably has them as a result of poor circulation. Massage is, in her case, most important. In addition to the massage, she should occasionally raise her hands high above her head for a moment or two to help the blood back to the heart.

Remember that hands express personality. If you are nervous and irritable, it will show in your hands. Try first to relax your nerves, then train your hands to relax and see how much more attractive they become.

IN Mrs. Gouverneur Morris' marvelous "beauty shop" in New York, women who love beauty are helped to express it in themselves. Mrs. Morris has written for McCall readers, a booklet of the new beauty, "Beauty for Every Woman." Here are a set of directions for care of skin, hair, hands and figure. Price, 10 cents to pay for sending it. Address Mrs. Morris in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



The Dance of the Perfumes

THE Dancing Girls of Araby glow pink in their cheeks of desert brown.

Tall, slender, swaying to the plaintive magic of the lute, —they weave strange steps upon the edge of the Sahara. Dark eyes sparkle, white teeth gleam and, as they dance, perfumes are poured upon their pink-tipped fingers—exotic odors from the Gardens of Nabeul, where satin breezes play up from the Gulf of Hammamet.

Borrowing afresh from the arts and gardens of the East, Vantine has created wondrous new effects in Win-Sum Flowers. Rare essences from the Land of Veiled Women—adding to your store of ways to fascinate. Scented with Win-Sum Flowers, Beauty basks in a memorable modish fragrance sure to charm.

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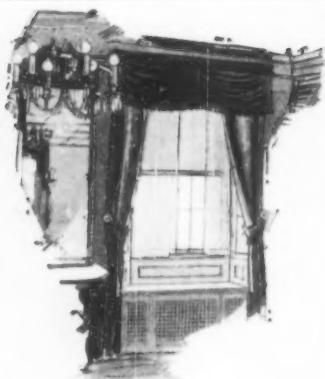
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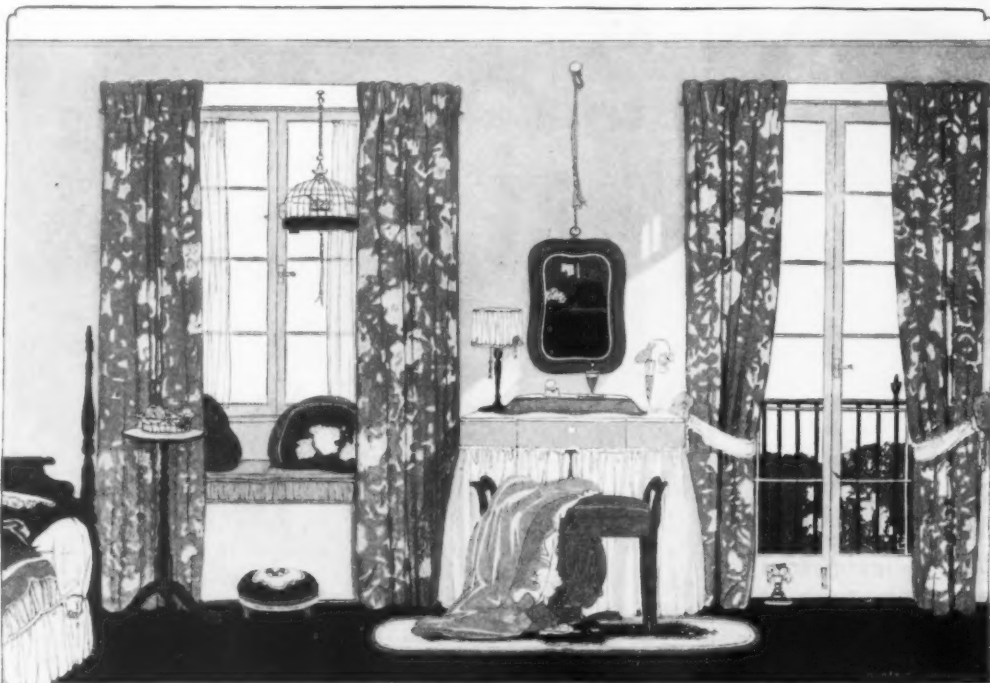
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Fresh Springtime Hangings

When Sunshine Pours Into Our Rooms, It Is Time to Put Up the New Curtains

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

IF YOU think of the rooms which have charmed you in summer, you picture many a pleasant place with the shutters closed to keep out the glaring sunlight and with crisp white swiss curtains looped back and stirring gently as a passing breeze moves them.

Unless one must have curtains drawn across the windows to insure privacy or to shut out an undesirable view, glass curtains may be dispensed with for the sake of coolness, and inner curtains may be used for decoration.

Gay hangings of chintz in the living-room are suggestive of a midsummer garden in all the glory of its full-flowered beauty. Hand-blocked linens with patterns in soft tones in library and dining-room make one think of shadowy walks in cool green woods. And as for the bedrooms, sheer organdie, crisp swiss, gingham of bright color—almost any material—can be used to make curtains that possess all the charm of summer.

I am always surprised when my clients ask me, "What materials are being used this season?" And, "Are curtains long or short?"

My answers are always the same. Any material may be used which is suitable for the room in which it is to be used. Curtains are made long or short as need be. No general rule can be given.

To a decorator every room is a particular case to be treated in a particular manner. There is an exact length, a certain color and a special material that will be good decoration for your room. But these are points that must be decided by the limitations of the room itself. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is just these limitations that make it possible for the owner to express her individuality. For it is the way in which she works out her own problem that will make her curtains differ from those of her neighbor.

I PLAN curtains for a room as carefully as an architect plans the various structural details of a house. Sometimes the curtains are long. Sometimes they are short. Sometimes they hang straight. Sometimes they are tied back. Sometimes they have valances and sometimes they have none.

For instance, I planned curtains for a room in an old country house which had been modernized. The room was of the low-ceiling type and the windows were small. Obviously curtains cut off at the window-sill would have made the windows appear even smaller, so I had the curtains made to reach to the floor. It was a sunshiny bedroom with the walls papered with a figured paper in gray and white, therefore I wanted something of a cool jade-green with which to make the inner curtains. I found just the right shade in a calico with a tiny black and white sprig design.

As the windows were narrow, a plaited or gathered valance would not do. So we made the valance of a lengthwise piece of material laid in horizontal folds. At each end there was a cascade drapery. It was

so simple in effect that it looked as if the piece of material was laid across the top of the window with the ends falling over in soft folds. The bedcover was made of organdie of the same shade of green and finished with three-inch ruffles.

Where do I get ideas for curtains? Everywhere and anywhere. My chief sources of inspiration are the old fashion-books of a century ago. The quaint ruffings, puffings and quiltings of the dresses all suggest curtain finishes.

But it is the room itself that decides the plan of the curtains. I look it over and make up my mind as to the color and the lines the curtain must follow. Then I start to select the material. I look for material of the color I want—and I keep

finished with three three-inch ruffles at the bottom and a small hem at the outer edge. The valance was made of a straight strip of material with three ruffles attached to match those at the bottom of the curtains. All the ruffles were finished with red rick-rack.

The way in which I happened to choose the rick-rack as a finish proves that makeshift is ever the mother of inspiration. I could not find anything of the right shade of red but as I passed through the notion department I saw the rick-rack and realized its possibilities at a glance.

FOR another room we made curtains of striped gingham. We had a few strips of cretonne left from the chair cushions. Finally we came across the gingham that was just the shade we needed; we used the strips of cretonne on the valances and the tie-backs, and appliquéd some in the woodwork just below the window sill. Again makeshift came to our rescue for without it the interesting striped curtains would never have been made.

In an all-the-year-round city house there are heavy white linen curtains made by the owner, which are brought out each springtime. To my knowledge they have been used for many years, and yet they are always fresh and lovely. The side curtains are plain and finished with narrow green and yellow fringe. It is the valance which stretches across the group of three windows which furnishes the decoration for the room. It is embroidered with motifs of birds and quaint flowers done in bright colors in the style of work done by Bulgarian peasants. So gay and cheerful is it that one forgets the pitiful limitations of the meager grass and the spindling bushes in the yard upon which the windows look out.

We are often accused by visitors from foreign shores of lacking individuality in the furnishing of our homes. They are, indeed, the most sanitary and comfortable in the world. It is the charm of beauty that they lack.

Our homes can be made as beautiful as they are comfortable. I never see women embroidering some article to be used only on special occasions and kept out of sight the rest of the time that I do not long to suggest that she employ her handicraft in making curtains of lasting value.

Although we cannot all achieve curtains of the same rare beauty as some wonderful eighteenth century hangings which I saw and which were regarded as such valuable family treasures they were willed from generation to generation, still there is no reason why we can not make curtains of real value and true beauty.

Use the best materials when you make your curtains. Then measure accurately and cut them with exceeding care. No amount of fine stitches will make a curtain hang well if it is not cut to an exact line. Carefully made, well-hung curtains go far in making a room distinctive instead of commonplace.

My Ideals for the Home

THE requirements of the ideal home are: Comfort, Beauty and Distinction.

Comfort comes first, because it is based on such essential values as simplicity, repose and thoughtful placing of objects carefully selected.

The eyes must be satisfied as well as the body. Real beauty includes honesty of design, love and understanding of color, and sound workmanship.

But a comfortable and beautiful home is still an unimportant house until it has the distinction that comes from study and enthusiasm, the charm of personality that creates our lasting pride in it. Then indeed a house becomes a home.

Ruby Ross Goodnow

on looking until I find it! If it is not to be had among the curtain fabrics, I look among the dress materials, and once or twice I have continued my search among the linings.

Then comes the question of the finish, but this is largely determined by the material.

One of my clients has a summer home with many guest-rooms, and each one that we have done seems more delightful than the last. For one large room shaded by trees we made curtains of unusual charm.

We did not want to shut out one ray of light, and so the inner curtains were made of dotted swiss—white swiss with tiny red dots. The long curtains were



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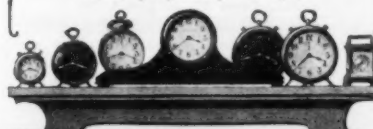
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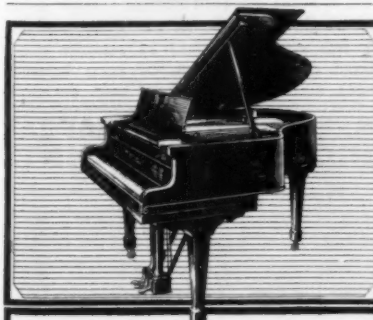
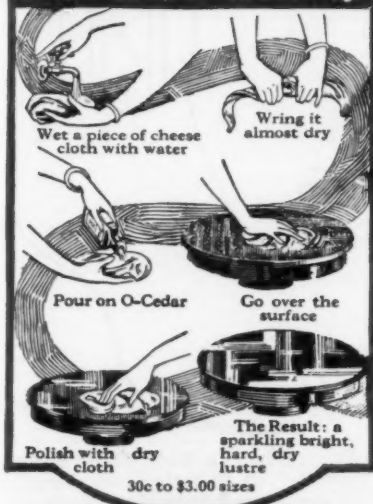
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WHENEVER I CLEAN WITH GASOLINE, I pour the refuse down the sink pipe, as gasoline cuts the grease deposit. Run hot water through soon afterward.—Mrs. J. S. R., Denver, Colorado.

WHEN A SINK HAS NO DRAIN BOARD, a fairly good substitute is a piece of galvanized corrugated metal. Cut the proper size and place at a convenient angle.—Mrs. W. L. M., Missouri.

WINDOW DRAPERY IS OFTEN TOO NARROW TO SPLIT if a hem must be allowed on each edge. I solved this by having a row of hemstitching down the middle and cutting it for a picot edge. As the other side is selvedge, there is no sewing but the top and bottom hems.—Mrs. E. S., Ohio.

NEW USES FOR CHEESE CRACKERS. Not having cheese on hand to use in a baked macaroni and tomato dish I was preparing, I resorted to cheese crackers. The result was delicious. I also use them instead of the plain crackers for breading chops, and so forth. I find them more economical than buying the crackers and cheese separately.—H. A. B., New York.

WHEN MAKING WASH SUITS FOR THE SMALL BOY, instead of the usual carriers or little straps under the arm for the belt, try putting a button on the underarm seam and a buttonhole in the belt to correspond. The belt will then stay in place and not be sliding around, nor will the restless small man be so likely to unbutton his belt and take it off in church or whenever he is tired of sitting still.—Mrs. E. L. S., Jefferson, Oregon.

TO KEEP FLOWERS: One of the safest and best ways to send a few choice flowers to a distance is to cut slits in potatoes and insert the flower stems; and see that they are firmly fastened in. They will keep fresh for two weeks in a moderate temperature.—T. T., Axson, Georgia.

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What to Serve at Parties: Compiled by Lilian M. Gunn, of Teacher's College, Columbia University, from her articles previously published in McCall's. Menus and special recipes for Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, Suppers, Bridal Breakfasts, Children's Parties. Price, 10 cents.

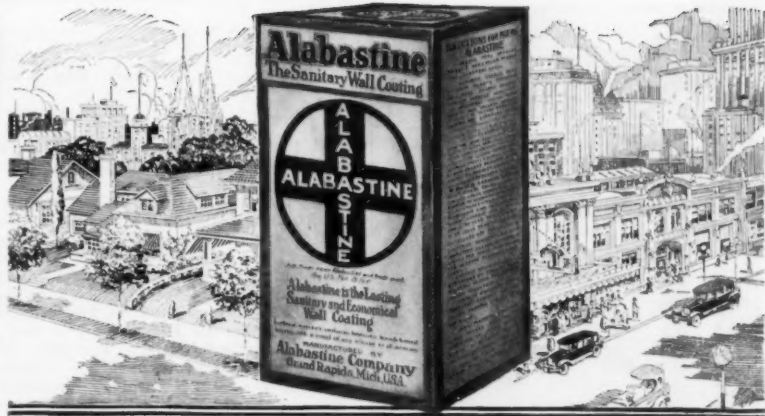
Are There Ways to Economize on Food?
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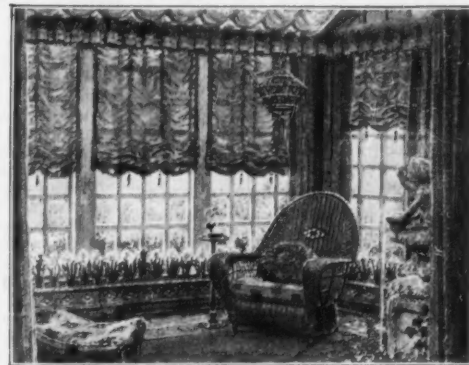
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Up and Coming

[Continued from page 31]

well, that was flattering—another car sped by—he wondered if she cared to walk a few squares—such a glorious evening.

As they walked, the girl talking of many mad things, he forgot his perplexities. His partner suggested they drop in at a vaudeville. Jones said he would be delighted. He was admiring this bit of foolish girlhood. If she had troubles, she concealed them well. He listened to her fictitious history, which she fancied he was foolish enough to believe. He was, in reality, calling himself a fool for not having ventured forth long since. No wonder men called him a grind, laughed at him and let him alone. Then he became engrossed in watching the dimples in her cheeks.

After the vaudeville he took her to supper, the most elaborate hotel meal he had ever bought anyone. Wisely, he withheld his name; he marveled that she did not resent this. But she had told many fictitious histories and lingered on many corners apparently waiting for street cars—which Jones did not take into account. She considered him a "grand friend."

Leaving the cafe, she reached up in the dark entry and kissed him. Jones caught her to him recklessly. There was no harm—save to himself. His family would never know of his philanderings.

As he left the restaurant and went into the night with the girl, he recalled a young salesman in his department who had been married a few months previous. Jones had been invited to dinner at their modest flat. He had been a wistful onlooker. It had

been such a happy, charming place, radiant with wedding gifts and honest love. He had envied both the man and the girl and had gone home to where Martha was waiting to tell him the baby was malnourished, and the janitor had refused to clean over the tops of the doors—could nothing be done about it?

But he no longer envied the salesman and his bride. Instinctively, he felt the change in emotion was unworthy.

In the fall the buyer for the oriental department met with an accident laying him up for some time to come. To Jones was given the opportunity of traveling through the Far East for his firm, as splendid and unexpected an opportunity as could be.

He accepted with alacrity. He had tired of tawdry flirtations, unworthy deceptions. His mother and sister were even more at variance, with his nephew hinting of teething!

Martha declared he was worried because of the baby's crying, yet she rejoiced at his opportunity. She mended and packed and advised until Jones found it an effort to be polite in his responses.

Perhaps only the girl in the red tulle dress grieved at his going. She knew she was forever removed from his horizon.

"God bless and keep you," said Martha at the momentous parting, so proud of his success that his absence was a pleasant cross to bear.

"God bless and keep you," answered her faithful son.

[Continued in the July McCall's]

The Cinderella Game

[Continued from page 40]

voice in his enraged soul was whispering that he must play the gentleman to the end.

"It's a vile frame-up," he said chokingly. "And I'm going to hold you responsible for it." He glared threateningly at Piggens-sticker.

"Come along," interrupted the detective; "no more arguing, there."

"But this charge is ridiculous. I tell you my name is Brown. Oh—it's all too ridiculous! You can't arrest me—"

"I'll take a chance on it," snapped Daggett. "You're a pretty slick worker, but you're not going to get away from me!"

Otto was vaguely conscious of a ring of staring faces about him. As if from afar came the rasping voice of Mr. Tupper, the assistant manager. "The evidence is all against you—please go quietly," he was pleading. "Think of the reputation of the hotel!"

"You can't arrest me," muttered the barber of the Seville, sick with the thought of the disgrace the affair had brought upon Gloria. "You can't arrest me!" His mind was working quickly, however. If this mistake in identity could be explained without exposing who he really was—

At this moment the main door swung open to admit a new arrival—a breezy, red-cheeked, well-dressed young man, followed by a bellboy laden with luggage.

"What's the row?" demanded the breezy young man.

"They've nabbed a crook," somebody told him. "That fellow in riding clothes."

Mr. Raymond Shirley of Chicago, who prided himself on traveling without announcing his movements in the society columns of the newspapers, craned his neck and caught sight of Otto. Then straightway Mr. Shirley pushed his way through the crowd.

"Here," he said, frowning, "what's the big idea?"

From the moment Otto Brown saw the face coming toward him through the crowd, his spirits dropped and hope died out of his heart.

"What do you want with this man?" demanded Mr. Shirley crisply.

"Why—uh," Daggett coughed, "he's a crook—wanted for forgery."

"Crook—nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Shirley. "I guess I know Otto, here—he's been my barber for the last five years—at the Seville in Chicago!"

There was a startled gasp from the crowd, and Mr. Shirley, who felt that he had heroically saved a difficult situation, heard a fat woman with henna-ed hair say sniffingly: "A barber! My dear, did you ever hear of such a thing! Why, I'd almost rather he'd turned out to be a crook. Come, Annabelle, I always told you that young man was no good!"

The crowd seemed to be dispersing, and Mr. Shirley, suddenly sensing tragedy in the little drama, reached out his hand to the barber of the Seville. But the barber of the Seville did not see it. He had turned, and was staring dejectedly down at the figure of a beautiful, fair-haired girl who sat huddled in a chair, weeping.

WHEN his trunk had been strapped, and the last bit of wearing apparel tossed with almost frantic haste into the traveling bags, Otto Brown stood up and passed a trembling hand across his eyes. Even yet he was a bit bewildered, but through the chaos of his thoughts certain facts impressed themselves upon him cruelly. His house of cards had crumbled about him, the glamour had faded from his great adventure, and he was once again Otto the barber. That was not, of course, the bitterest thing. It was the thought of Gloria Lee, who had believed in him—who had, briefly, perhaps, loved him. He cursed himself for the unhappiness, the disgrace he had brought upon her. What a fool he had been.

Came a knock on the door. It was a bellboy, and behind him a porter, come for the trunk.

"Did you get a car?"

"It's waiting at the door, sir."

"Mind you—I don't want to be seen," said Otto. "Can't we go down by the freight elevator?"

"Certainly, sir—come with me."

A dilapidated automobile, of the sort that is used to convey guests to and from the railroad station at French Springs, stood panting at the side entrance of the hotel. As the bellboy stepped out of the freight elevator, he looked cautiously about.

"No one in sight," he announced curtly. For having Mr. Brown's final tip in his pocket, he was now free to leave off the "sir." That meant the end of Otto's career as a gentleman, but Otto was in no mood to notice it—or to care. He had lost, in the last hour, the only thing that mattered in life.

But as he emerged stealthily from the freight elevator and listlessly shuffled around the corner toward the door, a running figure hurled itself at him, and he felt Gloria Lee's arms tight about his neck.

"You can't go away like this," she was saying breathlessly in his ear. "You can't!"

"I know—I don't care!"

And then it was that an amazing thing happened. Gloria Lee's arms clung tighter to him, and she whispered something in his ear.

"I didn't hear—" He bent closer.

"I'm not an heiress—I don't know who started that story. I didn't deny it because—well, because it was nice having people think I was an heiress."

A strange light was breaking in the young man's eyes. "But—Richmond?" he asked, his voice a trifle unsteady.

"Oh, I live in Richmond, all right. I'm a manicurist in the St. George Hotel, there. All my life I've dreamed of taking a vacation like a lady, and I—"

But his lips stopped the rest of her confession. A minute that was a rapturous century swept by.

"Say," announced the bellboy, after a perfunctory cough. "Your car's waitin'."

The barber of the Seville looked up slowly, and on his face was an expression of great happiness.

"Tell him," he said, "to wait."



SWEET SPRING, which comes with violets in her hair and crowns her beauty with the rose, is Nature's symbol for the rebirth of trees, of flowers, of the thousand different living things.

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WHETHER your costume be athletic togs or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth. The only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to devitalize it. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle.

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Try DeMiracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

Dept. J-15, Park Ave. and 129th St., N. Y. C.



Banishes Gray Hair in 15 minutes

Inecto Rapid is ethical and scientific, the discovery of Dr. Emile of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. It is guaranteed to tint gray, streaked or faded hair in 15 minutes, giving it a soft, lustrous appearance that cannot be detected from natural.

Inecto Rapid created the new art of hair tinting. It is permanent, will not wash or come off and permits waving; totally different from hair dyes or restoratives. Inecto Rapid does not merely coat the hair surface. It repigmentizes the color shaft.

97% of Europe's best hairdressers use Inecto Rapid exclusively and thousands of the best shops in this country have adopted it. May be applied in the privacy of your home.

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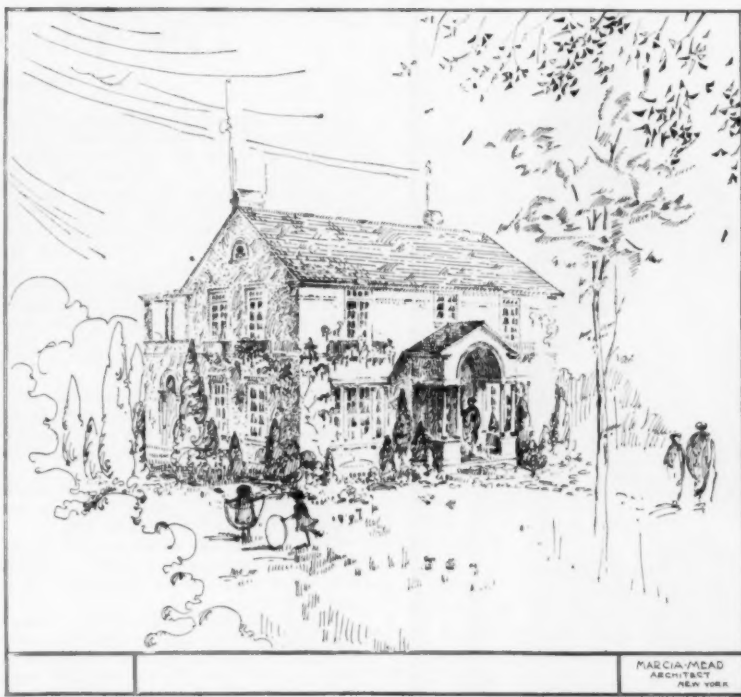
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The House of Dreams

By Marcia Mead

THE house of her dreams is not a one-story affair, but it is a dignified place befitting the position which the bride is to occupy as one of the influential housewives of the community and affording plenty of room and healthful surroundings for children. That is the only house which will be true to her dreams and logically it is the only house to build.

Despite limited funds the right kind of a house may be built, if it is planned with such forethought that in the beginning only such portion of it need be constructed as will provide for immediate requirements. When more space is needed, the next part may be built, and as many more additions as the practical dream requires. The first structure must be a complete unit providing all the essentials of good living. Each addition should preserve the same unity and should require the fewest possible changes in the old work.

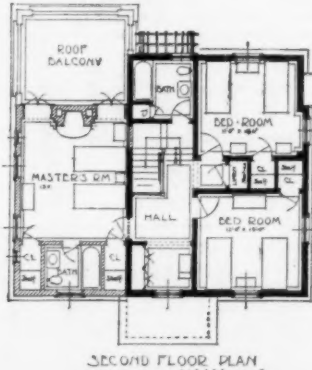
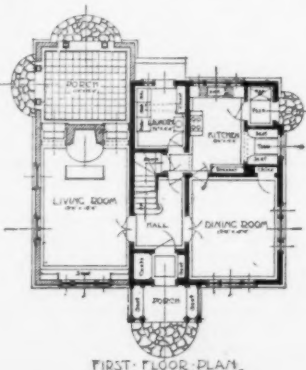
The accompanying plans illustrate a scheme for such a house to be built in two parts. The portion shown in solid black indicates the first house of four rooms, or five, if you count the laundry. Do not forget that the laundry should be on the first floor near the kitchen. Of course, when the bride has only to entertain her callers and keep her four rooms spic and span, she will have the energy necessary to run up and down stairs on washday, but when the twins come and washday is every day in the week, the basement laundry is not only stupidly inefficient, but an actual menace to health.

In the first house where the living-room and dining-room are one, the cozy

breakfast alcove in the kitchen will more often than not be used for dining. In the larger house, the little alcove will be a boon for serving the children, who will have their evening meal while the dinner is being prepared. The bathroom, which opens from the stair landing, will save many a step for the housewife during the busy day when it is most needed. In the second story hall the sewing alcove with its roomy cupboards helps to keep the family peace by shutting up the restless confusion of sewing in one room.

When the little house is outgrown, instead of finding a new location, searching out a buyer for the old place, destroying old association, making new plans, the original plan may be brought out and a contractor put to work to complete the house. Even the planting of the trees and shrubs has been done and it is not necessary to wait for another ten years for the place to look like home. During construction, living goes on uninterruptedly. It is necessary only to renew paint and decorations, which is a part of household routine; no plumbing has to be changed, no partitions have to be removed. On the outside an additional coat of stucco over the old work covers the joining with the new; and with the hall windows made into doors, the family happily expands into its more spacious quarters.

The saving of moving and storage costs alone will buy a handsome rug for the living-room, and the house-warming will be a neighborly affair of rejoicing with friends over their dream which has at last come true.



How Mosquitoes Can be Killed By an Incense

ONLY two different kinds of mosquitoes can infect you with the bacteria of malaria or yellow fever, but just one mosquito of any kind buzzing about in a bedroom can spoil a whole night's rest. The shrill, foreboding hum—the futile slap—the minutes of lying tensely awake waiting for the next attack,—so much nerve force and actual health destroyed by an insect so easy to kill!

One teaspoonful of BLACK FLAG powder placed in a thick, deep, china saucer, pinched by one's fingers into a loose cone, and set on fire with a match, will rid your bedroom of mosquitoes and insure undisturbed sleep. The light, incense-like smoke from burning BLACK FLAG is death to mosquitoes, although it is entirely harmless to human beings and its perfume is agreeable to every one.

This is only one of scores of household uses for BLACK FLAG. It will kill roaches, ants, bedbugs, fleas, moths and lice on animals, birds or plants. Since it is non-poisonous it may be used anywhere—even around food-stuffs. It is especially good for killing flies. No sticky messes standing around for children and pets to get into. No deadly poisons for them to drink. Just put a teaspoonful of BLACK FLAG powder in a half sheet of letter paper, and then blow the powder up into the air with your breath. Close doors and windows before doing this and keep them closed from twenty to thirty minutes. Then you will find every fly dead or dying. Or use BLACK FLAG in your house just before retiring for the night. The flies will be dead in the morning. Packed in glass bottles to hold its strength. Look for the BLACK FLAG trademark and the red-and-yellow wrapped glass bottle.

BLACK FLAG, Baltimore, Md.

BLACK FLAG

is sold by drug, department, grocery and hardware stores, or sample sent direct-by-mail on receipt of fifteen cents.

Three Sizes
15c—40c—75c





Dull Headaches Bilious Attacks Sleeplessness

Why they occur and how to prevent them.

HHEADACHES, biliousness, inability to secure sound and refreshing sleep—these are but a few of the ways in which Nature tries to warn you that constipation may be menacing health—even threatening life itself.

A distinguished physician has stated that thousands, perhaps millions, of men and women have brought on themselves untold miseries by failing to eliminate promptly poisonous food waste; that they have shortened their lives and greatly impaired their efficiency and usefulness.

How May Constipation Be Overcome?

How may its recurrence be prevented? Not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for, in the opinion of an eminent authority, an inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only, at the expense of permanent injury.

Science has found a newer, better way; a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated, this natural lubricant is not sufficient.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word—and, like pure water, it is harmless.

These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to lengthen their days and wonderfully increase their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life. Test Nujol yourself. For sale at any drugstore, or send coupon today for free sample.

MISTOL, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma. Made by the makers of Nujol.

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For this coupon and 15 cents stamps or coin, enclosed, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol.

Name _____

Address _____

The Place of Pines

[Continued from page 42]

which so often she had tracked through moss and swale and which she knew so well.

Once when she got up from her knees after close examination of the muddy trail, she became aware of the slightest taint in the night air—stood with delicate nostrils quivering—advanced, still conscious of the taint, listening, wary, every stealthy instinct alert.

She had not been mistaken: somewhere in the forest there was smoke. Somewhere a fire was burning. It might not be very far away; it might be distant. *Whose fire?* Her father's? Would a hunter of men build a fire?

Gradually, as she advanced, the odor of smoke became more distinct. She heard nothing, saw nothing; but there was a near reek of smoke in her nostrils, and she stopped short.

After a little while in the intense silence of the forest she ventured to touch the switch of her torch, very cautiously.

In the faint, pale luster she saw a tiny rivulet flowing westward from a spring, and, beside it, in the mud, imprints of a man's feet.

The tracks were small, narrow, slimmer than imprints made by any man she could think of. Under the glimmer of her torch they seemed quite fresh; contours were still sharp, some ready to crumble, and water stood in the heels.

Who was this man wandering all alone at night off the Drowned Valley trail?

As she stole along, dimly shining the tracks, lifting her head incessantly to listen and peer into the darkness, her quick eye caught something ahead—something very slightly different from the wall of black obscurity—a vague hint of color—the very vaguest tint scarcely perceptible at all.

But she knew it was firelight touching the trunk of an unseen tree.

Now soundlessly over damp pine needles she crept. The scent of smoke grew strong in nostril and throat; the pale tint became palely reddish. All about her the blackness seemed palpable—seemed to touch her body with its weight; but, ahead, a ruddy glow stained two huge pines. And presently she saw the fire, burning low, but redly alive. And, after a long, long while, she saw a man.

She strained her eyes; but distance and obscurity made recognition impossible. And yet, somehow, every quivering instinct within her was telling her that the crouched and shadowy watcher beyond the fire was Quintana.

And every concentrated instinct was telling her that he'd kill her if he caught sight of her; her heart clamored it; her pulses thumped it in her ears.

Had the girl been capable of it she could have killed him where he crouched. She thought of it, but knew it was not in her to do it. And yet Quintana had boasted that he meant to kill her father. That was what terribly concerned her. And there must be a way to stop that danger—some way to stop it short of murder—a way to render this man harmless to her and hers.

No, she could not kill him this way. Except in extremes she could not bring herself to fire upon any human creature. And yet this man must be rendered harmless—somehow—somehow—ah!

As the problem presented itself its solution flashed into her mind. Men of the wilderness knew how to take dangerous creatures alive. To take a dangerous and reasoning human was even less difficult, because reason makes more mistakes than does instinct.

Stealthily, without a sound, the girl crept back through the shadows over the damp pine needles, until, peering fearfully over her shoulder, she saw the last ghost-tint of Quintana's fire die out in the terrific dark behind. Then, with torch flaring, she ran.

She ran easily—an agile, tireless young thing, part of the swiftness and silence of the woods—part of the darkness, the sinuous celerity, the ominous hush of wide, still places—part of its very blood and pulse and hot, sweet breath.

Even when she came out among the birches by Clinch's Dump she was breathing evenly and without distress. She ran to the kitchen door but did not enter. On pegs under the porch a score or more of rusty traps hung. She unhooked the largest, wound the chain around it, tucked it under her left arm and started back.

When at last she arrived at the place of pines again, and saw the far, spectral glimmer of Quintana's fire, the girl was almost breathless. But dawn was not very far away, and there remained little time for the taking alive of a dangerous man.

Where two enormous pines grew close together near a sapling, she knelt down, and, with both hands, scooped out a big hollow in the immemorial layers of pine needles. Here she placed her trap. It took all her strength and skill to set it; to fasten the chain around the base of the sapling pine.

And now, working with only the faintest glimmer of her torch, she covered everything with pine needles.

It was not possible to restore the forest floor; the place remained visible—a darker, rougher patch on the bronzed carpet of needles beaten smooth by decades of rain and snow. No animal would have trodden that suspicious space. But it was with man she had to deal—a dangerous, but reasoning man with few and atrophied instincts—and with no experience in traps; and, therefore, in no dread of them.

Before she started she had thrown a cartridge into the breech of her rifle. Now she pocketed her torch and seated herself between the two big pines and about three feet behind the hidden trap.

Eve never had been afraid of anything. She was not afraid of this man. If it came to combat she would have to kill. It never entered her mind to fear Quintana's rifle. Even Clinch was not as swift with a rifle as she. . . . Only Stormont had been swifter—thank God!

She thought of Stormont—sat there in the terrific darkness loving him, her heart of a child tremulous with adoration.

Then the memory of Darragh pushed in, and hot hatred possessed her. Always, in her heart, she had distrusted the man.

Instinct had warned her. A spy! What evil had he worked already? Where was her father? Evidently Quintana had escaped him at Drowned Valley. . . . Quintana was yonder by his fire, preparing to flee the wilderness where men hunted him. . . . But where was Clinch? Had this sneak, Darragh, betrayed him? Was Clinch already in the clutch of the State Troopers? Was he in jail?

At the thought the girl felt slightly faint, then a rush of angry blood stung her face in the darkness. Except for game and excise violations the stories they told about Clinch were lies.

He had nothing to fear, nothing to be ashamed of. Harrod had driven him to lawlessness; the government took away what was left him to make a living. He had to live. What if he did break laws made by millionaire and fanatic! What of it? He had her love and her respect—and her deep, deep pity. And these were enough for any girl to fight for.

Dawn spread a slivery light above the pines, but Quintana's fire still reddened the tree trunks; and she could hear him feeding it at intervals.

Finally she saw him. He came out on the edge of the ruddy ring of light and stood peering around at the woods where already a vague grayness was revealing nearer trees.

When, finally, he turned his back and looked at his fire, Eve rose and stood between the two big pines. Behind one of them she placed her rifle.

It was growing lighter in the woods. She could see Quintana in the fire ring and outside—saw him go to the spring rivulet, lie flat, drink, then, on his knees, wash face and hands in the icy water.

It became plain to her that he was nearly ready to depart. She watched him preparing. And now she could see him plainly, and knew him to be Quintana.

He had a light basket pack. He put some articles into it, stretched himself and yawned, pulled on his hat, hoisted the pack and fastened it to his back, stood staring at the fire for a long time; then, with a sudden upward look at the zenith where a slight flush stained a cloud, he picked up his rifle.

AT that moment Eve called to him in a clear and steady voice.

The effect on Quintana was instant; he was behind a tree before her voice ceased.

"Hallo! Hi! You over there!" she called again. "This is Eve Strayer. I'm looking for Clinch! He hasn't been home all night. Have you seen him?"

After a moment she saw Quintana's head watching her—not at the shoulder-height of a man but close to the ground and just above the tree roots.

"Hey!" she cried. "What's the matter with you over there? I'm asking you who you are and if you've seen my father?"

After a while she saw Quintana coming toward her, circling, creeping swiftly from tree to tree.

As he flittered through the shadows the trees between which she was standing hid her from him a moment. Instantly she placed her rifle on the ground and kicked the pine needles over it.

As Quintana continued his encircling manœuvres Eve, apparently perplexed, walked out into the clear space, putting the concealed trap between her and Quintana, who now came stealthily toward her from the rear. It was evident that he had reconnoitered sufficiently to satisfy himself that the girl was alone and that no trick, no ambuscade, threatened him.

[Turn to page 61]

COLORFUL JUNE

By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



2713 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1185

No. 2713, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1185 may be used effectively.

No. 2711, LADIES' DRESS; closing at shoulders; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting material for yoke and sleeves. Width at lower edge, 3 yards.

No. 2725, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY AND KNICKERS. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and 1¼ yards of 36-inch material, 1½ yards of 40-inch material, or 1¼ yards of 54-inch material for knickers. A practical sports costume.

Costume Nos. 2701, 2286. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. No. 2701, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch or 1½ yards of 54-inch, and 2½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for lining. Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used.

No. 2286, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women; 32-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 32- or 36-inch, or 1½ yards of 54-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used.

SEVERAL things have been settled in fashions. Long skirts are accepted, even in the remote and obscure corners of this overpoweringly-big continent, a continent so colossal that a dear old lady in Georgia who made her first trip beyond the Mississippi said: "I do not see how Columbus could have avoided the discovery of America. How could he help running into it?"

Another fashion that is settled is the rainbow costume, consisting of a woolen skirt in soft plaids, a sweater in another color, a muffler in a third color, stockings in another color, hat in a fifth color. These are for sports. But they occupy many a rocking-chair or a country porch where there is not a sign of activity under the warm summer sun. It is smart to copy the rainbow. This is what the majority say. The learned talk of the influence exerted upon fashions by the artists who flock to New Mexico and paint pictures of the Taos Indians and their desert colorings.

Colors have ousted black. That is another settlement in fashions. What is known as cheerful black has its place in Paris, and it is given a slight welcome in this country, but we are headed toward gaiety and brilliance in summer clothes.

White is established. Its colorlessness is merely a background, however, for the acceptance of tomato-red, apple-green, orange-yellow or fig-purple, gives women a chance to build enchanting coloration on the snow of their costumes.

Full skirts arrive. They are not in danger of overwhelming popularity, except among the young, but their acceptance is predetermined. In tailored skirts, especially those for sports, the skirts are comparatively narrow and several inches longer than they were last year.

There is an absence of pleats or any kind of fulness in the middle of the back. The spine is not concealed; in fact its presence is accentuated. The skirt is pulled snugly across the back of the figure, saving its fulness for the hips. This is not a new fashion in Paris, nor is it new to the trade over here, but its wider acceptance by the people is interesting.

The looseness of the blouse is another Paris fashion that has crept over here like a tortoise. When it is exaggerated, there is more material above the hips than below it.



2711 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



2725 Middy and Knickers
7 sizes, 8-20



2701 Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1184
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1184



2713

2725

2701-2286

2711

THE French exaggerated this feature last summer, and as the February collections continued to exploit it the Americans realized that it was time to accept it, especially as the shops and the manufacturers exploited it. As far as the season has gone, our women have not developed this fashion as the French did last winter. We do not exaggerate the contrasts between the body above the hips and below it until it reaches a point of absurdity. But we will accept the wide blouse that hangs in straight folds from the uttermost point of the shoulder to the hip belt. A few of the new frocks give an unaccustomed breadth to the top of the body by running a narrow yoke of lace or beading across the neck and shoulders and down on the arms, and to this yoke the material is gathered or pleated.

The hip belt will continue, but it does not take the form of metal and colored quartz. It is wide, it is made of twisted rolls of jeweled material that look like snakes, reminding one of the Hindoo snake charmer's trick of wrapping his pet reptiles about his waist. Flat flowers made of the fabric of the frock continue to be used in girdles. By the way they are also sold as accessories, especially in organdie.

Another feature of fashion that continues is the elongated drapery at each side. There are many tassels, hanging at the left side. They begin in a brilliant bit of ornamentation which holds the fabric on the hip. The tassels are not Chinese. They are Indian. They are made of colored crystals, of seed pearls, of bits of colored glass, of gold and silver fringe.

Much drapery is used that is not dropped from the hip girdle at each side, although this may be classified as the popular manipulation of fabric. The smart frocks with drapery show a bias movement of the material across the hips from right to left. America is apt to put this drapery in straight lines. Paris puts it in bias lines and if the Callot sisters are making the gown the movement of the fabric has no formal regularity. It seems to be hit or miss, but it goes across the hips, it ends at one side with long asses' ears of the material, and it has infinite grace and a tendency to give slimmness to the figure. These draped skirts are longer than the others. They have no fulness as we interpret fulness. They cling to the ankles and have a trick of drawing up as one walks, but they are made longer than other skirts in order to have length that will balance the dignity of the drapery.

Every American woman fixed her eye on the neckline, when new fashions appeared over the

[Turn to page 63]

Simplicity in Dress is Essential as Shown in this Grouping of Attractive Frocks



2710 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1062

2688 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

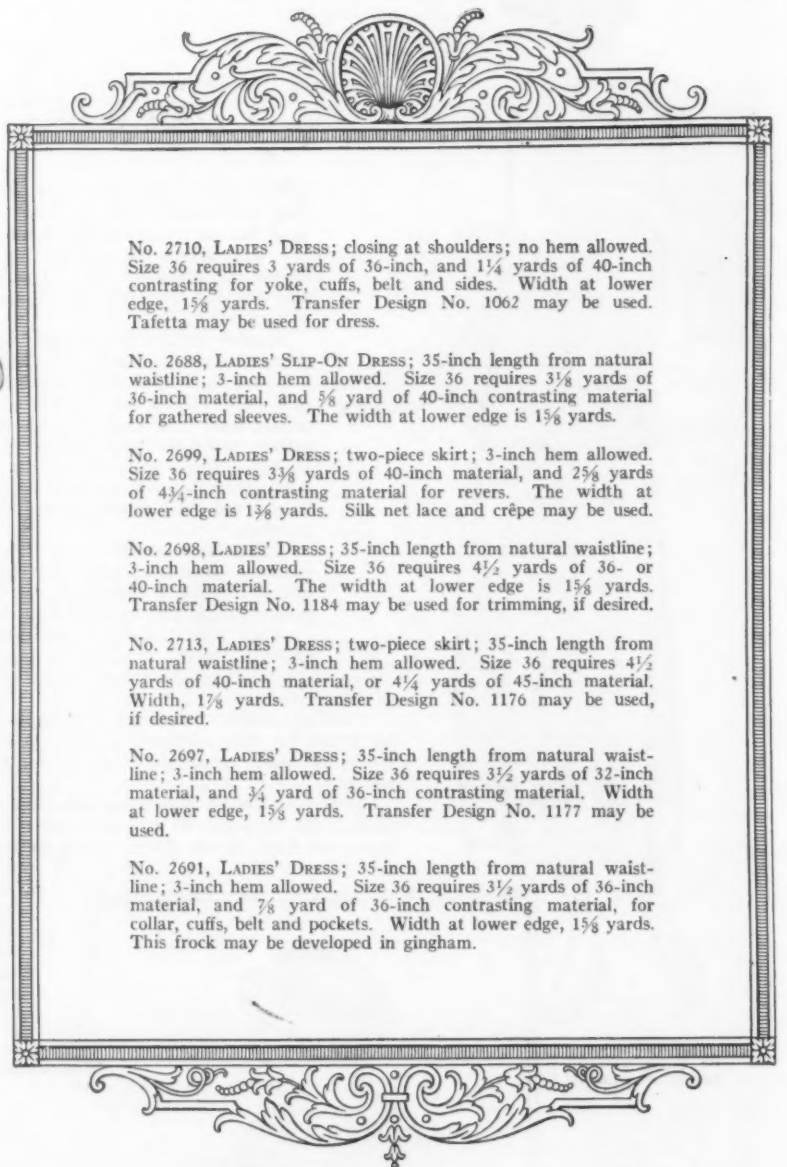


2698 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1184

Dress
2699
6 sizes,
34-44



2713 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1176



No. 2710, LADIES' DRESS; closing at shoulders; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting for yoke, cuffs, belt and sides. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1062 may be used. Taffeta may be used for dress.

No. 2688, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material for gathered sleeves. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2699, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of $4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch contrasting material for revers. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Silk net lace and crêpe may be used.

No. 2698, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used for trimming, if desired.

No. 2713, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 45-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1176 may be used, if desired.

No. 2697, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1177 may be used.

No. 2691, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material, for collar, cuffs, belt and pockets. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This frock may be developed in gingham.



2691 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2697 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1177

One May be Frocked According to the Mode and Yet Remain Daintily Feminine

No. 2720, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of pleating; 3 yards of 6-inch material for sash. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

No. 2711, LADIES' DRESS; closing at shoulders; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ribbon for tie-belt. Width at lower edge, 3 yards. Transfer Design No. 1097 may be used.

No. 2693, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, or $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 863 may be used.

No. 2697, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 32-, or 36-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. This frock may be developed in gingham and organdie.

No. 2717, LADIES' DRESS; closing at shoulder; two-piece skirt; 34-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design Nos. 1077 and 1078 may be used.

No. 2688, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs, sash and drapery. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 2714, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, or $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1154 may be used most attractively.



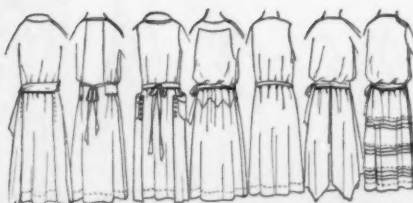
2720 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2711 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1097



2688 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2714 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1154



2688 2693 2697 2711 2714 2717 2720

2693 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 863

2697 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2717 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design Nos. 1077-1078

The Essence of Youthful Charm Distinguishes These Gowns

No. 2718, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 45-inch, and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting material for sleeve puffs. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Satin and georgette crepe, embroidered with Transfer Design No. 1173 may be used for this frock.

No. 2702, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. This dress may be developed in taffeta, satin, or silk crepe materials most effectively.

No. 2625, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch for sleeves and panels. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 3-inch ribbon for sash. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2680, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used with great success if trimming is desired.

No. 2707, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; eight petal skirt attached to dress at low waistline; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 981 may be used.

No. 2686, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt with side tunics attached to camisole; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for collar and tunics. Width, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

No. 2612, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for panels and belt. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used. Printed and plain georgette would be delightful materials for this frock. The ribbon trimming is very attractive and much used at present.

No. 2629, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material for cuffs and belt. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. This frock may be developed in cretonne, English print or figured crepe de Chine.



Apparel for Misses and Small Women, Which Will Meet With Approval



2719 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2708 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2715 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2719, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing at shoulder; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-, 40-, or 45-inch material. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of pleating for neck and sleeves. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

No. 2715, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing at shoulders; with set-in side draperies; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for draperies, yoke and sleeves. Width at lower edge, 2 yards.

No. 2708, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for collar, sleeve puffs and pockets. Width, 2 yards. Satin and georgette crepe may be used.

No. 2718, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for sleeves and panels. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 2716, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs and belt. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Gingham and linen may be used for the frock.

No. 2692, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt attached to lining; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 45-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of $2\frac{3}{4}$ -inch ruffling. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Moiré may be used for frock.

No. 2725, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY AND KNICKERS. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 36-inch, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. This smart and practical knicker suit may be developed in tweed, jersey, homespun or heavy cotton material.

No. 2701, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. The lining requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Tweed, wool jersey or homespun may be used to develop this coat.

No. 2133, MISSES' STRAIGHT-PLEATED SKIRT; suitable for small women; 32-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. This skirt may be developed in wool plaid, homespun or tweed.



2718 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2716 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2692 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2719 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2718 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2708 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2715 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2716 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2725 Middy and Knickers
7 sizes, 8-20

2701 Coat
4 sizes, 14-20

2133 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

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2685 Cape
Small, medium
large
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2553 Cape
Small, medium, large
Transfer Design No. 1170

No. 2685, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small size, 2½ yards of 54-inch, and 2½ yards of 40-inch for lining.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 36-, 40- or 44-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 2553, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE WITH YOKE. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small size, 3 yards of 54-inch. Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used.

No. 2588, LADIES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards of 54-inch, ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar, and 4¼ yards of 36-inch, cape lining. Width, cape, ¾ yards; dress, 1¾ yards.

No. 2474, LADIES' SPORTS COAT; 33½-inch length. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, 2½ yards of 44-inch material, or 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2681, LADIES' SUIT-COAT; 30-inch length. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch, or 1¾ yards of 54-inch material.



2681 Suit-Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

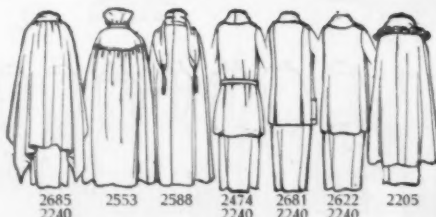
2588 Costume
6 sizes, 34-44

2474 Sports Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2622 Suit-Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2205 Cape
Small, medium, large
Ribbon Transfer
Design No. 1157

No. 2622, LADIES' SUIT-COAT; with vest; 32-inch length. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material, and ¾ yard of 18-inch material for vest. The lining requires 2½ yards of 36-inch contrasting material.



2685
2240

2553

2588

2474
2240

2681
2240

2622
2240

2205

No. 2205, LADIES' AND MISSES' CIRCULAR CAPE. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small size, 4 yards of 48-inch material, or 3½ yards of 54-inch. Width, 4 yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

Gowns Which Express One's Personality in Every Line and Fold

No. 2496, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

No. 2471, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch cape lining. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 2478, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at shoulder; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2461, LADIES' COSTUME BLOUSE. Size 36, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, 1 yard of 27-inch for sleeves, and $9\frac{3}{8}$ yards of insertion. Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-, 40-, or 44-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2495, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece tunic; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch, and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of pleating. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

2496 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2471 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



2509 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Ribbon Transfer
Design No. 1157

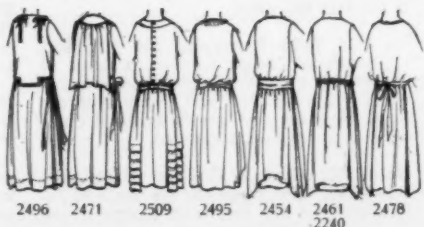
2495 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2454 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1078

2461
Costume Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Ribbon Transfer
Design No. 1157
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2478 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Ribbon Transfer
Design No. 1157

No. 2509, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch for yoke, sleeves and panels. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. If trimming is desired, Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.



No. 2454, LADIES' DRESS; front and back apron tunics; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 45-inch. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1078 may be used.



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No. 2724, INFANT'S LAYETTE; 25-inch length; front closing. Dress requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch; slip, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch; shirt, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch; wrapper, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch; pinning blanket, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch; bootee, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 18-inch.

No. 2705, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar, shield, front and back bands. This little play suit may be made of linen, repp, galatea, gingham, piqué, or cotton crepe materials.

No. 2614, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for dress and bloomers, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for blouse, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch material for collar, cuffs, pockets and kneebands. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1059 may be used. This is a very practical and also a winsomely attractive little frock and bloomer costume for the tiny tot.

No. 2694, CHILD'S SMOCKED DRESS. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 949 would make a delightful trimming.

No. 2689, BOY'S RUSSIAN DRESS AND BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. This model may be developed in gingham and piqué.

No. 2723, BOY'S BATHROBE. Size 8 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material, 3 yards of 36-inch material, or 2 yards of 54-inch material. This practical and manly bathrobe for the growing boy may be made of crash, terry cloth or blanket material.

No. 2700, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS AND BLOOMERS. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material for dress and bloomers, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. Sateen, English print, cretonne, linen, chambray or gingham may be used for this frock.

No. 2695, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs and kneebands. This frock may be developed in gingham, chambray, pongee, linen or Japanese crepe.

No. 2721, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch. This dainty frock may be made even more attractive by using Transfer Design No. 1103 as a trimming. Organdie, voile, dotted swiss, linen, pongee, chambray, or crepe de Chine may be used for the frock.

No. 2712, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 45-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1103 would make a very youthful and becoming trimming for this frock, if used around the neck and as a border on the skirt. What little girl would not be proud to possess this dainty frock, which may be worn anywhere at any time?

Pretty Graduation and Vacation Dresses



2575 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2518 Dress
and Cape
5 sizes, 6-14

2722 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2709 Dress
5 sizes, 4-12
Transfer
Design
No. 1162

2725 Middy
and Knickers
7 sizes, 8-20



2687 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2557 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2721 Dress
4 sizes, 8-14

2712 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1100



No. 2575, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar. This frock may be developed in gingham.

No. 2518, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS AND CAPE. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch for lining, and 1 yard of 27-inch contrasting material for collar facing. This attractive and youthful costume may be developed in tweed or homespun.

No. 2722, GIRL'S DRESS; with short kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 40-inch, and 1/2 yard of 40-inch contrasting for side drapery and sash. Printed voile or figured dimity may be used for frock, and crêpe de Chine for sash and drapery.

No. 2709, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32- or 36-inch material, or 2 yards of 40-inch material, and 2 1/4 yards of 2-inch ribbon for tie-belt. Transfer Design No. 1162 would make a charming decoration.

No. 2725, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY AND KNICKERS. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, and 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch contrasting material for knickers, collar, cuffs and pockets. Checked wool and wool jersey may be used for this costume.

No. 2721, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for dress, and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch contrasting material for collar and ruffles. This pretty frock may be developed in white net and voile or crêpe de Chine. It may be worn either as a graduation and party frock or for afternoon affairs.

No. 2687, GIRL'S DRESS; closing at shoulder. Size 12 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material, or 2 3/4 yards of 48-inch material; 1 3/4 yards of pleating. Linen or pongee may be used.

No. 2557, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32- or 36-inch material, or 1 3/4 yards of 45-inch material, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting material for chemisette, ruffles and inset. 2 3/4 yards of 2-inch ribbon required for tie-belt.

No. 2712, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and 3/4 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 1100 would make a most dainty and unique trimming. Organdie, georgette crêpe, voile or chiffon may be used for the frock.



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8 sizes,
34-48

2607 Apron Dress
8 sizes, 34-48

2579 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



2670 House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2677 House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

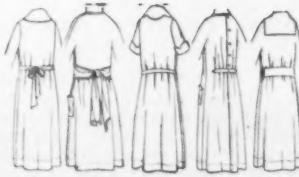
No. 2567, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; kimono sleeves; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, 2 yards.

No. 2607, LADIES' APRON DRESS; kimono sleeves; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2579, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2670, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2677, LADIES' SLIP-ON HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36- or 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



2579 2677 2670 2607 2567



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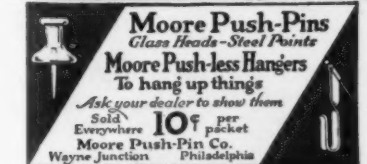
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2251 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42
Transfer Design
No. 1022

2690 Middy
5 sizes
14-16; 36-40

2703 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design
No. 1173

2466
Blouse
7 sizes
34-46

2706 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1126

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No. 2704, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from natural waistline. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2706, LADIES' TIE-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1126 may be used most effectively if developed in beads.

No. 2330, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 36-, 40-, or 48-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.



2704 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

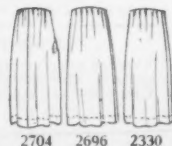
2330 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 2696, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from natural waistline. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.



2251 2690 2703 2466 2706

2696 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36



2704 2696 2330

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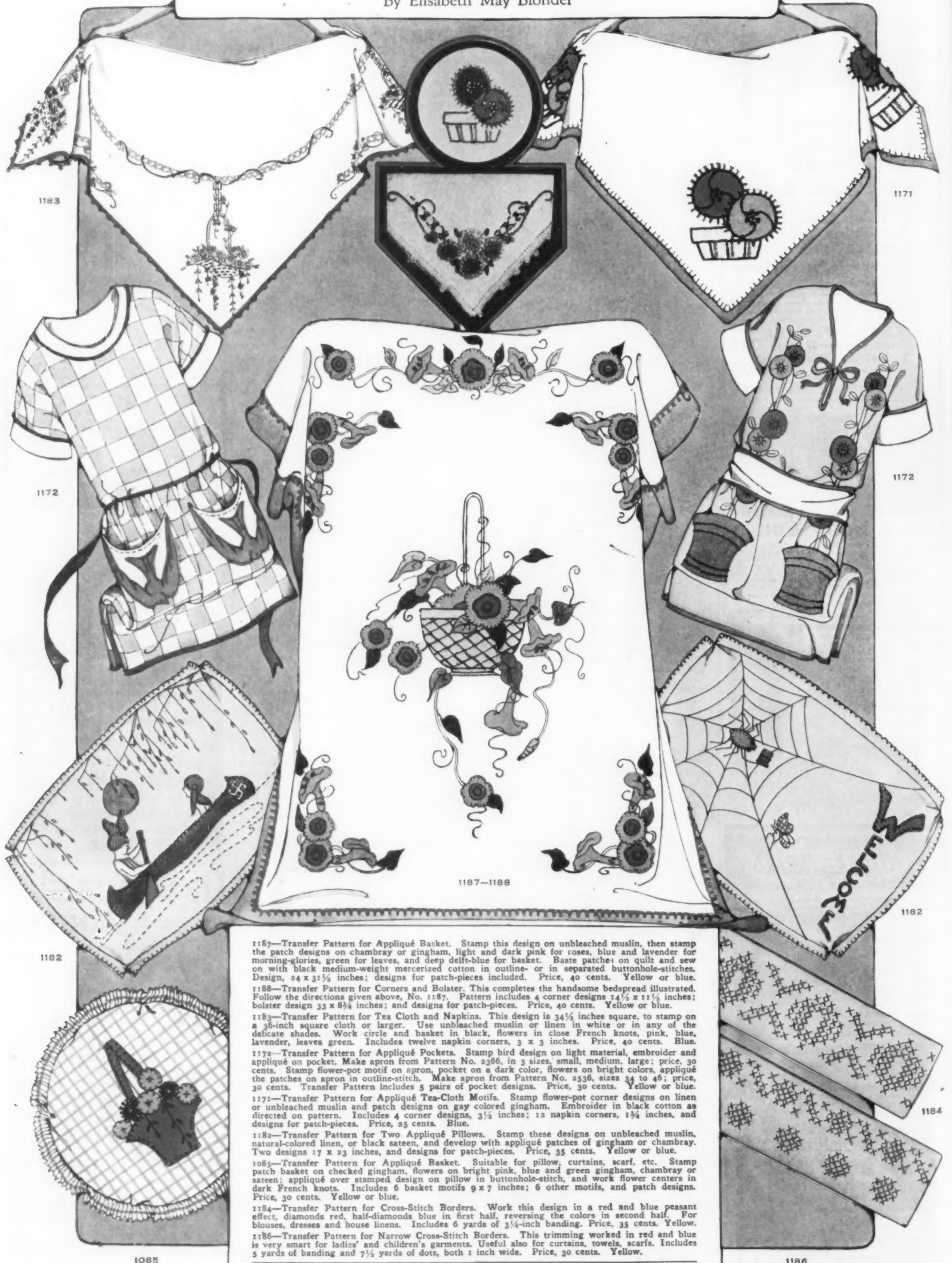
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Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron On Any Desired Material

By Elisabeth May Blondel



- 1187—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Basket. Stamp this design on unbleached muslin, then stamp the patch designs on chambray or gingham, light and dark pink for roses, blue and lavender for morning-glories, green for leaves, and deep delft-blue for basket. Baste patches on quilt and sew on with black medium-weight mercerized cotton in outline- or in separated buttonhole-stitches. Design, 24 x 31½ inches; designs for patch-pieces included. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.
- 1188—Transfer Pattern for Corners and Bolster. This completes the handsome bedspread illustrated. Follow the directions given above, No. 1187. Pattern includes 4 corner designs 14½ x 11½ inches; bolster design 33 x 8¾ inches; and designs for patch-pieces. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.
- 1183—Transfer Pattern for Tea Cloth and Napkins. This design is 34½ inches square, to stamp on a 36-inch square cloth or larger. Use unbleached muslin or linen in white or in any of the delicate shades. Work circle and basket in black, flowers in close French knots, pink, blue, lavender, leaves green. Includes twelve napkin corners, 3 x 3 inches. Price, 40 cents. Blue.
- 1172—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Pockets. Stamp bird design on light material, embroider and appliqué on pocket. Make apron from Pattern No. 2366, in 3 sizes, small, medium, large; price, 30 cents. Stamp flower-pot motif on apron, pocket on a dark color, flowers on bright colors, appliqué the patches on apron in outline-stitch. Make apron from Pattern No. 2536, sizes 34 to 46; price, 30 cents. Transfer Pattern includes 5 pairs of pocket designs. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.
- 1171—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Tea-Cloth Motifs. Stamp flower-pot corner designs on linen or unbleached muslin and patch designs on gay colored gingham. Embroider in black cotton as directed on pattern. Includes 4 corner designs, 3½ inches; 12 napkin corners, 1¾ inches, and designs for patch-pieces. Price, 25 cents. Blue.
- 1182—Transfer Pattern for Two Appliqué Pillows. Stamp these designs on unbleached muslin, natural-colored linen, or black sateen, and develop with appliqué patches of gingham or chambray. Two designs 17 x 23 inches, and designs for patch-pieces. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.
- 1085—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Basket. Suitable for pillow, curtains, scarf, etc. Stamp patch basket on checked gingham, flowers on bright pink, blue and green gingham, chambray or sateen; appliqué over stamped design on pillow in buttonhole-stitch, and work flower centers in dark French knots. Includes 6 basket motifs 9 x 7 inches; 6 other motifs, and patch designs. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.
- 1184—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Borders. Work this design in a red and blue peasant effect, diamonds red, half-diamonds blue in first half, reversing the colors in second half. For blouses, dresses and house linens. Includes 6 yards of 3¼-inch banding. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.
- 1186—Transfer Pattern for Narrow Cross-Stitch Borders. This trimming worked in red and blue is very smart for ladies' and children's garments. Useful also for curtains, towels, scarfs. Includes 5 yards of banding and 7½ yards of dots, both 1 inch wide. Price, 30 cents. Yellow.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

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The Place of Pines

[Continued from page 48]

Eve's horrified stare was natural; she had not realized that any man could wear so evil a smile.

Quintana stopped short a dozen paces away. The dramatic in him demanded of the moment its full value. He swept off his hat with a flourish, and bowed deeply. "Ah!" he cried gaily, "the happy encounter, Señorita. God is too good to us. And it was but a moment since my thoughts were of you! I swear it!"

It was not fear; it was a sort of slow horror of this man that began to creep over the girl. She stared at his brilliant eyes, at his thick mouth, too red—shuddered slightly. But the toe of her right foot touched the stock of her rifle under the pine needles.

"So it's you," she said unsteadily. "I thought our people had caught you."

Quintana laughed. "Charming child," he said, "it is I who have caught your people. And now, I catch you! It is ver' funny. Is it not?"

Staring at her he slowly disengaged his pack, let it fall behind him on the pine needles; rested his rifle on it; slipped out of his mackinaw and laid that across his rifle—always keeping his brilliant eyes on her.

His lips tightened, the muscles in his dark face grew tense; his eyes became a blazing insult.

For an instant he stood there, unencumbered, a wiry, graceful shape. Then he took a step toward her. And the girl watched him, fascinated.

One pace, two, a third, a fourth—the girl's involuntary cry echoed the stumbling crash of the man thrashing, clawing, scrambling in the clenched jaws of the bear-trap amid a whirl of flying pine needles.

He screamed once, tried to rise, turned blindly to seize the jaws that clutched him; and suddenly crouched, loose-jointed, cringing like a trapped wolf—the true fatalist among our lesser brothers.

Eve picked up her rifle. She was trembling violently. Then, mastering her emotion, she walked over to the pack, placed Quintana's rifle and mackinaw in it, coolly hoisted it to her shoulders and buckled it there.

Over her shoulder she kept an eye on Quintana who crouched where he had fallen, unstirring, his deadly eyes watching her.

She placed the muzzle of her rifle against his stomach, rested it so, holding it with one hand, and her finger at the trigger.

At her brief order he turned out both breeches pockets. She herself stooped and drew the Spanish clasp-knife from its sheath at his belt, took a pistol from the holster, another out of his hip pocket. Reaching up and behind her, she dropped these into the pack.

"Maybe," she said slowly, "your ankle is broken. I'll send somebody from Ghost Lake to find you. But whether you've a broken bone or not you'll not go very far, Quintana. . . . After I'm gone you'll be able to free yourself. But you can't get away. You'll be followed and caught. So if you can walk at all you'd better go to Ghost Lake and give yourself up. It's that or starvation. You've got a watch. Don't stir or touch that trap for half an hour. . . . And that's all."

As she moved away toward the Drowned Valley trail she looked back at him. His face was bloodless but his black eyes blazed.

"If ever you come into this forest again," she said, "my father will surely kill you."

To her horror Quintana slowly grinned at her.

The girl hurried on, seized with an overwhelming loathing through which a sort of terror pulsed like evil premonition in a heavy and tortured heart. Straight into the fire of dawn she sped. A pale primrose light glimmered through the woods; trees, bushes, undergrowth turned a dusky purple. Already the few small clouds overhead were edged with fiery rose.

Then, of a sudden, a shaft of flame played over the forest. The sun had risen.

Mist over Star Pond was dissolving to a golden powder in the blinding glory of the sun. The eastern window-panes in Clinch's Dump glittered as though the rooms inside were all on fire.

Down through withered weeds and scrub she hurried, ran across the grass to the kitchen door which swung ajar under its porch.

"Dad!" she called. "Dad!"

Only her own frightened voice echoed in the empty house. She climbed the stairs to his room. The bed lay undisturbed as she had made it. He was not in any of the rooms; there were no signs of him.

Slowly she descended to the kitchen. He was not there. The food she had prepared for him had become cold on a chilled range. For a long while she stood staring through the window at the sunlight outside. Probably, since Quintana had eluded him, he'd come home for something to eat.

Eve slipped the pack from her back and laid it on the kitchen table. There was kindling in the wood-box. She shook down the cinders, laid a fire, soaked it with kerosene, lighted it, filled the kettle with fresh water.

In the pantry she cut some ham, and found eggs, condensed milk, butter, bread, and an apple pie. After she had ground the coffee she placed all these on a tray and sat down by the kitchen table to wait.

Outside the sunlight was becoming warm and vivid. There had been no frost after all—or, at most, merely a white trace in the shadow—on a fallen plank here and there—but not enough to freeze the ground. And, in the sunshine, it all quickly turned to dew, and glittered and sparkled in a million hues and tints like gems—like that handful of jewels she had poured into her father's joined palms—yesterday—

At the memory, and quite mechanically, she turned in her chair and drew Quintana's basket pack toward her.

First she lifted out his rifle, examined it, set it against the window sill. Then, one by one, she drew out two pistols, loaded; the murderous Spanish clasp-knife; an axe; a fry-pan and a tin pail, and the rolled-up mackinaw.

Under these the pack seemed to contain nothing except food and ammunition; staples in sacks and a few cans—lard, salt, tea—such things.

The cartridge boxes she piled up on the table; the food she tossed into a tin swill bucket.

About the effects of this man it seemed to her as though something unclean lingered. She could scarcely bear to handle them—threw them from her with disgust.

The garment, also—the heavy brown and green mackinaw—she disliked to touch. To throw it outdoors was her intention; but, as she lifted the coat, it unrolled, and some things fell from the pockets to the kitchen table—money, keys, a watch, a flat leather case—

She looked stupidly at the case. It had a coat of arms emblazoned on it.

Still, stupidly and as though dazed, she laid one hand on it, drew it to her, opened it.

The Flaming Jewel blazed in her face amid a heap of glittering gems.

STILL she seemed slow to comprehend—as though understanding were paralyzed.

It was when her eyes fell upon the watch that her heart seemed to stop. Suddenly her stunned senses were lighted as by an infernal flare. . . . Under the awful blow she swayed upright to her feet, sick with fright, her eyes fixed on her father's watch.

It was still ticking. She did not know whether she cried out in anguish or was dumb under it. The house seemed to reel around her.

When she came to her senses she found herself outside the house, running with her rifle, already entering the woods. But, inside the barrier of trees, something blocked her way, stopped her—a man—her man!

"Eve! In God's name!" he said as she struggled in his arms; but she fought him and strove to tear her body from his embrace.

"They've killed Dad!" she panted—"Quintana killed him. I didn't know—oh, I didn't know!—and I let Quintana go! Oh, Jack, Jack, he's at the Place of Pines! I'm going there to shoot him! Let me go!—he's killed Dad, I tell you! He had Dad's watch—and the case of jewels—they were in his pack!"

"Eve!" He held her rigid a moment in his powerful grip, compelled her dazed, half-crazed eyes to meet his own.

"You must come to your senses," he said. "Listen to what I say: they are bringing in your father."

Her dilated blue eyes never moved from his.

"We found him in Drowned Valley at sunrise," said Stormont quietly. "The men are only a few rods behind me. They are carrying him out."

Her lips made a word without sound.

"Yes," said Stormont in a low voice. There was a sound in the woods behind them. Stormont turned. Far away down the trail the men came into sight.

Then the State Trooper turned the girl very gently and placed one arm around her shoulders.

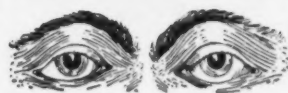
Very slowly they descended the hill together. His equipment was shining in the morning sun; and the sun fell on Eve's drooping head, turning her chestnut hair to fiery gold.

An hour later Trooper Stormont was at the Place of Pines.

There was nothing there except an empty trap and the ashes of the dying fire beyond.

[*"Her Highness Intervenes,"* the twelfth and last episode of the *"Flaming Jewel"* series will appear in the July McCall's]

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Dear Sirs:—Received glasses O. K. and I am more than pleased with same. Had my eyes fitted by 3 oculists but none gave me satisfaction. With ones I got from you I can read the smallest print for hours without feeling the least little effect.
Yours truly, Geo. Starzl.

Special This Month

IF you send your order at once, we will make you a present of a handsome Velvet-lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW. Paramount Optical Company, Madison and Laflin Streets, Station C, Chicago, Illinois.

Accept This FREE Offer Today

Paramount Optical Company,
Madison and Laflin Sts., Station DR1158
Chicago, Ill.

You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Rim Filled Spectacles and Automatic Test Chart which I can keep free of charge. I will wear the glasses 10 days and if continued that they are worth several times the price, I will send you \$4.49. Otherwise I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?.....

How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

SANI-FLUSH does just one thing—cleans closet bowls. And it cleans *without* scrubbing, *without* scouring, *without* dipping out the water—and *without* the use of other makeshift and uncertain methods.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, and flush. Sani-Flush cleans thoroughly, even down in the hidden trap where you never could really clean in any other way.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
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Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



TRADE-MARK REG.

MI-RITA
THE PERFECT
SUPERFLUOUS
HAIR
REMOVER



None Genuine Without
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When you use MI-RITA you are not experimenting with a new and untried hair remover. It has been in use for over twenty years. This treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

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Have a beautiful, healthy complexion. Don't let unsightly blemishes hide the real beauty of your skin. Use **Prof. I. Hubert's MALVINA CREAM**. You'll be surprised at the results. Best when used with Malvina Lotion and Malvina Lotion. Sold everywhere. Cream 60c, Lotion 60c, Soap 30c. Postpaid on receipt of money order. Write for free booklet with story "She Won a Husband," and beauty hints and helps. Agents wanted. **PROF. I. HUBERT**, Dept. 262, Toledo, Ohio

Booklet of Beauty Hints Sent FREE

AGENTS WANTED

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NOT ONE CENT IN ADVANCE

Wing Pianos and Player Pianos shipped on 4 weeks' trial freight prepaid. Save 25 to 50 per cent. 40 year guarantee. Thousands in one everywhere. Write at once for new book showing 30 styles. Also latest factory prices and easy terms. **WING & SON** (Incl. 1922), Dept. A-16, 4th Ave. & 12th St., New York

30 Days Free Trial Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes, famous Ranger bicycles. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at Factory Prices. You can easily save \$10 to \$20. **12 Months to Pay** If desired. Parents often advance first deposit. Boys can earn small payments.

Wheels, lamps, horns, equipment at half retail prices. Send No Money. Write for our marvelous prices and terms. **Tires Mead Cycle Company** Dept. L-3 Chicago

Write us today for free catalog

Colorful June

[Continued from page 49]

horizon. The majority of women, you know, consider all change of fashions embodied in the length of the skirt, the length of the sleeves and the cut of the neckline. Their attention rarely wavers from these fundamentals, until they are fixed in fashion. Then the minor details are considered. What may dampen the enthusiasm of women this season in the neckline of new frocks is its absolute severity. Gone are the glimpses of white collars. Gone are the flickerings of embroidery. Gone is the chance for berthas of precious lace. No young dandy of the fifteenth century in Italy could have worn plainer necklines than the American woman is asked to wear this summer. The Buster Brown collar of white linen will continue to be worn by slim young things, over sweaters and as part of blouses. Even the women of the Riviera, that most fashionable spot in Europe, took up the Buster Brown collar over the sweater last March with a delightful reference to its American origin. You should have heard the way they said Buster Brown!

Outside of this informal costume, however, the neckline is severe. No matter what the fabric of the gown, even of Scotch wool or homespun, there is merely a binding of the material. Sometimes it is of satin ribbon. The colorists insist upon a binding that is in contrast to the gown, such as beaver-brown satin ribbon on a periwinkle-blue Scotch wool frock. The latter fabric is at the top of fashion for summer outdoor wear, and a frock of it has long sleeves and a cape heavily fringed and held across the chest in the Scotch golfing fashion by a satin ribbon that matches the binding of the neck and wrists.

In evening gowns the canoe-shaped neckline has given way to a more formal decolletage. The back of the shoulders is fully exposed. The opening does not run to a point, but is rounded in U shape. Outlining this is a slight fullness, the kind of thing that was introduced several years ago in the front of an evening gown.

Afternoon gowns and informal evening gowns are apt to be high at the back and deeply rounded in front. The material is often transparent. The slight hood drapery is also used in the front of these afternoon gowns. It is like a loose double collar of soft fabric, rolling backward from the opening. It is very becoming to the neck, especially when a woman is thin, and has bones that she wishes to soften.

No one who watched the increasing length and fullness of skirts was surprised when the big hat sailed over the horizon. There is no limit to its size. It is a veritable sunshade. Colored horsehair, which glistens, is a favored fabric. The Italian straws have come into their own. Crêpe de Chine has lost its popularity. Candy cloth has been widely used ever since the earliest hats made their appearance in this country. The brims of the new hats are infinitely larger than any Merry Widow ever wore. They are trimmed with picot ribbon. Lanvin, who has introduced several other popular hats in America, notably the Russian tiara hat, is putting out a large hat with a straight upturned brim which has two ends of ribbon at the back, and makes another that is shaped upward to a high point with two ribbons from the point of the top toward the shoulders. The two-ribbon idea is prevalent. When it was first worn by the French at the back of the neck or the back of the hat it was called, in their picturesque manner, "suivez-moi, jeune homme," "follow me, young man." Is the new woman still making the old appeal?

Hot-Weather Cooking

can be the worst kind of drudgery, or it can be simplified into a process that is both easy and delightful.

If you cook three meals a day for the family, follow McCall's special pages this summer. We plan to show you how the right recipes and directions, right cookery devices and kitchen equipment, right use of prepared and package foods can tempt the critical summer appetite, and yet relieve the home-cook so she will have extra hours for rest and recreation.

Watch Miss Van Arsdale's and Mrs. Gunn's pages. Watch, too, Mrs. Goldsborough's practical picture-lessons.

Be sure, also, to send for the new service booklet, "Time-Saving Cookery," dedicated "to the home maker who believes in the gospel of rest and recreation as well as in the gospel of work." It holds menus and recipes, original and delicious dishes.



The BOSS OVEN

Turns out "Better" Baking

—and you don't have to open the oven door until your pies, bread, biscuits, or cakes are done!

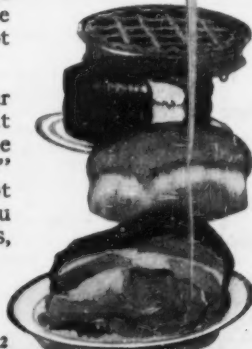
NO more poking around in a dark, solid door oven, burning your fingers on hot pans and grates! With a BOSS Oven you simply watch your baking or roasts *through* the glass door. You can always see into every corner. The glass is guaranteed not to steam up or break from the heat.

The BOSS is the best oven you can buy for your oil, gas, or gasoline stove. It uses less fuel—it is lined throughout with asbestos to keep the heat inside. It is dependable. It never "acts up"—it is your best aid to perfect cooking. Accept no substitute. If your dealer cannot furnish you a genuine BOSS, stamped with the name BOSS, write us.

THE HUENEFELD COMPANY

101 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Adv. No. 2



THE ORIGINAL GLASS DOOR
BOSS OVEN

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetateester of Salicylicacid

Need Money?

We offer you an opportunity to earn real money taking orders for new line of JOLLY MOLLY street and house dresses among your neighbors and friends. Every woman wants one or more of these attractive, distinctively designed low-priced dresses. Mrs. Burge, a housewife, earned \$37.50 extra one week. Write for details. The Domestic Products Co., 519 Davis Bldg., Dayton, O.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture. D. J. MAHLER, 68-X Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

AGENTS: \$42 a Week

New hostery proposition for men, women and children. All styles, colors and fancy stripes, including the finest line of silk hose. **Guaranteed. One Year** Must wear 12 months or replaced Free! A prospect in every home. Often sell dozen pair to one family. Expect orders will make you a steady income. You can sell for less than store prices. Mrs. McClure made over \$200 first month. Mrs. Perry made \$27 a week in afternoons. Work spare time or full time. Anybody can sell this guaranteed line. Try our hostery before selling it. We want you to become familiar with our hostery line. Write for particulars if you mean business, and state size of home worn. **Silk Hose Free**—Try our hostery before selling it. We want you to become familiar with our hostery line. Write for particulars if you mean business, and state size of home worn. **Thomas Mfg. Co., H-4002 Dayton, Ohio.**

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCall's Magazine



Is There a Great Unrest in the Love-Life of Women Today? Can It Be Cured? Mrs. Wilcox Points a Way. Do You Agree With Her?

WHY—why this great unrest in the hearts of women today? I ask myself repeatedly as I turn to a fresh batch of letters, banded in bunches of ten and making a long row across the top of my long desk each morning.

Each morning I take up my letters with renewed and intense interest. No fiction, no drama will tell me stranger stories of human frailty and sorrow, courage and greatness.

"But why—why—should the spirit of woman be so torn today?"

The throbbing whirr of an air-plane over the house suddenly suggested my answer.

Emotional levitation makes most of the troubles of women.

A great many human beings would like to own private air-planes but most of us must continue to walk on the safe and familiar earth in the normal fashion.

And men and women long for a love which transcends the common experience. Emotionally they would float sky high; and their longing is daily buoyed up by the "hot air" of movie scenarios, and melodrama as retailed in the news and detailed in community gossip. And always life compels love to travel the paths of a hard world.

The conflict between the desired and the actual experience accounts for the vast unequilibrium of women.

"I love thee to the level of everyday's most quiet need, by sun and candlelight," run lines in the greatest of Mrs. Browning's sonnets.

Who abides on love's everyday level is saved from dreadful and unnecessary crashing.

Hypnagogic Agony

HONEST effort to put away forbidden and wasteful affection is being made by many a woman whom nature has trapped by way of her finest emotion. One of the terrible ordeals endured by her who attempts to sublimate love is thus detailed:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

With a great love in my heart for the wrong man, I am calling on every atom of my will to see that his wife does not suffer on my account.

I get along very well by day but when the lights are out, when I am alone and hoping to fall off to sleep quickly, my will power doesn't work.

My mind wanders to him against my will, it lingers on what I am trying to forget.

Only one who has been in this predicament can realize the torture of the dark minutes preceding sleep.—A. B. C., Passaic, N. J.

IN THE semi-conscious or hypnagogic condition which precedes sleep, the barrier of the will is down and the instinctive wishes and thoughts which the girl represses during the day emerge like sad ghosts to harass her.

Doubtless if the young woman could regard sleep as an escape from her miseries, she would hasten to it as a refuge, she would "fall off to sleep" quickly and thus avoid her hypnagogic agony.

An Hysteria Explained

A CONDITION similar to the above but far more tragic is thus outlined by a wife:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

My husband made love to a girl in France. I adore him so I forgave him. I took into consideration the chaos of war, the opportunities and temptations over there.

I try to believe in his fidelity now but my heart was broken by my awful discovery. I was shocked beyond imagination for I had idealized him, I had idolized him. Now I suffer as though I had committed the sin myself.

Never in the daytime do I refer to his unfaithfulness but when I am trying to go to sleep, as soon as my mind is out of control, the horrid truth haunts me, drives me to tears, sometimes to hysterics.

Then he says I weep to worry him—for revenge! Dear Mrs. Wilcox, this is not so. My heart breaks because the oneness, the exclusiveness of our love has been destroyed.

The holiness has been taken out of our marriage—by my husband! And it's so unfair!

I try to trust him but something on the other side of my mind reminds me when I am half asleep that my trust has been betrayed.

We still have much love and happy companionship, but I think and think at night, and eventually have a fit of weeping which exhausts me.

Is it human nature to doubt forever, once trust has been betrayed? What is the matter with me?—T. D. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

THUS does the hypnagogic agony of the wife become a vicarious penalty of the husband's offenses.

The midnight hysteria of the troubled wife is a worn-out subject for joking. As in the case of many ancient jokes, there's a scientific explanation. The wife is not necessarily vengeful. She is not wailing for her own amusement. She is simply the victim of her repressions. She has managed "to keep still about it" while wide awake but in the semi-consciousness preceding sleep and often as a dream in sound sleep, the wretchedness she has driven down into her subconscious mind turns to nightmare and awakens her—to weep.

The human brain is so constituted that it persistently presents its sharpest images. Thus it is impossible for the



TO get one's trouble off one's mind by telling it to someone else is an old practice which modern psychology recognizes and commends. If you have a personal problem which baffles you, if you feel the need of an understanding and sympathetic listener, submit your perplexity to a woman who has read over 100,000 letters from confused and harassed persons. Sign initials only if you prefer.

For a personal reply, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address your letters to Mrs.

Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

wife by any effort of the will to prevent her subconscious mind from revealing the very pictures she most desires to conceal.

This little understood trickery of the brain, not the wish for revenge, is responsible for the misery above detailed. Her dreadful discovery made a frightful impact on her brain. It must be conceded that the more respectable the man, and the more beloved, the deeper the wronged wife's wound.

Perhaps there is comfort in the thought that we do, in time cease to weep for the dead. In the same way, the wife some day will cease to weep for dead ideals of love.

Several Words More

NO LETTER published on this page has called out so many and so diverse opinions as that from a married woman who loved a married man. It concluded:

"I need this man. I love him. I want him. What shall I do?"

Several critics have objected to my suggestion that the lady use her will. I have been informed that such love "transcends human experience;" that it is "part of the Forever;" but that we must not try "to accelerate the birth of the eternal."

And in consequence I feel deeply grateful to a tempted wife—who had conquered by means of her will—for sending this terse advice to the infatuated:

"Read your marriage vows!"

Another of the unfortunately experienced writes:

"Don't see each other! Separation will cure you! Days of agony will ensue but what do they count compared to the torture of a guilty conscience?"

Also am I grateful to a girl for giving the following opinion to bolster up my own:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

There's 25 per cent. of Heaven and 75 per cent. of Hell in any love affair which is irregular. I know because I have suffered.

Eight months of happiness and two years and eight months of life endured as a mental wreck balanced on the verge of insanity: that is the price I paid for folly!

"Only through the will is there a cure for such an obsession."

I wish the tempted girl would ponder on that until her own will becomes unflinching and unshakable.

The woman always pays. The man goes on with his work—and forgets.—A. E. T., Columbus, Ohio.

Nature's Supreme Reward

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

As a successful member of a prominent theatrical company, I find myself, at twenty-two, single and unengaged.

As long as I can remember, I've had hosts of admirers, rich and poor. I have had several proposals. Sometimes I have decided to settle down, and then I break my engagement.

Why do I shy away from marriage as I do?

They say that when the right one comes along, a girl surely will know, but to me it seems I should have found the ideal man long ere this. I suppose it is my duty to marry some day, but how am I going to decide?—Puzzled Ann.

FROM a man comes this timely answer to wavering maidens.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Entirely too much is made of the factor of choice in the success of marriage.

Choice is important, but its influence is largely nullified by the fact that the one we choose is really very much of a stranger to us until several years of married life have passed.

So tell the inquiring maid to marry her best beau knowing that ninety per cent. of the success of marriage is yet to be determined whether she marries her ideal or not.

I urge this because the woman who does not marry robs the race. She simply cannot get out of life what she does who renders full service.

Because it is important that our race shall not perish from the earth, nature has arranged her rewards. She doesn't pay for anything quite so much as she does for a baby. Now, does she?

Life furnishes no other reward to be compared to the lavish reward for a baby—excepting only the reward bestowed for rearing this baby.

Nature even pays partly in advance for the baby! She pays in the delights of courtship, the honeymoon, and nest-building; and finally with the most wonderful baby in all the world!

The woman who marries a man to reform him is of doubtful wisdom; but there's a denser foolishness obsessing the woman who refuses to marry because she can't find her ideal man!

Those who refuse to marry on that ground, cheat themselves and the race.

Let them seek their ideals in their sons!—J. W. N., Girard, Ill.

Winona Wilcox

Famous makers of lingerie fabrics and dresses make washing tests

Find this is safest way to wash fine cottons

FINE cottons are as perishable as silks. One careless laundering is enough to fade the delicate colors or to ruin the fine textures that women now demand for their lingerie dresses and blouses.

The manufacturers are as much concerned as the wearers in finding an absolutely safe way to wash expensive cottons.

The makers of Anderson gingham and Betty Wales Dresses felt it was so important to solve their laundering problems that they had thorough washing tests made.

The letters from these two companies tell many interesting things these tests showed about the safe way to wash cottons, and why, as a result, they are urging the use of Lux.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 116, Cambridge, Mass.



Betty Wales Dressmakers
New York

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had the materials which are to be used in our summer dresses tested in Lux. Each fabric, pastel shades of Edelweiss organdie and dotted Swiss, and checked gingham, was given the average laundering it would receive.

The fabrics lost color only slightly, and kept their original fresh crispness. A harsh soap or soap flake would have affected the color and taken away the "life" of the material.

Washing an organdie is about as severe a test as Lux could be put to, as this material has the most perishable finish of any commonly used cotton fabric.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux are due in part to its form, which does away with rubbing, but more especially to its extraordinary mildness and purity.

Very truly yours,
Betty Wales Dressmakers

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD.
MANUFACTURERS

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Six of our most popular designs in gingham were tested with Lux. Each design was given the average number of laundering for a tub dress.

The chief charm of a gingham, to most women, is its coloring. We were, therefore, much pleased to see how the various designs kept their colors. Even at the end of six or eight colorings, the fading was slight. In some designs, colors run into each other.

This is a real testimonial for Lux, as a harsh soap and rubbing would undoubtedly have faded and streaked the colors.

The results of the tests with Lux have proved to us its entire mildness and purity in a very conclusive way. We shall recommend it to the women who buy our gingham.

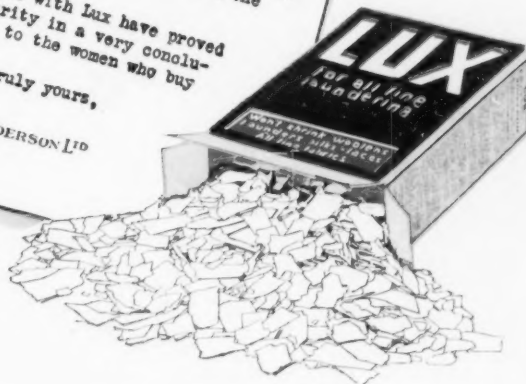
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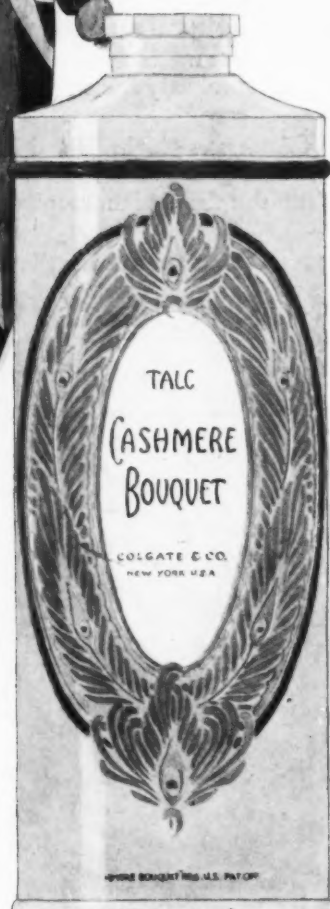
LUX

How to launder fine cottons

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk Lux to a thick lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes in the hot suds. Press suds through again and again. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun.

For colors, add cold water until suds and rinsing waters are almost cool. Use fresh suds for each color. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running and rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade and press with a warm, *not a hot* iron.





IN the course of an active day, it is so easy to lose that immaculate freshness which marks the well groomed woman.

Here is the secret of maintaining it.

After a bath, a luxurious shower of fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc, then the caressing touch of face powder with the same exquisite perfume. You will revel in a new sense of well being—confident in the charm that comes from perfect daintiness.

COLGATE